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WITH PREFACES HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A.M.

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No. 1239

TO

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX

My Lord,

Similitude of manners and ſtudies is uſually mentioned as one of the ſtrongeſt motives to affection and eſteem; but the paſſionate veneration I have for your Lordſhip, I think, flows from an admiration of qualities in you, of which, in the whole courſe of theſe papers, I have acknowledged myſelf incapable. While I buſy myſelf as a ſtranger upon earth, and can pretend to no other than being a looker-on, you are conſpicuous in the buſy and polite world, both in the world of men, and that of letters. While I am ſilent and unobſerved in public meetings, you are admired by all that approach you, as the life and genius of the converſation.

[a] Charles Montague, grandſon to an earl of Mancheſter, was taken much notice of at Cambridge, for his City and Country Mouſe, a ſatire on Dryden. Being brought to court at the revolution, he was conſtituted one of the lords commiſſioners of the treaſury, March 7, 1691-2; chancellor of the exchequer, in May 1694. The coin being exceedingly debaſed and diminiſhed, he formed the deſign of calling in the money, and re-coining it, in 1695; which was effected in two years: to ſupply the immediate want of caſh, he projected the iſſuing of exchequer-bills. For this ſervice, he had the thanks of the houſe of commons in 1697. He was next year appointed firſt lord commiſſioner of the treaſury; and, reſigning that poſt in June 1700, obtained a grant of the

What an happy conjunction of different talents meets in him whoſe whole diſcourſe is at once animated by the ſtrength and force of reaſon, and adorned with all the graces and embelliſhments of wit! When learning irradiates common life, it is then in its higheſt uſe and perfection; and it is to ſuch as your lordſhip, that the ſciences owe the eſteem which they have with the active part of mankind. Knowledge of books, in recluſe men, is like that ſort of lantern, which hides him who carries it, and ſerves only to paſs through ſecret and gloomy paths of his own; but, in the poſſeſſion of a man of buſineſs, it is, as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to ſhew thoſe who were bewildered, the way which leads to their proſperity and welfare. A generous concern for your country, and a paſſion for every thing which is truly great and noble, are what actuate all your life and actions; and I hope you will forgive me that I have an ambition this book may be placed in the library of ſo good a judge of what is valuable; in that library where the

office of auditor of the receipt of the exchequer; and the ſame year, Dec. 13, was created baron Halifax. On the acceſſion of George I. he was a member of the regency; was appointed firſt lord commiſſioner of the treaſury, Oct. 5, 1714; created viſcount Sunbery and earl of Halifax, Oct. 15; and died May 15, 1715.—Addiſon has celebrated this lord in his account of the greateſt Engliſh poets. Steele has drawn his character in the ſecond volume of the Spectator, and in the fourth of the Tatler; but Pope, in the portrait of Bufo, in the Epiſtle to Arbuthnot, has returned the ridicule which his lordſhip, in conjunction with Prior, had heaped on Dryden's Hind and Panther. Walpole's Catalogue, vol. ii. p. 116.

choice is such, that it will not be a disparagement to be the meanest author in it. Forgive me, my lord, for taking this occasion of telling all the world how ardently I love and honour you; and that I am, with the utmost gratitude for all your favours, my lord, your lordship's most obliged, most obedient, and most humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

*** See Tat. with notes, vol. i. p. xlvii. & *seq.* note to the dedication of Tat. vol. iv. on the character of lord Halifax.

THE

THE

SPECTATOR.

N° 81. Saturday, June 2, 1711.

Qualis ubi audito venantûm murmure Tigris
Horruit in maculas——— STAT. Theb. ii. 128.

As when the tigreſs hears the hunters' din,
Dark angry ſpots diſtain her gloſſy ſkin.

ABOUT the middle of laſt winter I went to ſee an opera at the theatre in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themſelves in the oppoſite ſide-boxes, and ſeemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one againſt another. After a ſhort ſurvey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand being ſpotted on the right ſide of the forehead, and thoſe upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they caſt hoſtile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in thoſe different ſituations, as party-ſignals to diſtinguiſh friends from foes[a]. In the middle-boxes, between theſe two oppoſite bo-

[a] Whoever recollects with what violence the ſpirit of party raged in the latter end of queen Anne's reign, will not be ſurpriſed that it ſhould infect the ladies, or ſhew itſelf in the inſtances ſo pleaſantly ridiculed in this paper. P.

dies, were ſeveral ladies who patched indifferently on both ſides of their faces, and ſeemed to ſit there with no other intention but to ſee the opera. Upon inquiry I found that the body of Amazons on my right hand were whigs, and thoſe on my left, tories; and that thoſe who had placed themſelves in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whoſe faces had not yet declared themſelves. Theſe laſt, however, as I afterwards found, diminiſhed daily, and took their party with one ſide or the other; inſomuch that I obſerved, in ſeveral of them, the patches which were before diſperſed equally, are now all gone over to the whig or tory ſide of the face. The cenſorious ſay, that the men, whoſe hearts are aimed at, are very often the occaſions that one part of the face is thus diſhonoured, and lies under a kind of diſgrace, while the other is ſo much ſet off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is moſt in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantaſtical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good ſo much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are ſeveral women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the intereſt of their country. Nay, I am informed that ſome of them adhere ſo ſtedfaſtly to their party, and are ſo far from ſacrificing their zeal for the public to their paſſion for any particular perſon, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a lady has ſtipulated with her huſband, that whatever his

opinions are, ſhe ſhall be at liberty to patch on which ſide ſhe pleaſes.

I muſt here take notice, that Roſalinda, a famous whig partizan, has moſt unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the tory part of her forehead; which being very conſpicuous, has occaſioned many miſtakes, and given a handle to her enemies to miſrepreſent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig intereſt. But, whatever this natural patch may ſeem to intimate, it is well known that her notions of government are ſtill the ſame. This unlucky mole, however, has miſled ſeveral coxcombs; and, like the hanging out of falſe colours, made ſome of them converſe with Roſalinda in what they thought the ſpirit of her party, when on a ſudden ſhe has given them an unexpected fire, that has ſunk them all at once. If Roſalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, againſt her inclinations, to patch on the whig ſide.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial ſpotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cauſe, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigreſs, that ſeveral ſpots riſe in her ſkin when ſhe is angry, or as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verſes that ſtand as the motto of this paper,

'—— She ſwells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her ſpots on every ſide[b].'

When I was in the theatre the time above mentioned, I had the curioſity to count the patches on both ſides, and found the tory patches to be about twenty ſtronger than the whig; but to make amends for this ſmall inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-ſhow filled with faces ſpotted after the whiggiſh manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces I cannot tell; but the next night they came in ſo great a body to the opera, that they outnumbered the enemy.

This account of party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to thoſe who live at a diſtance from the faſhionable world; but as it is a diſtinction of a very ſingular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I ſhould not have diſcharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had not I recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expoſe this party-rage in women, as it only ſerves to aggravate the hatreds and animoſities that reign among men, and in a great meaſure deprives the fair ſex of thoſe peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and juſt upon the point of giving battle, the women, who were allied to both of them, interpoſed with ſo many tears and intreaties, that they prevented the mutual ſlaughter which

[b] Davideis, Book III. page 409. Vol. II. 1710. 8vo.

threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbad them under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers, and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be shewing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of

the deceaſed perſon, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our Engliſh ladies, inſtead of ſticking on a patch againſt thoſe of their own country, ſhew themſelves ſo truly public-ſpirited as to ſacrifice every one her necklace againſt the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this ſubject ſuch paſſages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a ſentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of thoſe brave Athenians that were ſlain in a fight with the Lacedemonians[c]. After having addreſſed himſelf to the ſeveral ranks and orders of his countrymen, and ſhewn them how they ſhould behave themſelves in the public cauſe, he turns to the female part of his audience; 'And as for you,' ſays he, 'I ſhall adviſe you in very few words. Aſpire only to thoſe virtues that are peculiar to your ſex; follow your natural modeſty, and think it your greateſt commendation not to be talked of one way or other.'

C[d].

[c] Thucyd. 'Hiſt.' L. II. p. 130, edit. H. Steph. 1588, folio.
[d] By Addiſon, dated as it ſeems from Chelſea. See N° 7.

N° 82. Monday, June 4, 1711.

——— *Caput dominâ venale ſub haſtâ.* Juv. Sat. iii. 33.
His fortunes ruin'd, and himſelf a ſlave.

PASSING under Ludgate[e] the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity, which I thought I had ſomewhere heard before. Coming near to the grate, the priſoner called me by my name, and deſired I would throw ſomething into the box: I was out of countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a crown. I went away, reflecting upon the ſtrange conſtitution of ſome men, and how meanly they behave themſelves in all ſorts of conditions. The perſon who begged of me is now, as I take it, fifty: I was well acquainted with him till about the age of twenty-five; at which time a good eſtate fell to him by the death of a relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good fortune, he ran into all the extravagancies imaginable; was frequently in drunken diſputes, broke drawers' heads, talked and ſwore loud, was unmannerly to thoſe above him, and inſolent to thoſe below him. I could not but remark, that it was the ſame baſeneſs of ſpirit which worked in his behaviour in both fortunes: the

[e] Ludgate was a priſon for ſuch debtors as were freemen of the city of London; it was taken down in the year 1762, and the priſoners removed to the London workhouſe.

ſame little mind was inſolent in riches, and ſhameleſs in poverty. This accident made me muſe upon the circumſtance of being in debt in general, and ſolve in my mind what tempers were moſt apt to fall into this error of life, as well as the misfortune it muſt needs be to languiſh under ſuch preſſures. As for myſelf, my natural averſion to that ſort of converſation which makes a figure with the generality of mankind, exempts me from any temptations to expence; and all my buſineſs lies within a very narrow compaſs, which is only to give an honeſt man who takes care of my eſtate, proper vouchers for his quarterly payments to me, and obſerve what linen my laundreſs brings and takes away with her once a week. My ſteward brings his receipt ready for my ſigning; and I have a pretty implement with the reſpective names of ſhirts, cravats, handkerchiefs and ſtockings, with proper numbers to know how to reckon with my laundreſs. This being almoſt all the buſineſs I have in the world for the care of my own affairs, I am at full leiſure to obſerve upon what others do, with relation to their equipage and œconomy.

When I walk the ſtreet, and obſerve the hurry about me in this town,

'Where, with like haſte, thro' ſeveral ways they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;'

I ſay, when I behold this vaſt variety of perſons and humours, with the pains they both take for the accompliſhment of the ends mentioned in the above verſes of Denham[f], I cannot much

[f] From his poem intituled Cooper's Hill.

wonder at the endeavour after gain, but am extremely aſtoniſhed that men can be ſo inſenſible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impoſſible a man who is given to contract debts ſhould not know, that his creditor has, from that moment in which he tranſgreſſes payment, ſo much as that demand comes to, in his debtor's honour, liberty, and fortune. One would think he did not know that his creditor can ſay the worſt thing imaginable of him, to wit, 'That he is unjuſt,' without defamation; and can ſeize his perſon, without being guilty of an aſſault. Yet ſuch is the looſe and abandoned turn of ſome men's minds, that they can live under theſe conſtant apprehenſions, and ſtill go on to increaſe the cauſe of them. Can there be a more low and ſervile condition, than to be aſhamed or afraid to ſee any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt, is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumſtances wherein men of honeſt natures may become liable to debts, by ſome unadviſed behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honeſty as a ſecurity for that of another, and the like: but theſe inſtances are ſo particular and circumſtantiated, that they cannot come within general conſiderations. For one ſuch caſe as one of theſe, there are ten, where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur within his own houſe, ſhall ſhrink at the expectation of ſurly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal, and all the officers of power and ſtate,

whom we behold make ſo great a figure, are no other than ſo many perſons in authority to make good his charge againſt him. Human ſociety depends upon his having the vengeance law allots him; and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his prince.

Our gentry are, generally ſpeaking, in debt: and many families have put it into a kind of method of being ſo from generation to generation. The father mortgages when his ſon is very young: and the boy is to marry, as ſoon as he is at age, to redeem it and find portions for his ſiſters. This, forſooth, is no great inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a public table, or feed dogs, like a worthy Engliſh gentleman, till he has outrun half his eſtate, and leave the ſame incumbrance upon his firſt-born, and ſo on; till one man of more vigour than ordinary goes quite through the eſtate, or ſome man of ſenſe comes into it, and ſcorns to have an eſtate in partnerſhip, that is to ſay, liable to the demand or inſult of any man living. There is my friend ſir Andrew, though for many years a great and general trader, was never the defendant in a law-ſuit, in all the perplexity of buſineſs, and the iniquity of mankind at preſent; no one had any colour for the leaſt complaint againſt his dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its proportion as laudable in a citizen, as it is in a general never to have ſuffered a diſadvantage in fight. How different from this gentleman is Jack True-

penny[g], who has been an old acquaintance of ſir Andrew and myſelf from boys, but could never learn our caution. Jack has a whoriſh unreſiſting good-nature, which makes him incapable of having a property in any thing. His fortune, his reputation, his time, and his capacity, are at any man's ſervice that comes firſt. When he was at ſchool, he was whipped thrice a week for faults he took upon him to excuſe others; ſince he came into the buſineſs of the world, he has been arreſted twice or thrice a year for debts he has nothing to do with, but as ſurety for others; and I remember when a friend of his had ſuffered in the vice of the town, all the phyſic his friend took was conveyed to him by Jack, and inſcribed 'A bolus or an electuary for Mr. Truepenny.' Jack had a good eſtate left him, which came to nothing; becauſe he believed all who pretended to demands upon it. This eaſineſs and credulity deſtroy all the other merit he has; and he has all his life been a ſacrifice to others, without ever receiving thanks, or doing one good action.

I will end this diſcourſe with a ſpeech which I heard Jack make to one of his creditors (of whom he deſerved gentler uſage) after lying a whole night in cuſtody at his ſuit.

[g] The author fell here under his own cenſure, but on a much reduced income, he retired firſt to Hertfordſhire, and afterwards to Carmarthen in Wales, from a principle of doing juſtice to his creditors. Dr. J. Hoadley.

'Sir, your ingratitude for the many kindneſſes I have done you, ſhall not make me unthankful for the good you have done me, in letting me ſee there is ſuch a man as you in the world. I am obliged to you for the diffidence I ſhall have all the reſt of my life: I ſhall hereafter truſt no man ſo far as to be in his debt.' R[h].

N° 83. Tueſday, June 5, 1711.

——— *Animum picturâ paſcit inani.*

VIRG. Æn. i. 464.

And with the ſhadowy picture feeds his mind.

WHEN the weather hinders me from taking my diverſions without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three ſelect friends, to viſit any thing curious that may be ſeen under covert. My principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, inſomuch that when I have found the weather ſet in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to ſee a gallery that is furniſhed by the hands of great maſters. By this means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth ſwims in rain, and all nature wears a louring countenance, I withdraw myſelf from theſe uncomfortable ſcenes into the viſionary worlds of art; where I meet with ſhining landſcapes,

[h] By Steele. See final notes to N° 4, and N° 6.

gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all thoſe other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas, and diſperſe that gloomineſs which is apt to hang upon it in thoſe dark diſconſolate ſeaſons.

I was ſome weeks ago in a courſe of theſe diverſions; which had taken ſuch an intire poſſeſſion of my imagination, that they formed in it a ſhort morning's dream, which I ſhall communicate to my reader, rather as the firſt ſketch and outlines of a viſion, than as a finiſhed piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long, ſpacious gallery, which had one ſide covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greateſt maſters that are dead.

On the ſide of the living, I ſaw ſeveral perſons buſy in drawing, colouring, and deſigning. On the ſide of the dead painters, I could not diſcover more than one perſon at work, who was exceedingly ſlow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was reſolved to examine the ſeveral artiſts that ſtood before me, and accordingly applied myſelf to the ſide of the living. The firſt I obſerved at work in this part of the gallery was Vanity, with his hair tied behind him in a ribbon, and dreſſed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their ſmiles, and a certain ſmirking air which he beſtowed indifferently on every age and degree of either ſex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his judges, biſhops, and privy-counſellors. In a word, all his men were *petits maitres*, and all

his women *coquettes*. The drapery of his figures was extremely well ſuited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be mixt together; every part of the dreſs was in a flutter, and endeavoured to diſtinguiſh itſelf above the reſt.

On the left hand of Vanity ſtood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dreſſed like a German, and had a very hard name that ſounded ſomething like Stupidity.

The third artiſt that I looked over was Fantaſque, dreſſed like a Venetian ſcaramouch. He had an excellent hand at chimera, and dealt very much in diſtortions and grimaces. He would ſometimes affright himſelf with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In ſhort, the moſt elaborate of his pieces was at beſt but a terrifying dream; and one could ſay nothing more of his fineſt figures, than that they were agreeable monſters.

The fourth perſon I examined was very remarkable for his haſty hand, which left his pictures ſo unfiniſhed, that the beauty in the picture (which was deſigned to continue as a monument of it to poſterity) faded ſooner than in the perſon after whom it was drawn. He made ſo much haſte to diſpatch his buſineſs, that he neither gave himſelf time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was Avarice.

Not far from this artiſt I ſaw another of a quite different nature, who was dreſſed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name

of Induſtry. His figures were wonderfully laboured. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a ſingle hair in his face; if the figure of a ſhip, there was not a rope among the tackle that eſcaped him. He had likewiſe hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that ſeemed to ſhew themſelves by the candles which were lighted up in ſeveral parts of them; and were ſo inflamed by the ſunſhine which accidentally fell upon them, that at firſt ſight I could ſcarce forbear crying out 'Fire.'

The five foregoing artiſts were the moſt conſiderable on this ſide the gallery; there were indeed ſeveral others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear obſerving, who was very buſy in retouching the fineſt pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before overcharged, loaded every defect, and poiſoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did ſo much miſchief on the ſide of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was Envy.

Having taken a curſory view on one ſide of the gallery, I turned myſelf to that which was filled by the works of thoſe great maſters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myſelf ſtanding before a multitude of ſpectators, and thouſands of eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared ſo like men and women, that I almoſt forgot they were pictures. Raphael's figures ſtood in one row, Titian's in another, Guido Rheni's in a third. One part

of the wall was peopled by Hannibal Carrache, another by Correggio, and another by Rubens. To be ſhort, there was not a great maſter among the dead who had not contributed to the embelliſhment of this ſide of the gallery. The perſons that owed their being to theſe ſeveral maſters appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their ſhapes, complexions and clothes; ſo that they looked like different nations of the ſame ſpecies.

Obſerving an old man (who was the ſame perſon I before mentioned, as the only artiſt that was at work on this ſide of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that ſtood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was ſo very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thouſand touches, ſcarce produced any viſible effect on the picture on which he was employed. However, as he buſied himſelf inceſſantly, and repeated touch after touch without reſt or intermiſſion, he wore off inſenſibly every little diſagreeable gloſs that hung upon a figure. He alſo added ſuch a beautiful brown to the ſhades, and mellowneſs to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came freſh from the maſter's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, diſcovered him to be Time[i].

[i] The received opinion, that time improves the colouring

Whether it were becauſe the thread of my dream was at an end I cannot tell, but upon my taking a ſurvey of this imaginary old man, my ſleep left me. C[k].

N° 84. Wedneſday, June 6, 1711.

——Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulyſſei
Temperet à lachrymis? VIRG. Æn. ii. 6.

Who can ſuch woes relate, without a tear,
As ſtern Ulyſſes muſt have wept to hear?

LOOKING over the old manuſcript wherein the private actions of Pharamond are ſet down by way of table-book, I found many things which gave me great delight; and as human life turns upon the ſame principles and paſſions in all ages, I thought it very proper to take minutes of what paſſed in that age, for the inſtruction of this. The antiquary who lent me theſe papers, gave me a character of Eucrate the favourite of Pharamond, extracted from an author who lived in that court. The account he gives both of the prince and this his faithful friend, will not be improper to inſert here, becauſe I may have occaſion to mention many of their converſations, into which theſe memorials of them may give light.

of pictures, is ſtrongly controverted by Hogarth.* See his Analyſis of Beauty, 4to. 1753. p. 118. note.

[k] By Addiſon, dated it ſeems from Chelſea. See N°7, *ad f.*

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'Pharamond, when he had a mind to retire for an hour or two from the hurry of buſineſs and fatigue of ceremony, made a ſignal to Eucrate, by putting his hand to his face, placing his arm negligently on a window, or ſome ſuch action as appeared indifferent to all the reſt of the company. Upon ſuch notice, unobſerved by others (for their intire intimacy was always a ſecret) Eucrate repaired to his own apartment to receive the king. There was a ſecret acceſs to this part of the court, at which Eucrate uſed to admit many whoſe mean appearance in the eyes of the ordinary waiters and door-keepers, made them be repulſed from other parts of the palace. Such as theſe were let in here by order of Eucrate, and had audiences of Pharamond. This entrance Pharamond called, 'The gate of the unhappy,' and the tears of the afflicted who came before him, he would ſay, were bribes received by Eucrate; for Eucrate had the moſt compaſſionate ſpirit of all men living, except his generous maſter, who was always kindled at the leaſt affliction which was communicated to him. In regard for the miſerable, Eucrate took particular care, that the common forms of diſtreſs, and the idle pretenders to ſorrow, about courts, who wanted only ſupplies to luxury, ſhould never obtain favour by his means: but the diſtreſſes which ariſe from the many inexplicable occurrences that happen among men, the unaccountable alienation of parents from their children, cruelty of huſbands to wives, po-

verty occaſioned from ſhipwreck or fire, the falling out of friends, or ſuch other terrible diſaſters, to which the life of man is expoſed; in caſes of this nature, Eucrate was the patron; and enjoyed this part of the royal favour ſo much without being envied, that it was never enquired into, by whoſe means what no one elſe cared for doing, was brought about.

'One evening when Pharamond came into the apartment of Eucrate, he found him extremely dejected; upon which he aſked (with a ſmile which was natural to him) "What, is there any one too miſerable to be relieved by Pharamond, that Eucrate is melancholy?" "I fear there is," anſwered the favourite: "A perſon without, of a good air, well dreſſed, and though a man in the ſtrength of his life, ſeems to faint under ſome inconſolable calamity. All his features ſeem ſuffuſed with agony of mind; but I can obſerve in him, that it is more inclined to break away in tears, than rage. I aſked him what he would have. He ſaid he would ſpeak to Pharamond. I deſired his buſineſs. He could hardly ſay to me, Eucrate, carry me to the king, my ſtory is not to be told twice; I fear I ſhall not be able to ſpeak it at all." Pharamond commanded Eucrate to let him enter; he did ſo, and the gentleman approached the king with an air which ſpoke him under the greateſt concern in what manner to demean himſelf. The king, who had a quick diſcerning, relieved him from the oppreſ-

ſion he was under: and with the moſt beautiful complacency ſaid to him, "Sir, do not add to that load of ſorrow I ſee in your countenance the awe of my preſence. Think you are ſpeaking to your friend. If the circumſtances of your diſtreſs will admit of it, you ſhall find me ſo." To whom the ſtranger: "Oh excellent Pharamond, name not a friend to the unfortunate Spinamont[1]. I had one but he is dead by my own hand; but, oh Pharamond, though it was by the hand of Spinamont, it was by the guilt of Pharamond. I come not, oh excellent prince, to implore your pardon; I come to relate my ſorrow, a ſorrow too great for human life to ſupport: from henceforth ſhall all occurrences appear dreams, or ſhort intervals of amuſement, from this one affliction which has ſeized my very being. Pardon me, oh Pharamond, if my griefs give me leave, that I lay before you, in the anguiſh of a wounded mind, that you, good as you are, are guilty of the generous blood ſpilt this day by this unhappy hand. Oh that it had periſhed before that inſtant!" Here the ſtranger pauſed, and recollecting his mind, after ſome little medita-

[1] Mr. Thornhill, the gentleman here alluded to, under the fictitious or tranſlated name of Spinamont, killed Sir Cholmondley Deering of Kent, Bart. in a duel, May 9, 1711.—Swift's works, Vol. XXII. p. 234, in 8vo.

Mr. Thornhill, called here Spinamont, was tried and acquitted; but about two months after, Swift ſays, he was murdered by two men on Turnham Green, who, as they ſtabbed him, bid him remember Sir Cholmondley Deering.—Swift's works, *ut ſupra*, Vol. XXIII. p. 18. cr. 8vo.

tion, he went on in a calmer tone and geſture, as follows.

"There is an authority due to diſtreſs, and as none of human race is above the reach of ſorrow, none ſhould be above the hearing the voice of it; I am ſure Pharamond is not. Know then, that I have this morning unfortunately killed in a duel, the man whom of all men living I moſt loved. I command myſelf too much in your royal preſence, to ſay, Pharamond gave me my friend! Pharamond has taken him from me! I will not ſay, ſhall the merciful Pharamond deſtroy his own ſubjects? Will the father of his country murder his people? But the merciful Pharamond does deſtroy his ſubjects, the father of his country does murder his people. Fortune is ſo much the purſuit of mankind, that all glory and honour is in the power of a prince, becauſe he has the diſtribution of their fortunes. It is therefore the inadvertency, negligence, or guilt of princes to let any thing grow into cuſtom which is againſt their laws. A court can make faſhion and duty walk together; it can never without the guilt of a court happen, that it ſhall not be unfaſhionable to do what is unlawful. But alas! in the dominions of Pharamond, by the force of a tyrant cuſtom, which is miſnamed a point of honour, the duelliſt kills his friend whom he loves; and the judge condemns the duelliſt, while he approves his behaviour. Shame is the greateſt of all evils; what avail laws, when death only attends the breach of them, and

ſhame obedience to them? As for me, oh Pharamond, were it poſſible to deſcribe the nameleſs kinds of compunctions and tenderneſſes I feel, when I reflect upon the little accidents in our former familiarity, my mind ſwells into ſorrow which cannot be reſiſted enough to be ſilent in the preſence of Pharamond. (With that he fell into a flood of tears, and wept aloud.) Why ſhould not Pharamond hear the anguiſh he only can relieve others from in time to come? Let him hear from me, what they feel who have given death by the falſe mercy of his adminiſtration, and form to himſelf the vengeance called for by thoſe who have periſhed by his negligence." R[m].

[m] By Steele, who ſpoke and wrote againſt duelling, on all occaſions with fervour and eloquence. See his fine papers on this ſubject, Tat. Vol. 1. and note, N[os] 25, 26, 29, &c. Theatre, N[os] 19, and 26; Spect. N[os] 97, and 99; and Guard. N[os] 20, 129, 133, and 161. The letter R at the end of this paper, N° 84, ſeems to ſignify its originality. See N° 4, and N[os] 3, 2, 4, final notes on Steele's ſignatures R and T.

*** Drury Lane, June 7. The Royal Merchant, or Beggar's Buſh. The Merchant, Mr. Wilks; Clauſe, Mr. Keene; Woolfort, Mr. Booth; Hubert, Mr. Mills; Orator Heggin, Mr. Eſtcourt; Bertha, Mrs. Bradſhaw; Vandunk, Mr. Bullock; and P. Prigſby, Mr. Norris. Spect. in folio.

N° 85. Thurſday, June 7, 1711.

Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataque rectè
Fabula, nullius Veneris, ſine pondere & arte,
Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliùſque moratur,
Quàm verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 319.

When the ſentiments and manners pleaſe,
And all the characters are wrought with eaſe.
Your Tale, tho' void of beauty, force, and art,
More ſtrongly ſhall delight, and warm the heart;
Than where a lifeleſs pomp of verſe appears,
And with ſonorous trifles charms our ears.

FRANCIS.

IT is the cuſtom of the Mahometans, if they ſee any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aſide carefully, as not knowing but it may contain ſome piece of their Alcoran. I muſt confeſs I have ſo much of the Muſſulman in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatſoever deſpicable circumſtances it may appear; for as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate and viciſſitude of things, knows to what uſe his works may ſome time or other be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for theſe ſeveral years, has converted the eſſays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candleſticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a poem

of an eminent author on a victory, I met with ſeveral fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in ſquibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its ſubject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. Baxter under a Chriſtmas-pye. Whether or no the paſtry-cook had made uſe of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that ſuperſtitious *viande*, I know not; but upon the peruſal of it, I conceived ſo good an idea of the author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have often profited by theſe accidental readings, and have ſometimes found very curious pieces that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the ſhops of our London booksellers. For this reaſon, when my friends take a ſurvey of my library, they are very much ſurpriſed to find upon the ſhelf of folios, two long band-boxes ſtanding upright among my books; till I let them ſee that they are both of them lined with deep erudition and abſtruſe literature. I might likewiſe mention a paper-kite, from which I have received great improvement; and a hat-caſe which I would not exchange for all the beavers in Great-Britain. This my inquiſitive temper, or rather impertinent humour of prying into all ſorts of writing, with my natural averſion to loquacity, give me a good deal of employment when I enter any houſe in the country; for I cannot for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly ſtudied the walls of it, and examined the ſeveral printed papers which are uſually paſted upon them. The laſt piece that I met with upon this occa-

ſion gave me a moſt exquiſite pleaſure. My reader will think I am not ſerious, when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to ſpeak of, was the old ballad of the two children in the wood[n], which is one of the darling ſongs of the common people, and has been the delight of moſt Engliſhmen in ſome part of their age.

This ſong is a plain ſimple copy of nature, deſtitute of the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it a pretty tragical ſtory, and pleaſes for no other reaſon but becauſe it is a copy of nature. There is even a deſpicable ſimplicity in the verſe; and yet becauſe the ſentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the moſt polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compaſſion. The incidents grow out of the ſubject, and are ſuch as are the moſt proper to excite pity; for which reaſon the whole narration has ſomething in it very moving, notwithſtanding the author of it (whoever he was) has delivered it in ſuch an abject phraſe and poorneſs of expreſſion, that the quoting any part of it would look like a deſign of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before ſaid, from one end to the other, are natural, and therefore cannot fail to pleaſe thoſe who are not judges of language, or thoſe who, notwithſtanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taſte of nature. The condition, ſpeech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with

[n] See Relics of ancient poetry; conſiſting of old Heroic Ballads, &c. Vol. III. p. 171; and Beattie's Minſtrel, B. I. Stanz. 47, and 48, p. 24. 4to. 1772.

the age, innocence, and diſtreſs of the children are ſet forth in ſuch tender circumſtances, that it is impoſſible for a reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumſtance of the robin-red-breaſt, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to ſhew the genius of the author amidſt all his ſimplicity, it is juſt the ſame kind of fiction which one of the greateſt of the Latin poets has made uſe of upon a parallel occaſion; I mean that paſſage in Horace, where he deſcribes himſelf when he was a child, fallen aſleep in a deſert wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him.

'*Me fabuloſæ vulture in Apulo,*
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque ſomno
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
Texere——' 4 Od. iii.

'Me when a child, as tir'd with play
Upon the Apulian hills I lay
In careleſs ſlumbers bound,
The gentle doves protecting found,
And cover'd me with myrtle leaves.'

I have heard that the late Lord Dorſet, who had the greateſt wit tempered with the greateſt candour, and was one of the fineſt critics as well as the beſt poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old Engliſh ballads, and took a particular pleaſure in the reading of them. I can affirm the ſame of Mr. Dryden, and know ſeveral of the moſt refined writers of our preſent age who are of the ſame humour.

I might likewiſe refer my reader to Moliere's thoughts on this ſubject, as he has expreſſed them in the character of the *Miſanthrope*; but thoſe only who are endowed with a true greatneſs of ſoul and genius, can diveſt themſelves of the little images of ridicule, and admire nature in her ſimplicity and nakedneſs. As for the little conceited wits of the age, who can only ſhew their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be ſuppoſed to admire theſe productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to reliſh even thoſe compoſitions that, with all the beauties of nature, have alſo the additional advantages of art.

L°.

° By Addiſon, dated it is thought London. See N° 7, note on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O; N° 221, and note.

*** At Drury Lane Theatre, on Tueſday, June 12, will be preſented for the benefit of Mr. Caſtleman, a Comedy called Rule a Wife and have a Wife, written by Beaumont and Fletcher. Leon, Mr. Powell; Copper Capt. Mr. Wilks; Eſtifania, Mrs. Oldfield; Duke, Mr. Huſband; Don Juan, Mr. Thurmond; Cacofogo, Mr. Bullock; Margareta, Mrs. Knight; Altea, Mrs. Bignell; Old Woman, Mr. Norris. Laſt time of acting this ſeaſon. Spect. in folio.

N° 86. Friday, June 8, 1711.

Heu quàm difficile eſt crimen non prodere vultu!
OVID. Met. ii. 447.

How in the looks does conſcious guilt appear!
ADDISON.

THERE are ſeveral arts which all men are in ſome meaſure maſters of, without having been at the pains of learning them. Every one that ſpeaks or reaſons is a grammarian and a logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of grammar or logic, as they are delivered in books and ſyſtems. In the ſame manner, every one is in ſome degree a maſter of that art which is generally diſtinguiſhed by the name of Phyſiognomy; and naturally forms to himſelf the character or fortune of a ſtranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no ſooner preſented to any one we never ſaw before, but we are immediately ſtruck with the idea of a proud, a reſerved, an affable or a good-natured man; and upon our firſt going into a company of ſtrangers, our benevolence or averſion, awe or contempt, riſes naturally towards ſeveral particular perſons, before we have heard them ſpeak a ſingle word, or ſo much as know who they are.

Every paſſion gives a particular caſt to the countenance, and is apt to diſcover itſelf in ſome feature or other. I have ſeen an eye curſe for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a

man a ſcoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, reſent, languiſh, deſpair, and die in dumb ſhow. For my own part, I am ſo apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumſtances by his looks, that I have ſometimes employed myſelf from Charing-Croſs to the Royal-Exchange in drawing the characters of thoſe who have paſſed by me. When I ſee a man with a ſour rivell'd face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife: and when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, think on the happineſs of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the author[p] of a famous ſaying to a ſtranger who ſtood ſilent in his company, 'Speak that I may ſee thee.' But, with ſubmiſſion, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's ſpeech is much more eaſily diſguiſed than his countenance. In this caſe, however, I think the air of the whole face is much more expreſſive than the lines of it. The truth of it is, the air is generally nothing elſe but the inward diſpoſition of the mind made viſible.

Thoſe who have eſtabliſhed phyſiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging men's tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. Martial has a pretty epigram on this ſubject:

'*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læſus:*
Rem magnam præſtas, Zoile, ſi bonus es.' Ep. liv. 12.

[p] Socrates.—'*Loquere ut te videam:*'
Socratis vox ad adoleſcentem. Apul. Flor. 1. *pr.*

'Thy beard and head are of a different dye;
Short of one foot, diſtorted in an eye:
With all theſe tokens of a knave complete,
Should'ſt thou be honeſt, thou'rt a deviliſh cheat.'

I have ſeen a very ingenious author on this ſubject, who founds his ſpeculations on the ſuppoſition, that as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeneſs to that of an ox, a ſheep, a lion, a hog, or any other creature; he hath the ſame reſemblance in the frame of his mind, and is ſubject to thoſe paſſions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of ſeveral faces that are of a different mould, and by a little overcharging the likeneſs, diſcovers the figures of theſe ſeveral kinds of brutal faces in human features [q]. I remember, in the life of the famous prince of Conde, the writer obſerves, the face of that prince was like the face of an eagle, and that the prince was very well pleaſed to be told ſo. In this caſe therefore we may be ſure, that he had in his mind ſome general implicit notion of this art of phyſiognomy which I have juſt now mentioned; and that when his courtiers told him his face was made like an eagle's, he underſtood them in the ſame manner as if they had told him, there was ſomething in his looks, which ſhewed him to be ſtrong, active, piercing, and of a royal deſcent. Whe-

[q] This doubtleſs refers to *Baptiſta della Porta*'s famous book *De humana Phyſiognomia:* which has run through many editions both in Latin and Italian. He died in 1615. Lavater, a French author, has lately publiſhed a very ingenious and expenſive book on this ſubject.

ther or no the different motions of the animal ſpirits, in different paſſions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the ſame kind of ſouls require the ſame kind of habitations, I ſhall leave to the conſideration of the curious. In the mean time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lye to his face, and to be an honeſt, juſt, good-natured man, and in ſpite of all thoſe marks and ſignatures which nature ſeems to have ſet upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among thoſe, who inſtead of being exaſperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themſelves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting thoſe beauties which are more laſting, and more ornamental. I have ſeen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have obſerved a certain cheerfulneſs in as bad a ſyſtem of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an inſolent beauty. There is a double praiſe due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that ſeems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many ſuch caſes the ſoul and the body do not ſeem to be fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary inſtance of this nature. There chanced to be a great phyſiognomiſt in his time at Athens, who had made ſtrange diſcoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. Socrates's diſciples, that they might put this artiſt to the trial, carried him to their maſter, whom he had never ſeen before, and did not know he was

then in company with him. After a ſhort examination of his face, the Phyſiognomiſt pronounced him the moſt lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the diſciples all burſt out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falſhood and vanity of his art. But Socrates told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithſtanding his preſent miſtake; for that he himſelf was naturally inclined to thoſe particular vices which the phyſiognomiſt had diſcovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the ſtrong diſpoſitions he was born with, by the dictates of philoſophy [r].

We are indeed told by an ancient author [s], that Socrates very much reſembled Silenus in his face; which we find to have been very rightly obſerved from the ſtatues and buſts of both, that are ſtill extant; as well as on ſeveral antique ſeals and precious ſtones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however obſervations of this nature may ſometime hold, a wiſe man ſhould be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injuſtice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of thoſe whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred againſt a perſon of worth, or fancy a man to be proud or ill-natured by his aſpect, whom we think we cannot eſteem too much when we are acquainted with his real

[r] Cicer. Tuſc. Qu. 5. et De Fato. [s] Plat. Conviv.

character? Dr. Moore, in his admirable Syſtem of Ethics, reckons this particular inclination to take a prejudice againſt a man for his looks, among the ſmaller vices in morality, and, if I remember, gives it the name of a *proſopolepſia* [t].

L [u].

N° 87. Saturday, June 9, 1711.

———*Nimiùm ne crede colori.* VIRG. Ecl. ii. 17.
Truſt not too much to an enchanting face. DRYDEN.

IT has been the purpoſe of ſeveral of my Speculations to bring people to an unconcerned behaviour, with relation to their perſons, whether beautiful or defective. As the ſecrets of the Ugly Club [w] were expoſed to the public, that men might ſee there were ſome noble ſpirits in the age, who are not at all diſpleaſed with themſelves upon conſiderations which they had no choice in; ſo the diſcourſe concerning Idols [x] tended to leſſen the value people put upon themſelves from perſonal advantages and gifts of nature. As to the latter ſpecies of mankind, the beauties, whether male or female, they are generally the moſt untractable people of all others. You are ſo exceſſively perplexed with the particularities in their behaviour, that to be

[t] A Greek word, uſed in the N.T. Rom. ii. 11, and Eph. vi. 9; where it is ſaid that 'God is no reſpecter of perſons.' Here it ſignifies a prejudice againſt a perſon formed from his countenance, &c. too haſtily.

[u] By Addiſon, dated London. See final note to N° 7.

[w] See N° 17, &c. [x] See N° 73.

at eaſe, one would be apt to wiſh there were no ſuch creatures. They expect ſo great allowances, and give ſo little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main, a man with a better perſon than ordinary, and a beautiful woman might be very happily changed for ſuch to whom nature has been leſs liberal. The handſome fellow is uſually ſo much a gentleman, and the fine woman has ſomething ſo becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my choice to mix with cheerful ugly creatures, rather than gentlemen who are graceful enough to omit or do what they pleaſe; or beauties who have charms enough to do and ſay what would be diſobliging in any but themſelves.

Diffidence and preſumption, upon account of our perſons, are equally faults; and both ariſe from the want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know ourſelves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed I did not imagine theſe little conſiderations and coquetries could have the ill conſequences as I find they have by the following letters of my correſpondents, where it ſeems beauty is thrown into the accompt, in matters of ſale, to thoſe who receive no favour from the charmers.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, June 4.

'AFTER I have aſſured you, I am in every reſpect one of the handſomeſt young girls about town, I need be particular in nothing but the make of my face, which has the miſ-

fortune to be exactly oval. This I take to proceed from a temper that naturally inclines me both to ſpeak and hear.

'With this account you may wonder how I can have the vanity to offer myſelf as a candidate, which I now do, to a ſociety, where the Spectator and Hecatiſſa[y] have been admitted with ſo much applauſe. I don't want to be put in mind how very defective I am in every thing that is ugly: I am too ſenſible of my own unworthineſs in this particular, and therefore I only propoſe myſelf as a foil to the club.

'You ſee how honeſt I have been to confeſs all my imperfections, which is a great deal to come from a woman, and what I hope you will encourage with the favour of your intereſt.

'There can be no objection made on the ſide of the matchleſs Hecatiſſa, ſince it is certain I ſhall be in no danger of giving her the leaſt occaſion of jealouſy: and then a joint ſtool in the very loweſt place at the table, is all the honour that is coveted by

Your moſt humble
and obedient ſervant,
ROSALINDA.

'P. S. I have ſacrificed my necklace to put into the public lottery againſt the common enemy. And laſt Saturday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I began to patch indifferently on both ſides of my face.'

[y] See N°48.

Mr. SPECTATOR, London, June 7, 1711.

'UPON reading your late diſſertation concerning idols, I cannot but complain to you that there are, in ſix or ſeven places of this city, coffee-houſes kept by perſons of that ſiſterhood. Theſe idols ſit and receive all day long the adoration of the youth within ſuch and ſuch diſtricts. I know, in particular, goods are not entered as they ought to be at the cuſtom-houſe, nor law-reports peruſed at the Temple, by reaſon of one beauty who detains the young merchants too long near 'Change, and another fair one who keeps the ſtudents at her houſe when they ſhould be at ſtudy. It would be worth your while to ſee how the idolaters alternately offer incenſe to their idols, and what heart-burnings ariſe in thoſe who wait for their turn to receive kind aſpects from thoſe little thrones, which all the company, but theſe lovers, call the bars. I ſaw a gentleman turn as pale as aſhes, becauſe an idol turned the ſugar in a tea-diſh for his rival, and careleſsly called the boy to ſerve him, with a "ſirrah! why don't you give the gentleman the box to pleaſe himſelf?" Certain it is, that a very hopeful young man was taken with leads in his pockets below bridge, where he intended to drown himſelf, becauſe his idol would waſh the diſh in which ſhe had but juſt drank tea, before ſhe would let him uſe it.

'I am, Sir, a perſon paſt being amorous, and do not give this information out of envy or jealouſy, but I am a real ſufferer by it. Theſe

lovers take any thing for tea and coffee; I ſaw one yeſterday ſurfeit to make his court, and all his rivals, at the ſame time, loud in the commendation of liquors that went againſt every body in the room that was not in love. While theſe young fellows reſign their ſtomachs with their hearts, and drink at the idol in this manner, we who come to do buſineſs, or talk politics, are utterly poiſoned. They have alſo drams for thoſe who are more enamoured than ordinary; and it is very common for ſuch as are too low in conſtitution to ogle the idol upon the ſtrength of tea, to fluſter themſelves with warmer liquors: thus all pretenders advance, as faſt as they can, to a fever or a diabetes. I muſt repeat to you, that I do not look with an evil eye upon the profit of the idols, or the diverſions of the lovers; what I hope from this remonſtrance, is only that we plain people may not be ſerved as if we were idolaters; but that from the time of publiſhing this in your paper, the idols would mix ratſbane only for their admirers, and take more care of us who don't love them.

I am, Sir, yours,

R[z]. T.T.[a]

[z] By Steele. See final note to N° 4, on letter R.

[a] This letter ſubſcribed T.T. was written by Mr. Euſden, afterwards poet laureat. The idol was a young widow, who kept the Widow's Coffee-houſe in Devereux-court; which ſtood oppoſite to the houſe ſo called now.

N° 88. Monday, June 11, 1711.

Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?
VIRG. Ecl. iii. 16.

What will not maſters do, when ſervants thus preſume?

'Mr. SPECTATOR, May 30, 1711.

'I HAVE no ſmall value for your endeavours to lay before the world what may eſcape their obſervation, and yet highly conduces to their ſervice. You have, I think, ſucceeded very well on many ſubjects; and ſeem to have been converſant in very different ſcenes of life. But in the conſiderations of mankind, as a Spectator, you ſhould not omit circumſtances which relate to the inferior part of the world, any more than thoſe which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is the general corruption of manners in the Servants of Great-Britain I am a man that have travelled and ſeen many nations, but have for ſeven years laſt paſt reſided conſtantly in London, or within twenty miles of it. In this time I have contracted a numerous acquaintance among the beſt ſort of people, and have hardly found one of them happy in their ſervants. This is matter of great aſtoniſhment to foreigners, and all ſuch as have viſited foreign countries; eſpecially ſince we cannot but obſerve, that there is no part of the world where ſervants have thoſe privileges and advantages as in England. They have no where

elſe ſuch plentiful diet, large wages, or indulgent liberty. There is no place wherein they labour leſs, and yet where they are ſo little reſpectful, more waſteful, more negligent, or where they ſo frequently change their maſters. To this I attribute, in a great meaſure, the frequent robberies and loſſes which we ſuffer on the high road and in our own houſes. That indeed which gives me the preſent thought of this kind is, that a careleſs groom of mine has ſpoiled me the prettieſt pad in the world with only riding him ten miles; and I aſſure you, if I were to make a regiſter of all the horſes I have known thus abuſed by negligence of ſervants, the number would mount a regiment. I wiſh you would give us your obſervations, that we may know how to treat theſe rogues, or that we maſters may enter into meaſures to reform them. Pray give us a Speculation in general about ſervants, and you make me

Yours,

PHILO-BRITANNICUS.

'P. S. Pray do not omit the mention of grooms in particular.'

This honeſt gentleman, who is ſo deſirous that I ſhould write a ſatire upon grooms, has a great deal of reaſon for his reſentment; and I know no evil which touches all mankind ſo much as this of the miſbehaviour of ſervants.

The complaint of this letter runs wholly upon men-ſervants; and I can attribute the licentiouſneſs which has at preſent prevailed among

them, to nothing but what an hundred before me have aſcribed it to, the cuſtom of giving board-wages. This one inſtance of falſe œconomy is ſufficient to debauch the whole nation of ſervants, and makes them as it were but for ſome part of their time in that quality. They are either attending in places where they meet and run into clubs, or elſe if they wait at taverns, they eat after their maſters, and reſerve their wages for other occaſions. From hence it ariſes, that they are but in a lower degree what their maſters themſelves are; and uſually affect an imitation of their manners: and you have in liveries, beaux, fops, and coxcombs, in as high perfection as among people that keep equipages. It is a common humour among the retinue of people of quality, when they are in their revels, that is when they are out of their maſters' ſight, to aſſume in a humorous way the names and titles of thoſe whoſe liveries they wear. By which means characters and diſtinctions become ſo familiar to them, that it is to this, among other cauſes, one may impute a certain inſolence among our ſervants, that they take no notice of any gentleman, though they know him ever ſo well, except he is an acquaintance of their maſter's.

My obſcurity and taciturnity leave me at liberty without ſcandal, to dine if I think fit, at a common ordinary, in the meaneſt as well as the moſt ſumptuous houſe of entertainment.—Falling in the other day at a victualling-houſe near the houſe of peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my

lord biſhop ſwore he would throw her out at window, if ſhe did not bring up more mild beer, and that my lord duke would have a double mug of purl. My ſurpriſe was increaſed, in hearing loud and ruſtic voices ſpeak and anſwer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the moſt illuſtrious of our nobility; till of a ſudden one came running in, and cried the houſe was riſing. Down came all the company together and away! The alehouſe was immediately filled with clamour, and ſcoring one mug to the marquis of ſuch a place, oil and vinegar to ſuch an earl, three quarts to my new lord for wetting his title, and ſo forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowds of ſervants, and their inſolence, near the courts of juſtice, and the ſtairs towards the ſupreme aſſembly, where there is an univerſal mockery of all order, ſuch riotous clamour and licentious confuſion, that one would think the whole nation lived in jeſt, and that there were no ſuch thing as rule and diſtinction among us.

The next place of reſort, wherein the ſervile world are let looſe, is at the entrance of Hyde-Park, while the gentry are at the Ring [b]. Hither people bring their lacqueys out of ſtate, and here it is that all they ſay at their tables, and act in their houſes, is communicated to the whole town. There are men of wit in all con-

[b] The ring in Hyde-Park was formerly the reſort of people of quality on Sunday evenings. There they ſhewed their fine chariots and equipages. Their footmen were always left behind at the gate, who in the mean time were employed in wreſtling, &c. and frequently in leſs innocent diverſions.

ditions of life; and mixing with theſe people at their diverſions, I have heard coquettes and prudes as well rallied, and inſolence and pride expoſed, (allowing for their want of education) with as much humour and good ſenſe, as in the politeſt companies. It is a general obſervation, that all dependents run in ſome meaſure into the manners and behaviour of thoſe whom they ſerve. You ſhall frequently meet with lovers and men of intrigue among the lacqueys as well as at White's or in the ſide-boxes. I remember ſome years ago an inſtance of this kind. A footman to a captain of the guards uſed frequently, when his maſter was out of the way, to carry on amours and make aſſignations in his maſter's clothes. The fellow had a very good perſon, and there are very many women that think no further than the outſide of a gentleman: beſides which, he was almoſt as learned a man as the colonel [c] himſelf: I ſay, thus qualified, the fellow could ſcrawl *billet-doux* ſo well, and furniſh a converſation on the common topics, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good buſineſs on his hands. It happened one day, that coming down a tavern ſtairs in his maſter's fine guard-coat with a well-dreſſed woman maſked, he met the colonel coming up with other company; but with a ready aſſurance he quitted his lady, came up to him and ſaid, 'Sir, I know you have too much reſpect for yourſelf to cane me in this honourable habit. But you

[c] In the Spect. in folio, and in the edit. of 1712 in 8vo, this officer is ſtiled both captain and colonel.

ſee there is a lady in the caſe, and I hope on that ſcore alſo, you will put off your anger till I have told you all another time.' After a little pauſe the colonel cleared up his countenance, and with an air of familiarity whiſpered his man apart, 'Sirrah, bring the lady with you to aſk pardon for you:' then aloud, 'Look to it, Will, I'll never forgive you elſe.' The fellow went back to his miſtreſs, and telling her, with a loud voice and an oath, that was the honeſteſt fellow in the world, conveyed her to an hackney-coach.

But the many irregularities committed by ſervants in the places above-mentioned, as well as in theatres, of which maſters are generally the occaſions, are too various not to need being reſumed on another occaſion. R[d].

[d] By Steele. See final note N° 4, on R.

*** *Adv.* This is to give notice, that the three critics who laſt Sunday ſettled the characters of my lord Rocheſter and Boileau, in the yard of a coffee-houſe in Fuller's Rents, will meet this next Sunday at the ſame time and place, to finiſh the merits of ſeveral dramatic writers; and will alſo make an end of the nature of true ſublime.—This advertiſement was ſubjoined to Euſden's letter in N° 87.

N° 89. Tueſday, June 12, 1711.

——Petite hinc, juveneſque ſeneſque,
Finem animo certum, miſeriſque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quaſi magnum,
Nempe diem donas? ſed cùm lux altera venit,
Jam cras heſternum conſumpſimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, & ſemper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone ſub uno,
Vertentem ſeſe fruſtrà ſectabere canthum.

PERS. Sat. v. 64.

Perſ. From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The bounds of good and evil to diſcern.
Corn. Unhappy he, who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow wou'd the ſearch delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.
Perſ. But is one day of eaſe too much to borrow?
Corn. Yes, ſure; for yeſterday was once to-morrow.
That yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd;
And all thy fruitleſs days will thus be drain'd:
For thou haſt more to-morrows yet to aſk,
And wilt be ever to begin thy taſk;
Who, like the hindmoſt chariot-wheels, are curſt,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt. DRYDEN.

As my correſpondents upon the ſubject of love are very numerous, it is my deſign, if poſſible, to range them under ſeveral heads, and addreſs myſelf to them at different times. The firſt branch of them, to whoſe ſervice I ſhall dedicate this paper, are thoſe that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for ſpinning out the time of courtſhip to an immoderate length, without being able either to cloſe with their lovers, or to diſmiſs them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints againſt this ſort of women. In one of them no leſs a

man than a brother of the coif[e] tells me, that he began his ſuit *Viceſimo nono Caroli ſecundi*, before he had been a twelvemonth at the Temple; that he proſecuted it for many years after he was called to the bar; that at preſent he is a ſerjeant at law; and notwithſtanding he hoped that matters would have been long ſince brought to an iſſue, the fair one ſtill demurs.—I am ſo well pleaſed with this gentleman's phraſe, that I ſhall diſtinguiſh this ſect of women by the title of Demurrers. I find by another letter from one that calls himſelf Thyrſis, that his miſtreſs has been demurring above theſe ſeven years. But among all my plaintiffs of this nature, I moſt pity the unfortunate Philander, a man of a conſtant paſſion and plentiful fortune, who ſets forth that the timorous and irreſolute Sylvia has demurred till ſhe is paſt child-bearing. Strephon appears by his letter to be a very choleric lover, and irrevocably ſmitten with one that demurs out of ſelf-intereſt. He tells me with great paſſion that ſhe has bubbled him out of his youth; that ſhe drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily believes ſhe will drop him in his old age, if ſhe can find her account in another. I ſhall conclude this narrative with a letter from honeſt Sam Hopewell, a very pleaſant fellow, who it ſeems has at laſt married a demurrer. I muſt only premiſe, that Sam, who is a very good bottle companion, has been the diverſion of his friends, upon account of his paſſion, ever ſince the year one thouſand ſix hundred and eighty-one.

[e] i. e. A ſerjeant at law.

'DEAR SIR,

'YOU know very well my paſſion for Mrs. Martha, and what a dance ſhe has led me. She took me out at the age of two and twenty, and dodged with me above thirty years. I have loved her till ſhe is grown as grey as a cat, and am with much ado become the maſter of her perſon, ſuch as it is at preſent. She is however in my eye a very charming old woman. We often lament that we did not marry ſooner, but ſhe has nobody to blame for it but herſelf. You know very well that ſhe would never think of me whilſt ſhe had a tooth in her head. I have put the date of my paſſion (*Anno Amoris Trigeſimo primo*) inſtead of a poſy on my wedding ring. I expect you ſhould ſend me a congratulatory letter, or, if you pleaſe, an epithalamium upon this occaſion.

Mrs. Martha's and your's eternally,

SAM HOPEWELL.'

In order to baniſh an evil out of the world, that does not only produce great uneaſineſs to private perſons, but has alſo a very bad influence on the public, I ſhall endeavour to ſhow the folly of demurrage from two or three reflections which I earneſtly recommend to the thoughts of my fair readers.

Firſt of all I would have them ſeriouſly think on the ſhortneſs of their time. Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before

ſhe has done deliberating. Were the age of man the ſame that it was before the flood, a lady might ſacrifice half a century to a ſcruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had ſhe nine hundred years good, ſhe might hold out to the converſion of the Jews before ſhe thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! ſhe ought to play her part in haſte, when ſhe conſiders that ſhe is ſuddenly to quit the ſtage, and make room for others.

In the ſecond place, I would deſire my female readers to conſider, that as the term of life is ſhort, that of beauty is much ſhorter. The fineſt ſkin wrinkles in a few years, and loſes the ſtrength of its colourings ſo ſoon, that we have ſcarce time to admire it. I might embelliſh this ſubject with roſes and rainbows, and ſeveral other ingenious conceits, which I may poſſibly reſerve for another opportunity.

There is a third conſideration which I would likewiſe recommend to a demurrer, and that is the great danger of her falling in love when ſhe is about threeſcore, if ſhe cannot ſatisfy her doubts and ſcruples before that time. There is a kind of latter ſpring, that ſometimes gets into the blood of an old woman and turns her into a very odd ſort of an animal. I would therefore have the demurrer conſider what a ſtrange figure ſhe will make, if ſhe chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final reſolution, in that unſeaſonable part of her life.

I would not however be underſtood, by any thing I have here ſaid, to diſcourage that natural modeſty in the ſex, which renders a retreat from

the firſt approaches of a lover both faſhionable and graceful. All that I intend is, to adviſe them, when they are prompted by reaſon and inclination, to demur only out of form, and ſo far as decency requires. A virtuous woman ſhould reject the firſt offer of marriage, as a good man does that of a biſhoprick; but I would adviſe neither the one nor the other to perſiſt in refuſing what they ſecretly approve. I would in this particular propoſe the example of Eve to all her daughters, as Milton has repreſented her in the following paſſage, which I cannot forbear tranſcribing intire, though only the twelve laſt lines are to my preſent purpoſe.

The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different ſex; ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of Love and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable. On ſhe came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, tho' unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninformed
Of nuptial ſanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, Heaven in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud;

" This turn hath made amends: thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!
Giver of all things fair; but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, my ſelf." . . .
She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature herſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me ſhe turn'd.
I follow'd her: ſhe what was honour knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the nuptial bower
I led her bluſhing like the morn ——— L[f].

Paradiſe Loſt, VIII. 469—511.

N° 90. Wedneſday, June 13, 1711.

——— *Magnus ſine viribus Ignis*
Incaſſum furit ——— VIRG. Georg. iii. 99.

In all the rage of impotent deſire,
They feel a quenchleſs flame, a fruitleſs fire.

THERE is not, in my opinion, a conſideration more effectual to extinguiſh inordinate deſires in the ſoul of man, than the notions of Plato and his followers upon that ſubject. They tell us, that every paſſion which has been contracted by the ſoul during her reſidence in the body, remains with her in a ſeparate ſtate; and that the ſoul in the body, or out of the

[f] By Addiſon, dated London. See final note to N° 7.

body, differs no more than the man does from himſelf when he is in his houſe, or in open air. When therefore the obſcene paſſions in particular have once taken root, and ſpread themſelves in the ſoul, they cleave to her inſeparably, and remain in her for ever, after the body is caſt off and thrown aſide. As an argument to confirm this their doctrine, they obſerve, that a lewd youth who goes on in a continued courſe of voluptuouſneſs, advances by degrees into a libidinous old man; and that the paſſion ſurvives in the mind when it is altogether dead in the body; nay, that the deſire grows more violent, and (like all other habits) gathers ſtrength by age, at the ſame time that it has no power of executing its own purpoſes. If, ſay they, the ſoul is the moſt ſubject to theſe paſſions at a time when it has the leaſt inſtigations from the body, we may well ſuppoſe ſhe will ſtill retain them when ſhe is entirely diveſted of it. The very ſubſtance of the ſoul is feſtered with them, the gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the inflammation will rage to all eternity.

In this therefore (ſay the Platoniſts) conſiſts the puniſhment of a voluptuous man after death. He is tormented with deſires which it is impoſſible for him to gratify; ſolicited by a paſſion that has neither objects nor organs adapted to it. He lives in a ſtate of invincible deſire and impotence, and always burns in the purſuit of what he always deſpairs to poſſeſs. It is for this reaſon (ſays Plato) that the ſouls of the dead appear frequently in cemeteries, and hover about the places where their bodies are

buried, as ſtill hankering after their old brutal pleaſures, and deſiring again to enter the body that gave them an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our moſt eminent divines have made uſe of this Platonic notion, ſo far as it regards the ſubſiſtence of our paſſions after death, with great beauty and ſtrength of reaſon. Plato indeed carries the thought very far when he grafts upon it his opinion of ghoſts appearing in places of burial. Though, I muſt confeſs, if one did believe that the departed ſouls of men and women wandered up and down theſe lower regions, and entertained themſelves with the ſight of their ſpecies, one could not deviſe a more proper hell for an impure ſpirit than that which Plato has touched upon.

The ancients ſeem to have drawn ſuch a ſtate of torments in the deſcription of Tantalus, who was puniſhed with the rage of an eternal thirſt, and ſet up to the chin in water that fled from his lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

Virgil, who has caſt the whole ſyſtem of Platonic philoſophy, ſo far as it relates to the ſoul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the ſixth book of his Æneid gives us the puniſhment of a voluptuary after death, not unlike that which we are here ſpeaking of:

'——— *Lucent genialibus altis*
Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ
Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, & manibus prohibet contingere menſas;
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.'

'They lie below on golden beds diſplay'd,
And genial feaſts with regal pomp are made:
The queen of furies by their ſide is ſet,
And ſnatches from their mouths the untaſted meat;
Which if they touch, her hiſſing ſnakes ſhe rears,
Toſſing her torch, and thundering in their ears.'

DRYDEN.

That I may a little alleviate the ſeverity of this my ſpeculation (which otherwiſe may loſe me ſeveral of my polite readers), I ſhall tranſlate a ſtory that has been quoted upon another occaſion by one of the moſt learned men of the preſent age, as I find it in the original. The reader will ſee it is not foreign to my preſent ſubject, and I dare ſay will think it a lively repreſentation of a perſon lying under the torments of ſuch a kind of Tantaliſm, or Platonic hell, as that which we have now under conſideration. Monſieur Pontignan, ſpeaking of a love-adventure that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it[g].

'When I was in the country laſt ſummer, I was often in company with a couple of charming women, who had all the wit and beauty one could deſire in female companions, with a daſh of coquetry, that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable torments. I was, after my way, in love with both of them, and had ſuch frequent opportunities of pleading my paſſion to them when they were aſunder, that

[g] The ſubſtance of the ſtory here paraphraſed, is taken from a little book entitled Academie Galante, printed at Paris and in Holland in 1682, and afterwards at Amſt. in 1708. See that edit. p. 125; and firſt Dutch edit. p. 160.

I had reaſon to hope for particular favours from each of them. As I was walking one evening in my chamber with nothing about me but my night-gown, they both came into my room and told me, they had a very pleaſant trick to put upon a gentleman that was in the ſame houſe, provided I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me ſuch a plauſible ſtory, that I laughed at their contrivance, and agreed to do whatever they ſhould require of me. They immediately began to ſwaddle me up in my night-gown with long pieces of linen, which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above an hundred yards of ſwathe. My arms were preſſed to my ſides, and my legs cloſed together by ſo many wrappers one over another, that I looked like an Ægyptian mummy. As I ſtood bolt upright upon one end in this antique figure, one of the ladies burſt out a laughing. "And now Pontignan," ſays ſhe, "we intend to perform the promiſe that we find you have extorted from each of us. You have often aſked the favour of us, and I dare ſay you are a better bred cavalier than to refuſe to go to bed to two ladies that deſire it of you." After having ſtood a fit of laughter, I begged them to uncaſe me, and do with me what they pleaſed. "No, no," ſaid they, "we like you very well as you are;" and upon that ordered me to be carried to one of their houſes, and put to bed in all my ſwaddles. The room was lighted up on all ſides: and I was laid very decently between a pair of ſheets, with my head (which was indeed the only part I could move)

upon a very high pillow: this was no ſooner done, but my two female friends came into bed to me in their fineſt night-clothes. You may eaſily gueſs at the condition of a man that ſaw a couple of the moſt beautiful women in the world undreſt and a-bed with him, without being able to ſtir hand or foot. I begged them to releaſe me, and ſtruggled all I could to get looſe, which I did with ſo much violence, that about midnight they both leaped out of the bed, crying out they were undone. But ſeeing me ſafe, they took their poſts again, and renewed their raillery. Finding all my prayers and endeavours were loſt, I compoſed myſelf as well as I could, and told them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall aſleep between them, and by that means diſgrace them for ever. But alas! this was impoſſible; could I have been diſpoſed to it, they would have prevented me by ſeveral little ill-natured careſſes and endearments which they beſtowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to womankind, I would not paſs ſuch another night to be maſter of the whole ſex. My reader will doubtleſs be curious to know what became of me the next morning. Why truly my bedfellows left me about an hour before day, and told me, if I would be good and lie ſtill, they would ſend ſomebody to take me up as ſoon as it was time for me to riſe. Accordingly about nine o'clock in the morning an old woman came to unſwathe me. I bore all this very patiently, being reſolved to take my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no meaſures with them as ſoon as I was at liberty;

but upon aſking my old woman what was become of the two ladies, ſhe told me ſhe believed they were by that time within ſight of Paris, for that they went away in a coach and ſix before five o'clock in the morning.' L[h].

N° 91. Thurſday, June 14, 1711.

In furias ignemque ruunt: Amor omnibus idem.
VIRG. Georg. iii. 244.

——— They ruſh into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the ſame. DRYDEN.

THOUGH the ſubject I am now going upon would be much more properly the foundation of a comedy, I cannot forbear inſerting the circumſtances which pleaſed me in the account a young lady gave me of the loves of a family in town, which ſhall be nameleſs; or rather, for the better ſound and elevation of the hiſtory, inſtead of Mr. and Mrs. ſuch-a-one, I ſhall call them by feigned names. Without further preface, you are to know, that within the liberties of the city of Weſtminſter lives the lady Honoria, a widow about the age of forty, of a healthy conſtitution, gay temper, and elegant perſon. She dreſſes a little too much like a girl, affects a childiſh fondneſs in the tone of her voice, ſometimes a pretty ſullenneſs in the leaning of her head, and now and then a downcaſt of her eyes on her fan. Neither her imagination nor her health would ever give her to

[h] By Addiſon, dated it ſeems, London. See N° 7, and N° 121, final notes on Addiſon's ſignatures.

know that ſhe is turned of twenty; but that in the midſt of theſe pretty ſoftneſſes, and airs of delicacy and attraction, ſhe has a tall daughter within a fortnight of fifteen, who impertinently comes into the room, and towers ſo much towards woman, that her mother is always checked by her preſence, and every charm of Honoria droops at the entrance of Flavia. The agreeable Flavia would be what ſhe is not, as well as her mother Honoria; but all their beholders are more partial to an affectation of what a perſon is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore allowed to Flavia to look forward, but not to Honoria to look back. Flavia is no way dependent on her mother with relation to her fortune, for which reaſon they live almoſt upon an equality in converſation; and as Honoria has given Flavia to underſtand, that it is ill-bred to be always calling mother, Flavia is as well pleaſed never to be called child. It happens by this means, that theſe ladies are generally rivals in all places where they appear; and the words mother and daughter never paſs between them but out of ſpite. Flavia one night at a play obſerving Honoria draw the eyes of ſeveral in the pit, called to a lady who ſat by her, and bid her aſk her mother to lend her her ſnuff-box for one moment. Another time, when a lover of Honoria was on his knees beſeeching the favour to kiſs her hand, Flavia ruſhing into the room, kneeled down by him and aſked her bleſſing. Several of theſe contradictory acts of duty have raiſed between them

ſuch a coldneſs, that they generally converſe when they are in mixed company by way of talking at one another, and not to one another. Honoria is ever complaining of a certain ſufficiency in the young women of this age, who aſſume to themſelves an authority of carrying all things before them, as if they were poſſeſſors of the eſteem of mankind, and all who were but a year before them in the world, were neglected or deceaſed. Flavia upon ſuch a provocation, is ſure to obſerve, that there are people who can reſign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they cannot hold; that there are thoſe who will not allow youth their follies, not becauſe they are themſelves paſt them, but becauſe they love to continue in them. Theſe beauties rival each other on all occaſions, not that they have always had the ſame lovers, but each has kept up a vanity to ſhow the other the charms of her lover. Dick Craſtin and Tom Tulip, among many others, have of late been pretenders in this family: Dick to Honoria, Tom to Flavia. Dick is the only ſurviving beau of the laſt age, and Tom almoſt the only one that keeps up that order of men in this.

I wiſh I could repeat the little circumſtances of a converſation of the four lovers with the ſpirit in which the young lady, I had my account from, repreſented it at a viſit where I had the honour to be preſent; but it ſeems Dick Craſtin, the admirer of Honoria, and Tom Tulip the pretender to Flavia, were purpoſely admitted together by the ladies, that each might ſhew

the other that her lover had the ſuperiority in the accompliſhments of that ſort of creature whom the ſillier part of women call a fine gentleman. As this age has a much more groſs taſte in courtſhip, as well as in every thing elſe, than the laſt had, theſe gentlemen are inſtances of it in their different manner of application. Tulip is ever making alluſions to the vigour of his perſon, the ſinewy force of his make; while Craſtin profeſſes a wary obſervation of the turns of his miſtreſs's mind. Tulip gives himſelf the air of a reſiſtleſs raviſher, Craſtin practiſes that of a ſkilful lover. Poetry is the inſeparable property of every man in love; and as men of wit write verſes on thoſe occaſions, the reſt of the world repeat the verſes of others. Theſe ſervants of the ladies were uſed to imitate their manner of converſation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange diſcourſe in what they ſaid when they met. Tulip the other day ſeized his miſtreſs's hand, and repeated out of Ovid's Art of Love,

'Tis I can in ſoft battles paſs the night,
Yet riſe next morning vigorous for the fight,
Freſh as the day, and active as the light.'

Upon hearing this, Craſtin, with an air of deference, played with Honoria's fan, and repeated,

'Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
That can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart:
Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire,
Between declining virtue and deſire,

'Till the poor vanquiſh'd maid diſſolves away
In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day[1].'

When Craſtin had uttered theſe verſes with a tenderneſs which at once ſpoke paſſion and reſpect, Honoria caſt a triumphant glance at Flavia, as exulting in the elegance of Craſtin's courtſhip, and upbraiding her with the homelineſs of Tulip's. Tulip underſtood the reproach, and in return began to applaud the wiſdom of old amorous gentlemen, who turned their miſtreſs's imagination as far as poſſible from what they had long themſelves forgot, and ended his diſcourſe with a ſly commendation of the doctrine of Platonic love; at the ſame time he ran over, with a laughing eye, Craſtin's thin legs, meagre looks, and ſpare body. The old gentleman immediately left the room with ſome diſorder, and the converſation fell upon untimely paſſion, after love, and unſeaſonable youth. Tulip ſung, danced, moved before the glaſs, led his miſtreſs half a minuet, hummed

'Celia the fair in the bloom of fifteen!'

when there came a ſervant with a letter to him, which was as follows:

'SIR,

'I UNDERSTAND very well what you meant by your mention of Platonic love. I ſhall be glad to meet you immediately in Hyde-

[1] Theſe verſes on Sir Charles Sedley are from Lord Rocheſter's Imitation of Horace, 1 Sat. x.

park, or behind Montague-houſe, or attend you to Barn-elms [k], or any other faſhionable place that's fit for a gentleman to die in, that you ſhall appoint for

Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD CRASTIN.'

Tulip's colour changed at the reading of this epiſtle; for which reaſon his miſtreſs ſnatched it to read the contents. While ſhe was doing ſo, Tulip went away; and the ladies now agreeing in a common calamity, bewailed together the danger of their lovers. They immediately undreſſed to go out, and took hackneys to prevent miſchief: but, after alarming all parts of the town, Craſtin was found by his widow in his pumps at Hyde-park, which appointment Tulip never kept, but made his eſcape into the country. Flavia tears her hair for his inglorious ſafety, curſes and deſpiſes her charmer, and is fallen in love with Craſtin; which is the firſt part of the hiſtory of the rival mother.

R [l].

[k] This famous duelling place, is a fine green meadow half encircled by the Thames, and ſhaded by rows of very lofty elm-trees, under which the duelliſts uſually fought. This was the ſcene of the famous duel between the duke of Bucks and the earl of Shrewſbury, with two ſeconds on each ſide. All the ſix fought, and the earl of Shrewſbury and one of the ſeconds loſt their lives. Spect. in folio.

[l] This paper was written by Mr. John Hughes, though here diſtinguiſhed by Steele's ſignature, as it is likewiſe in the original publication in folio. See N° 4, and N° 324, final notes on Steele's ſignatures.

*** At Drury-lane, on Tueſday, June 19, The Libertine Deſtroyed. Don John by Mr. Mills; D. Antonio, Mr. Thur-

N° 92. Friday, June 15, 1711.

——Convivæ propè dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multùm diversa palato;
Quid dem? Quid non dem? HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 61.

IMITATED.

——What would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two?—
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;
Hard task, to hit the palate of such guests. POPE.

LOOKING over the late packets of letters which have been sent to me, I found the following one,

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR paper is a part of my tea-equipage; and my servant knows my humour so well, that calling for my breakfast this morning (it being past my usual hour), she answered, the Spectator was not yet come in; but that the tea-kettle boiled, and she expected it every moment. Having thus in part signified to you the esteem and veneration which I have for you, I must put you in mind of the catalogue of books which you have promised to recommend to our sex; for I have deferred furnishing my closet with authors, till I receive your advice in

mond; D. Lopez, Mr. Bickerstaff; D. Francisco, Mr. Keen; Jacomo, Mr. Johnson; Leonora, Mrs. Knight; Maria, Mrs. Porter; Clara, Miss Willis; and Flavia, Miss Sherbon. Spect. in folio.

this particular, being your daily diſciple and humble ſervant,

LEONORA[m].'

IN anſwer to my fair diſciple, whom I am very proud of, I muſt acquaint her and the reſt of my readers, that ſince I have called out for help in my catalogue of a lady's library[n], I have received many letters upon that head, ſome of which I ſhall give an account of.

In the firſt claſs I ſhall take notice of thoſe which come to me from eminent bookſellers, who every one of them mention with reſpect the authors they have printed, and conſequently have an eye to their own advantage more than to that of the ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it abſolutely neceſſary for women to have true notions of right and equity, and that therefore they cannot peruſe a better book than Dalton's Country Juſtice. Another thinks they cannot be without The Complete Jockey. A third obſerving the curioſity and deſire of prying into ſecrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair ſex, is of opinion this female inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their advantage, and therefore recommends to me Mr. Mede upon the Revelations. A fourth lays it down as an unqueſtioned truth, that a lady cannot be thoroughly accompliſhed who has not read The ſecret Treaties and Negociations of Marſhal d'Eſtrades. Mr. Jacob Tonſon, junior,

[m] Miſs Shepheard. See N° 37, N° 140, N° 163, and final note. [n] See N° 37; N° 163, and note *ad finem*.

is of opinion, that Bayle's Dictionary might be of very great uſe to the ladies, in order to make them general ſcholars. Another, whoſe name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every woman with child ſhould read Mr. Wall's Hiſtory of Infant Baptiſm; as another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female readers The finiſhing Stroke; being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme, &c.

In the ſecond claſs I ſhall mention books which are recommended by huſbands, if I may believe the writers of them. Whether or no they are real huſbands or perſonated ones, I cannot tell; but the books they recommend are as follow. A Paraphraſe on the Hiſtory of Suſanna. Rules to keep Lent. The Chriſtians Overthrow prevented. A Diſſuaſive from the Play-houſe. The Virtues of Camphire, with Directions to make Camphire Tea. The Pleaſure of a Country Life. The Government of the Tongue. A letter dated from Cheapſide deſires me that I would adviſe all young wives to make themſelves miſtreſſes of Wingate's Arithmetic, and concludes with a Poſtſcript, that he hopes I will not forget The Counteſs of Kent's Receipts.

I may reckon the ladies themſelves as a third claſs among theſe my correſpondents and privy-counſellors. In a letter from one of them, I am adviſed to place Pharamond [o] at the head of my catalogue, and if I think proper to give the ſecond place to Caſſandra [p]. Coquetilla begs me

[o] [p] Two celebrated French Romances, written by M. La Calprenede.

not to think of nailing women upon their knees with manuals of devotion, nor of ſcorching their faces with books of houſewifery. Florella deſires to know if there are any books written againſt prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a place in my library. Plays of all ſorts have their ſeveral advocates: All for Love is mentioned in above fifteen letters; Sophoniſba, or Hannibal's Overthrow, in a dozen; The Innocent Adultery is likewiſe highly approved of; Mithridates King of Pontus has many friends; Alexander the Great and Aurengzebe have the ſame number of voices; but Theodoſius, or the Force of Love, carries it from all the reſt.

I ſhould in the laſt place, mention ſuch books as have been propoſed by men of learning, and thoſe who appear competent judges of this matter, and muſt here take occaſion to thank A. B. whoever it is that conceals himſelf under theſe two letters, for his advice upon this ſubject. But as I find the work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I ſhall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the thoughts of my judicious contemporaries, and have time to examine the ſeveral books they offer to me; being reſolved, in an affair of this moment, to proceed with the greateſt caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the ladies under my particular care, I ſhall make it my buſineſs to find out in the beſt authors, ancient and modern, ſuch paſſages as may be for their uſe, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their taſte; not queſtioning but

the valuable part of the ſex will eaſily pardon me, if from time to time I laugh at thoſe little vanities and follies which appear in the behaviour of ſome of them, and which are more proper for ridicule than a ſerious cenſure. Moſt books being calculated for male readers, and generally written with an eye to men of learning, makes a work of this nature the more neceſſary; beſides, I am the more encouraged, becauſe I flatter myſelf that I ſee the ſex daily improving by theſe my ſpeculations. My fair readers are already deeper ſcholars than the beaus. I could name ſome of them who talk much better than ſeveral gentlemen that make a figure at Will's; and as I frequently receive letters from the fine ladies and pretty fellows, I cannot but obſerve that the former are ſuperior to the other not only in the ſenſe, but in the ſpelling. This cannot but have a good effect upon the female world, and keep them from being charmed by thoſe empty coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the women, though laughed at among the men.

I am credibly informed that Tom Tattle paſſes for an impertinent fellow, that Will Trippet begins to be ſmoked, and that Frank Smoothly himſelf is within a month of a coxcomb, in caſe I think fit to continue this paper. For my part, as it is my buſineſs in ſome meaſure to detect ſuch as would lead aſtray weak minds by their falſe pretences to wit and judgment, humour and gallantry, I ſhall not fail to lend the beſt light I am able

to the Fair Sex for the continuation of theſe their diſcoveries. L[q].

N° 93. Saturday, June 16, 1711.

——————————*Spatio brevi*
Spem longam reſeces: dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quàm minimum credula poſtero.
HOR. 1 Od. xi. 6.

Thy lengthen'd hopes with prudence bound
Proportion'd to the flying hour:
While thus we talk in careleſs eaſe,
The envious moments wing their flight;
Inſtant the fleeting pleaſure ſeize,
Nor truſt to-morrow's doubtful light. FRANCIS.

WE all of us complain of the ſhortneſs of time, ſaith Seneca[r], and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, ſays he, are ſpent, either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philoſopher has deſcribed our inconſiſtency with ourſelves in this particular, by all thoſe various turns of expreſſion and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often conſider mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with itſelf in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the

[q] By Addiſon, dated London. See final note to N° 7, and N° 221.

[r] L. A. Senecæ 'De Brevitate Vitæ' ad Paulinum lib. *paſſim*.

ſhortneſs of life in general, we are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of buſineſs, then to make up an eſtate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the preſent moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be very glad in moſt parts of our lives that it ran much faſter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wiſh away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements or imaginary points of reſt which are diſperſed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of moſt men into twenty parts, we ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are mere gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not however include in this calculation the life of thoſe men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but

of thoſe only who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to theſe perſons if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty ſpaces of life. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them are as follow:

The firſt is the exerciſe of virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. The particular ſcheme which comprehends the ſocial virtues may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man in buſineſs more than the moſt active ſtation of life. To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments ſuited to a reaſonable nature, and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for thoſe retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation; I mean that intercourſe and communication which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain with the great author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the divine preſence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of

friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours when thoſe of other men are the moſt unactive. He no ſooner ſteps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great ſupporter of its exiſtence.

I have here only conſidered the neceſſity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further, that the exerciſe of virtue is not only an amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its influence extends to thoſe parts of our exiſtence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from thoſe hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of paſſing away our time.

When a man has but a little ſtock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or diſadvantage? But becauſe the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propoſe to fill up our time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent diverſions. I muſt confeſs I think it is

below reaſonable creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to ſay for itſelf, I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to ſee perſons of the beſt ſenſe paſſing away a dozen hours together in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other converſation but what is made up of a few game phraſes, and no other ideas but thoſe of black or red ſpots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this ſpecies complaining that life is ſhort?

The ſtage might be made a perpetual ſource of the moſt noble and uſeful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably as in the converſation of a well choſen friend. There is indeed no bleſſing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolutions, ſooths and allays the paſſions, and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life.

Next to ſuch an intimacy with a particular perſon, one would endeavour after a more general converſation with ſuch as are able to entertain and improve thoſe with whom they converſe, which are qualifications that ſeldom go aſunder.

There are many other uſeful amuſements of life which one would endeavour to multiply,

that one might on all occaſions have recourſe to ſomething, rather than ſuffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any paſſion that chances to riſe in it.

A man that has a taſte of muſic, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another ſenſe, when compared with ſuch as have no reliſh of thoſe arts. The floriſt, the planter, the gardener, the huſbandman, when they are only as accompliſhments to the man of fortune are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways uſeful to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of them.

But of all the diverſions of life, there is none ſo proper to fill up its empty ſpaces as the reading of uſeful and entertaining authors. But this I ſhall only touch upon, becauſe it in ſome meaſure interferes with the third method, which I ſhall propoſe in another paper, for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I ſhall only mention in general to be the purſuit of knowledge. L'.

[a] By Addiſon, dated it ſeems from London. See final note to N° 7, on Addiſon's ſignatures; and N° 221, note on Cabaliſtical Letters, &c.

*** At Drury-lane, June 19, The Libertine Deſtroyed. Don John, Mr. Mills; Don Antonio, Mr. Thurmond; Don Lopez, Mr. Bickerſtaff; Don Franciſco, Mr. Keene; Jacomo, Mr. Johnſon; Leonora, Mrs. Knight; Maria, Mrs. Porter; Clara, Miſs Willis; Flavia, Miſs Sherbon. Spect. in folio.

N° 94. Monday, June 18, 1711.

——— *Hoc eſt*
Vivere bis, vitâ poſſe priore frui. MART. Epig. xxiii, 10.

The preſent joys of life we doubly taſte,
By looking back with pleaſure to the paſt.

THE laſt method which I propoſed in my Saturday's paper, for filling up thoſe empty ſpaces of life which are ſo tedious and burdenſome to idle people, is the employing ourſelves in the purſuit of knowledge. I remember Mr. Boyle, ſpeaking of a certain mineral, tells us, that a man may conſume his whole life in the ſtudy of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a ſingle ſcience, or any branch of it, that might not furniſh a man with buſineſs for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I ſhall not here engage on thoſe beaten ſubjects of the uſefulneſs of knowledge, nor of the pleaſure and perfection it gives the mind; nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular branch of it; all which have been the topics of many other writers: but ſhall indulge myſelf in a ſpeculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before ſhewn how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and ſhall here endeavour to ſhew how thoſe parts of life which are exerciſed in ſtudy, reading, and the purſuits of knowledge, are long, but not tedious, and by that means diſcover a method of lengthening

our lives, and at the ſame time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr. Locke obſerves, 'That we get the idea of time or duration, by reflecting on that train of ideas which ſucceed one another in our minds: that for this reaſon, when we ſleep ſoundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it whilſt we ſleep; and that the moment wherein we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to think again, ſeems to have no diſtance.' To which the author adds, 'and ſo I doubt not but it would be to a waking man, if it were poſſible for him to keep only one idea in his mind, without variation, and the ſucceſſion of others; and we ſee, that one who fixes his thoughts very intently on one thing, ſo as to take but little notice of the ſucceſſion of ideas that paſs in his mind whilſt he is taken up with that earneſt contemplation, lets ſlip out of his account a good part of that duration, and thinks that time ſhorter than it is[t].'

We might carry this thought further, and conſider a man as on one ſide, ſhortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; ſo on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many ſubjects, or by entertaining a quick and conſtant ſucceſſion of ideas. Accordingly, monſieur Mallebranche, in his Inquiry after Truth, (which was publiſhed ſeveral years before Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding,) tells us, 'that it is poſſible ſome creatures may think half an hour

[t] Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, B. II. Ch. xiv. Sect. 4.

as long as we do a thouſand years; or look upon that ſpace of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.'

This notion of monſieur Mallebranche is capable of ſome little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. Locke; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the ſucceſſion of ideas in our mind, and this ſucceſſion may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the ſame parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we ſuppoſe are equally diſtinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or leſs degree of rapidity.

There is a famous paſſage in the Alcoran, which looks as if Mahomet had been poſſeſſed of the notion we are now ſpeaking of. It is there ſaid, that the Angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a ſight of all things in the ſeven heavens, in paradiſe, and in hell, which the prophet took a diſtinct view of; and after having held ninety thouſand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, ſays the Alcoran, was tranſacted in ſo ſmall a ſpace of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed ſtill warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, which was thrown down at the very inſtant that the Angel Gabriel carried him away, before the water was all ſpilt[u].

[u] The Spectator's memory hath here deceived him; no ſuch paſſage is to be found in the Alcoran, though it poſſibly may in ſome of the hiſtories of Mahomet's life.

There is a very pretty ſtory in the Turkiſh tales which relates to this paſſage of that famous impoſtor, and bears ſome affinity to the ſubject we are now upon. A ſultan of Egypt who was an infidel, uſed to laugh at this circumſtance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impoſſible and abſurd: but converſing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this paſſage in the hiſtory of Mahomet, if he would conſent to do what he would deſire of him. Upon this the ſultan was directed to place himſelf by a huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he ſtood by the tub amidſt a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again. The king accordingly thruſt his head into the water, and at the ſame time found himſelf at the foot of a mountain on the ſea-ſhore. The king immediately began to rage againſt his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he ſet himſelf to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this ſtrange country. Accordingly he applied himſelf to ſome people whom he ſaw at work in a neighbouring wood: theſe people conducted him to a town that ſtood at a little diſtance from the wood, where, after ſome adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman ſo long, that he had by her ſeven ſons and ſeven daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the ſtreets

as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the ſea-ſide, being ſeized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his preſent ſtate of life, which had raiſed a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a deſign to waſh himſelf, according to the cuſtom of the Mahometans, before he ſaid his prayers.

After his firſt plunge into the ſea, he no ſooner raiſed his head above the water but he found himſelf ſtanding by the ſide of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his ſide. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having ſent him on ſuch a courſe of adventures, and betrayed him into ſo long a ſtate of miſery and ſervitude; but was wonderfully ſurpriſed when he heard that the ſtate he talked of was only a dream and deluſion; that he had not ſtirred from the place where he then ſtood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan doctor took this occaſion of inſtructing the ſultan, that nothing was impoſſible with God; and that He, with whom a thouſand years are but as one day, can, if he pleaſes, make a ſingle day, nay, a ſingle moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thouſand years.

I ſhall leave my reader to compare theſe eaſtern fables with the notions of thoſe two great philoſophers whom I have quoted in this paper; and ſhall only, by way of application, deſire him to conſider how we may extend life

beyond its natural dimenſions, by applying ourſelves diligently to the purſuits of knowledge.

The hours of a wiſe man are lengthened by his ideas, as thoſe of a fool are by his paſſions. The time of the one is long, becauſe he does not know what to do with it; ſo is that of the other, becauſe he diſtinguiſhes every moment of it with uſeful or amuſing thoughts; or, in other words, becauſe the one is always wiſhing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of paſt life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wiſdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the proſpect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and ſpacious landſcape divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can ſcarce caſt his eye on a ſingle ſpot of his poſſeſſions, that is not covered with ſome beautiful plant or flower. L[w].

N° 95. Tueſday, June 19, 1711.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent. SENECA TRAG.
Light ſorrows looſe the tongue, but great enchain[x]. P.

HAVING read the two following letters with much pleaſure, I cannot but think the good ſenſe of them will be as agreeable to the town

[w] By Addiſon, dated London. See final note to N° 7, and N° 221, on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O.

[x] Small griefs are loud, great ones ſtill.

as any thing I could ſay either on the topics they treat of, or any other; they both allude to former papers of mine, and I do not queſtion but the firſt, which is upon mourning, will be thought the production of a man who is well acquainted with the generous yearnings of diſtreſs in a manly temper, which is above the relief of tears. A ſpeculation of my own on that ſubject I ſhall defer till another occaſion.

The ſecond letter is from a lady of a mind as great as her underſtanding. There is perhaps ſomething in the beginning of it which I ought in modeſty to conceal; but I have ſo much eſteem for this correſpondent, that I will not alter a tittle of what ſhe writes, though I am thus ſcrupulous at the price of being ridiculous.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS very well pleaſed with your diſcourſe upon general mourning, and ſhould be obliged to you if you would enter into the matter more deeply, and give us your thoughts upon the common ſenſe the ordinary people have of the demonſtrations of grief, who preſcribe rules and faſhions to the moſt ſolemn affliction; ſuch as the loſs of the neareſt relations and deareſt friends. You cannot go to viſit a ſick friend, but ſome impertinent waiter about him obſerves the muſcles of your face, as ſtrictly, as if they were prognoſtics of his death or recovery. If he happens to be taken from you, you are immediately ſurrounded with numbers of theſe ſpectators, who expect a melancholy ſhrug

of your ſhoulders, a pathetical ſhake of your head, and an expreſſive diſtortion of your face, to meaſure your affection and value for the deceaſed. But there is nothing, on theſe occaſions, ſo much in their favour as immoderate weeping. As all their paſſions are ſuperficial, they imagine the ſeat of love and friendſhip to be placed viſibly in the eyes. They judge what ſtock of kindneſs you had for the living, by the quantity of tears you pour out for the dead; ſo that if one body wants that quantity of ſalt-water another abounds with, he is in great danger of being thought inſenſible or ill-natured. They are ſtrangers to friendſhip, whoſe grief happens not to be moiſt enough to wet ſuch a parcel of handkerchiefs. But experience has told us, nothing is ſo fallacious as this outward ſign of ſorrow; and the natural hiſtory of our bodies will teach us that this flux of the eyes, this faculty of weeping, is peculiar only to ſome conſtitutions. We obſerve in the tender bodies of children, when croſſed in their little wills and expectations, how diſſolvable they are into tears. If this were what grief is in men, nature would not be able to ſupport them in the exceſs of it for one moment. Add to this obſervation, how quick is their tranſition from this paſſion to that of their joy! I will not ſay we ſee often, in the next tender things to children, tears ſhed without much grieving. Thus it is common to ſhed tears without much ſorrow, and as common to ſuffer much ſorrow without ſhedding tears. Grief and weeping are indeed frequent companions: but, I believe, never in their hi_heſt

exceſſes. As laughter does not proceed from profound joy, ſo neither does weeping from profound ſorrow. The ſorrow which appears ſo eaſily at the eyes, cannot have pierced deeply into the heart. The heart diſtended with grief, ſtops all the paſſages for tears or lamentations.

'Now, ſir, what I would incline you to in all this is, that you would inform the ſhallow critics and obſervers upon ſorrow, that true affliction labours to be inviſible, that it is a ſtranger to ceremony, and that it bears in its own nature a dignity much above the little circumſtances which are affected under the notion of decency. You muſt know, ſir, I have lately loſt a dear friend, for whom I have not yet ſhed a tear, and for that reaſon your animadverſions on that ſubject would be the more acceptable to,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

B. D.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *June the 15th.*

'As I hope there are but few who have ſo little gratitude as not to acknowledge the uſefulneſs of your pen, and to eſteem it a public benefit; ſo I am ſenſible, be that as it will, you muſt nevertheleſs find the ſecret and incomparable pleaſure of doing good, and be a great ſharer in the entertainment you give. I acknowledge our ſex to be much obliged, and I hope improved by your labours, and even your intentions more particularly for our ſervice. If it be true, as it is ſometimes ſaid, that our ſex have an influence on the other, your

paper may be a yet more general good. Your directing us to reading is certainly the beſt means to our inſtruction; but I think with you, caution in that particular very uſeful, ſince the improvement of our underſtandings may or may not be of ſervice to us, according as it is managed. It has been thought we are not generally ſo ignorant as ill-taught, or that our ſex does ſo often want wit, judgment, or knowledge, as the right application of them. You are ſo well-bred, as to ſay your fair readers are already deeper ſcholars than the beaus, and that you could name ſome of them that talk much better than ſeveral gentlemen that make a figure at Will's[y]. This may poſſibly be, and no great compliment, in my opinion, even ſuppoſing your compariſon to reach Tom's and the Grecian. Surely you are too wiſe to think that the real commendation of a woman. Were it not rather to be wiſhed we improved in our own ſphere, and approved ourſelves better daughters, wives, mothers, and friends!

'I cannot but agree with the judicious trader in Cheapſide[z] (though I am not at all prejudiced in his favour) in recommending the ſtudy of arithmetic; and muſt diſſent even from the authority which you mention, when it adviſes the making our ſex ſcholars. Indeed a little more philoſophy, in order to the ſubduing our paſſions to our reaſon, might be ſometimes ſerviceable, and a treatiſe of that nature I ſhould approve of, even in the exchange for Theodoſius,

[y] See above N° 92. [z] *Ibid.*

or the Force of Love; but as I well know you want not hints, I will proceed no further than to recommend the biſhop of Cambray's Education of a Daughter, as it is tranſlated into the only language I have any knowledge of, though perhaps very much to its diſadvantage. I have heard it objected againſt that piece, that its inſtructions are not of general uſe, but only fitted for a great lady; but I confeſs I am not of that opinion; for I do not remember that there are any rules laid down for the expences of a woman, in which particular only I think a gentlewoman ought to differ from a lady of the beſt fortune, or higheſt quality, and not in their principles of juſtice, gratitude, ſincerity, prudence, or modeſty. I ought perhaps to make an apology for this long epiſtle; but as I rather believe you a friend to ſincerity, than ceremony, ſhall only aſſure you I am,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

T[a]. ANNABELLA.'

[a] By Steele. Tranſcribed. See final note N° 324.

N° 96. Wedneſday, June 20, 1711.

——————Amicum
Mancipium domino, et frugi——————
HOR. 2 Sat. vii. 2.
——The faithful ſervant, and the true. CREECH.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE frequently read your diſcourſe upon ſervants [b], and as I am one myſelf, have been much offended, that in that variety of forms wherein you conſidered the bad, you found no place to mention the good. There is however one obſervation of yours I approve, which is, "That there are men of wit and good ſenſe among all orders of men, and that ſervants report moſt of the good or ill which is ſpoken of their maſters." That there are men of ſenſe who live in ſervitude, I have the vanity to ſay I have felt to my woful experience. You attribute very juſtly the ſource of our general iniquity to board-wages and the manner of living out of a domeſtic way: but I cannot give you my thoughts on this ſubject any way ſo well, as by a ſhort account of my own life to this the forty-fifth year of my age; that is to ſay, from my being firſt a footboy at fourteen, to my preſent ſtation of a nobleman's porter in the year of my age above mentioned.

'Know then, that my father was a poor tenant to the family of ſir Stephen Rackrent. Sir Stephen put me to ſchool, or rather made me

[b] See above, N° 88.

follow his ſon Harry to ſchool, from my ninth year; and there, though ſir Stephen paid ſomething for my learning, I was uſed like a ſervant, and was forced to get what ſcraps of learning I could by my own induſtry, for the ſchool-maſter took very little notice of me. My young maſter was a lad of very ſprightly parts; and my being conſtantly about him, and loving him, was no ſmall advantage to me. My maſter loved me extremely, and has often been whipped for not keeping me at a diſtance. He uſed always to ſay, that when he came to his eſtate I ſhould have a leaſe of my father's tenement for nothing. I came up to town with him to Weſtminſter-ſchool; at which time he taught me at night all he learnt; and put me to find out words in the dictionary when he was about his exerciſe. It was the will of Providence that maſter Harry was taken very ill of a fever, of which he died within ten days after his firſt falling ſick. Here was the firſt ſorrow I ever knew; and I aſſure you, Mr. Spectator, I remember the beautiful action of the ſweet youth in his fever, as freſh as if it were yeſterday. If he wanted any thing, it muſt be given him by Tom. When I let any thing fall through the grief I was under, he would cry, "Do not beat the poor boy: give him ſome more julep for me, no body elſe ſhall give it me." He would ſtrive to hide his being ſo bad, when he ſaw I could not bear his being in ſo much danger, and comforted me, ſaying, "Tom, Tom, have a good heart." When I was holding a cup at his mouth, he fell into convulſions; and at this very time I hear my dear

maſter's laſt groan. I was quickly turned out of the room, and left to ſob and beat my head againſt the wall at my leiſure. The grief I was in was inexpreſſible; and every body thought it would have coſt me my life. In a few days my old lady, who was one of the houſewives of the world, thought of turning me out of doors, becauſe I put her in mind of her ſon. Sir Stephen propoſed putting me to prentice; but my lady being an excellent manager would not let her huſband throw away his money in acts of charity. I had ſenſe enough to be under the utmoſt indignation, to ſee her diſcard with ſo little concern, one her ſon had loved ſo much; and went out of the houſe to ramble wherever my feet would carry me.

'The third day after I left ſir Stephen's family, I was ſtrolling up and down the walks in the Temple. A young gentleman of the houſe, who (as I heard him ſay afterwards) ſeeing me half-ſtarved and well-dreſſed, thought me an equipage ready to his hand, after very little inquiry more than "Did I want a maſter?" bid me follow him; I did ſo, and in a very little while thought myſelf the happieſt creature in this world. My time was taken up in carrying letters to wenches, or meſſages to young ladies of my maſter's acquaintance. We rambled from tavern to tavern, to the playhouſe, the Mulberry-garden [c], and all places of reſort; where my maſter engaged every night in ſome

[c] The Mulberry-garden was a place of elegant entertainment near Buckingham-houſe (now the queen's palace): ſomewhat like the modern Vauxhall.

new amour, in which and drinking he ſpent all his time when he had money. During theſe extravagancies I had the pleaſure of lying on the ſtairs of a tavern half a night, playing at dice with other ſervants, and the like idleneſſes. When my maſter was moneyleſs, I was generally employed in tranſcribing amorous pieces of poetry, old ſongs, and new lampoons. This life held till my maſter married, and he had then the prudence to turn me off, becauſe I was in the ſecret of his intrigues.

'I was utterly at a loſs what courſe to take next; when at laſt I applied myſelf to a fellow-ſufferer, one of his miſtreſſes, a woman of the town. She happening at that time to be pretty full of money, clothed me from head to foot; and knowing me to be a ſharp fellow, employed me accordingly. Sometimes I was to go abroad with her, and when ſhe had pitched upon a young fellow, ſhe thought for her turn, I was to be dropped as one ſhe could not truſt. She would often cheapen goods at the New Exchange [d]; and when ſhe had a mind to be attacked, ſhe would ſend me away on an errand. When an humble ſervant and ſhe were beginning a parley, I came immediately, and told her ſir John was come home; then ſhe would order another coach to prevent being dogged. The lover makes ſigns to me as I get behind the coach, I ſhake my head, it was impoſſible: I leave my lady at

[d] The New Exchange was ſituate between Durham-yard and York-buildings in the Strand. It was the faſhionable mart of millinery wares till 1737, when it was taken down and dwelling-houſes erected on the ſpot.

the next turning, and follow the cully to know how to fall in his way on another occaſion. Beſides good offices of this nature, I writ all my miſtreſs's love-letters; ſome from a lady that ſaw ſuch a gentleman at ſuch a place in ſuch a coloured coat, ſome ſhewing the terror ſhe was in of a jealous old huſband, others explaining that the ſeverity of her parents was ſuch (though her fortune was ſettled) that ſhe was willing to run away with ſuch a one, though ſhe knew he was but a younger brother. In a word, my half education, and love of idle books, made me outwrite all that made love to her by way of epiſtle; and as ſhe was extremely cunning, ſhe did well enough in company by a ſkilful affectation of the greateſt modeſty. In the midſt of all this I was ſurpriſed with a letter from her, and a ten pound note.

"HONEST TOM,

"YOU will never ſee me more, I am married to a very cunning country gentleman, who might poſſibly gueſs ſomething if I kept you ſtill; therefore farewell."

'When this place was loſt alſo in marriage, I was reſolved to go among quite another people, for the future, and got in butler to one of thoſe families where there is a coach kept, three or four ſervants, a clean houſe, and a good general outſide upon a ſmall eſtate. Here I lived very comfortably for ſome time, until I unfortunately found my maſter, the very graveſt man alive, in the garret with the chamber-maid. I knew the world

too well to think of ſtaying there; and the next day pretended to have received a letter out of the country that my father was dying, and got my diſcharge with a bounty for my diſcretion.

'The next I lived with was a peeviſh ſingle man, whom I ſtayed with for a year and a half. Moſt part of the time I paſſed very eaſily; for when I began to know him, I minded no more, than he meant, what he ſaid; ſo that one day in a good humour he ſaid "I was the beſt man he ever had, by my want of reſpect to him."

'Theſe, ſir, are the chief occurrences of my life, and I will not dwell upon very many other places I have been in, where I have been the ſtrangeſt fellow in the world, where no body in the world had ſuch ſervants as they, where ſure they were the unluckieſt people in the world in ſervants, and ſo forth. All I mean by this repreſentation is, to ſhow you that we poor ſervants are not (what you called us too generally) all rogues; but that we are what we are, according to the example of our ſuperiors. In the family I am now in, I am guilty of no one ſin but lying; which I do with a grave face in my gown and ſtaff every day I live, and almoſt all day long, in denying my lord to impertinent ſuitors, and my lady to unwelcome viſitants. But, ſir, I am to let you know that I am, when I can get abroad, a leader of the ſervants: I am he that keeps time with beating my cudgel againſt the boards in the gallery at an opera; I am he that am touched ſo properly at a tragedy, when the people of quality are ſtaring at one another during the moſt important incidents. When you

hear in a crowd a cry in the right place, a hum where the point is touched in a ſpeech, or a huzza ſet up where it is the voice of the people; you may conclude it is begun or joined by,

Sir,

Your more than humble ſervant,

T[c]. THOMAS TRUSTY.'

*** Drury-lane, June 22. The Manhater. Timon by Mr. Powell; Alcibiades by Mr. Booth; Apemantus by Mr. Mills; Ælius by Mr. Johnſon; Pheax by Mr. Bullock; Iſander by Mr. Leigh; Poet by Mr. Norris; Evandra by Mrs. Knight; Meliſſa by Mrs. Bradſhaw.—N. B. The company will continue acting every Tueſday and Friday during this ſummer ſeaſon. Spect. in folio.

N° 97. Thurſday, June 21, 1711.

Projecere animas—— VIRG. Æn. vi. 436.

They prodigally threw their lives away.

AMONG the looſe papers which I have frequently ſpoken of heretofore[f], I find a converſation between Pharamond and Eucrate upon the ſubject of duels, and the copy of an edict iſſued in conſequence of that diſcourſe.

Eucrate argued, that nothing but the moſt ſevere and vindictive puniſhment, ſuch as placing the bodies of the offenders in chains, and putting them to death by the moſt exquiſite torments, would be ſufficient to extirpate a crime which had ſo long prevailed, and was ſo firmly fixed

[c] By Steele. Tranſcribed. See N° 324.

[f] See N° 76, N° 84, &c.

in the opinion of the world as great and laudable. The king anſwered, 'that indeed inſtances of ignominy were neceſſary in the cure of this evil; but, conſidering that it prevailed only among ſuch as had a nicety in their ſenſe of honour, and that it often happened that a duel was fought to ſave appearances to the world, when both parties were in their hearts in amity and reconciliation to each other, it was evident that turning the mode another way would effectually put a ſtop to what had being only as a mode; that to ſuch perſons, poverty and ſhame were torments ſufficient; that he would not go further in puniſhing in others, crimes which he was ſatisfied he himſelf was moſt guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by ſpeaking his diſpleaſure ſooner.' Beſides which the king ſaid, 'he was in general averſe to tortures, which was putting human nature itſelf, rather than the criminal, to diſgrace; and that he would be ſure not to uſe this means where the crime was but an ill effect ariſing from a laudable cauſe, the fear of ſhame.' The king, at the ſame time, ſpoke with much grace upon the ſubject of mercy; and repented of many acts of that kind which had a magnificent aſpect in the doing, but dreadful conſequences in the example. 'Mercy to particulars,' he obſerved, 'was cruelty in the general. That though a prince could not revive a dead man by taking the life of him who killed him, neither could he make reparation to the next that ſhould die by the evil example; or anſwer to himſelf for the partiality in not pardoning the next as well as

the former offender.' 'As for me,' ſays Pharamond, 'I have conquered France, and yet have given laws to my people. The laws are my methods of life; they are not a diminution but a direction to my power. I am ſtill abſolute to diſtinguiſh the innocent and the virtuous, to give honours to the brave and generous: I am abſolute in my good-will; none can oppoſe my bounty, or preſcribe rules for my favour. While I can, as I pleaſe, reward the good, I am under no pain that I cannot pardon the wicked: for which reaſon,' continued Pharamond, 'I will effectually put a ſtop to this evil, by expoſing no more the tenderneſs of my nature to the importunity of having the ſame reſpect to thoſe who are miſerable by their fault, and thoſe who are ſo by their misfortune. Flatterers (concluded the king ſmiling) repeat to us princes, that we are heaven's vicegerents; let us be ſo, and let the only thing out of our power be to do ill.'

Soon after the evening, wherein Pharamond and Eucrate had this converſation, the following edict was publiſhed againſt duels.

PHARAMOND'S EDICT AGAINST DUELS.

Pharamond, king of the Gauls, to all his loving ſubjects ſendeth greeting.

'WHEREAS it has come to our royal notice and obſervation, that in contempt of all laws divine and human, it is of late become a cuſtom among the nobility and gentry of this our king-

dom, upon ſlight and trivial, as well as great and urgent provocations, to invite each other into the field, there by their own hands, and of their own authority to decide their controverſies by combat; we have thought fit to take the ſaid cuſtom into our royal conſideration, and find, upon inquiry into the uſual cauſes whereon ſuch fatal deciſions have ariſen, that by this wicked cuſtom, maugre all the precepts of our holy religion, and the rules of right reaſon, the greateſt act of the human mind, forgiveneſs of injuries, is become vile and ſhameful; that the rules of good ſociety and virtuous converſation are hereby inverted; that the looſe, the vain, and the impudent, inſult the careful, the diſcreet, and the modeſt; that all virtue is ſuppreſſed, and all vice ſupported, in the one act of being capable to dare to the death. We have alſo further, with great ſorrow of mind, obſerved that this dreadful action, by long impunity (our royal attention being employed upon matters of more general concern), is become honourable, and the refuſal to engage in it ignominious. In theſe our royal cares and inquiries we are yet farther made to underſtand, that the perſons of moſt eminent worth, and moſt hopeful abilities, accompanied with the ſtrongeſt paſſion for true glory, are ſuch as are moſt liable to be involved in the dangers ariſing from this licence. Now taking the ſaid premiſes into our ſerious conſideration, and well weighing that all ſuch emergencies (wherein the mind is incapable of commanding itſelf, and where the injury is too ſudden or too exquiſite to be borne)

are particularly provided for by laws heretofore enacted; and that the qualities of leſs injuries, like thoſe of ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to come under general rules; we do reſolve to blot this faſhion, or wantonneſs of anger out of the minds of our ſubjects, by our royal reſolutions declared in this edict as follow.

'No perſon who either ſends or accepts a challenge, or the poſterity of either, though no death enſues thereupon, ſhall be, after the publication of this our edict, capable of bearing office in theſe our dominions.

'The perſon who ſhall prove the ſending or receiving a challenge, ſhall receive to his own uſe and property, the whole perſonal eſtate of both parties; and their real eſtate ſhall be immediately veſted in the next heir of the offenders in as ample manner as if the ſaid offenders were actually deceaſed.

'In caſes where the laws (which we have already granted to our ſubjects) admit of an appeal for blood; when the criminal is condemned by the ſaid appeal, he ſhall not only ſuffer death, but his whole eſtate, real, mixed, and perſonal, ſhall from the hour of his death be veſted in the next heir of the perſon whoſe blood he ſpilt.

'That it ſhall not hereafter be in our royal power, or that of our ſucceſſors, to pardon the ſaid offences, or reſtore the offenders in their eſtates, honour, or blood, for ever.'

Given at our court at Blois, the 8th of February 420, in the ſecond year of our reign.

T[8].

[8] By Steele. Tranſcribed. See N° 324, note on T.

N° 98. Friday, June 22, 1711.

——Tanta eſt quærendi cura decoris.
Juv. Sat. vi. 500.

So ſtudiouſly their perſons they adorn.

THERE is not ſo variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dreſs. Within my own memory I have known it riſe and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it ſhot up to a very great height, inſomuch that the female part of our ſpecies were much taller than the men[h]. The women were of ſuch an enormous ſtature, that 'we appeared as graſhoppers before them[i]:' At preſent the whole ſex is in a manner dwarfed, and ſhrunk into a race of beauties that ſeems almoſt another ſpecies. I remember ſeveral ladies, who were once very near ſeven foot high, that at preſent want ſome inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole ſex be at preſent under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have caſt their head-dreſſes in order to ſurpriſe us with ſomething in that kind which ſhall be entirely new; or whether ſome

[h] This refers to the commode (called by the French *fontange*) a kind of head-dreſs worn by the ladies at the beginning of the 18th century, which by means of wire bore up the hair and fore part of the cap, conſiſting of many folds of fine lace, to a prodigious height. The tranſition from this to the oppoſite extreme was very abrupt and ſudden.

[i] Numb. xiii. 33.

of the talleſt of the ſex being too cunning for the reſt, have contrived this method to make themſelves appear ſizeable, is ſtill a ſecret; though I find moſt are of opinion, they are at preſent like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly ſprout up and flouriſh with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be inſulted by women who are taller than myſelf, I admire the ſex much more in their preſent humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimenſions, than when they had extended their perſons and lengthened themſelves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raiſing any whimſical ſuperſtructure upon her plans: I muſt therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleaſed with the coiffure now in faſhion, and think it ſhews the good ſenſe which at preſent very much reigns among the valuable part of the ſex. One may obſerve that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outſide of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that thoſe female architects, who raiſe ſuch wonderful ſtructures out of ribbands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their reſpective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in theſe kinds of building, as in thoſe which have been made of marble. Sometimes they riſe in the ſhape of a pyramid, ſometimes like a tower, and ſometimes like a ſteeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew by ſeveral orders and ſtories, as he has very humorouſly deſcribed it:

'*Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum*
Ædificat caput: Andromachen à fronte videbis;
Poſt minor eſt: aliam credas.'—Juv. Sat. vi. 501.

'With curls on curls they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow'r:
A gianteſs ſhe ſeems; but look behind,
And then ſhe dwindles to the pigmy kind.'

DRYDEN.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the head-dreſs aſpired to ſo great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or ſpires, which ſtood ſo exceſſively high on each ſide of the head, that a woman, who was but a Pigmy without her head-dreſs, appeared like a Coloſſus upon putting it on. Monſieur Paradin[k] ſays, 'That theſe old-faſhioned fontanges roſe an ell above the head: that they were pointed like ſteeples, and had long looſe pieces of crape faſtened to the tops of them, which were curiouſly fringed, and hung down their backs like ſtreamers.'

The women might poſſibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and reſolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monſtrous commode; and ſucceeded ſo well in it, that as the magicians ſacrificed their books

[k] Guillaume Paradin was a French writer of the ſixteenth century, author of ſeveral voluminous Hiſtories. It is from his *Annales de Burgoigne*, 1566, fol. that the following paſſages are quoted.

to the flames upon the preaching of an apoſtle, many of the women threw down their head-dreſſes in the middle of his ſermon, and made a bonfire of them within ſight of the pulpit. He was ſo renowned as well for the ſanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thouſand people; the men placing themſelves on the one ſide of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared (to uſe the ſimilitude of an ingenious writer) like a foreſt of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He ſo warmed and animated the people againſt this monſtrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of perſecution; and whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung ſtones at the perſons that wore it. But notwithſtanding this prodigy vaniſhed while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again ſome months after his departure, or to tell it in monſieur Paradin's own words, 'the women that, like ſnails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, ſhot them out again as ſoon as the danger was over.' This extravagance of the women's head-dreſſes in that age is taken notice of by monſieur d'Argentre in his hiſtory of Bretagne[1], and by

[1] Bertrand d'Argentre was an eminent French lawyer of the ſixteenth century: his *Hiſtoire de Bretagne* was printed at Rennes in 1582, fol. He died in 1590, aged 71.

Thomas Conecte mentioned above was a Carmelite monk born in Bretagne, who began to be famous for his preaching in 1428. After having travelled through ſeveral parts of Europe, oppoſing the faſhionable vices of the age, this celebrated preacher came at length to Rome, where his zeal led him to reprove the enormities of the papal court and the diſ-

other hiſtorians, as well as the perſon I have here quoted.

It is uſually obſerved, that a good reign is the only proper time for making of laws againſt the exorbitance of power; in the ſame manner an exceſſive head-dreſs may be attacked the moſt effectually when the faſhion is againſt it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would deſire the fair ſex to conſider how impoſſible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the maſterpiece of nature. The head has the moſt beautiful appearance, as well as the higheſt ſtation, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; ſhe has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the ſeat of ſmiles and bluſhes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightneſs of the eyes, hung it on each ſide with curious organs of ſenſe, given it airs and graces that cannot be deſcribed, and ſurrounded it with ſuch a flowing ſhade of hair as ſets all its beauties in the moſt agreeable light. In ſhort, ſhe ſeems to have deſigned the head as the cupola to the moſt glo: ous of her works; and when we load it with ſuch a pile of ſupernumerary ornaments, we deſtroy the ſymmetry of the human figure, and fooliſhly contrive to call off the eye

ſoluteneſs of the Romiſh clergy. On this he was impriſoned, tried, and condemned to the flames for hereſy. A puniſhment which he ſuffered with great conſtancy in 1434. See Bayle.

from great and real beauties, to childiſh gew-gaws, ribbands, and bone-lace. L[m].

N° 99. Saturday, June 23, 1711.

—— *Turpi ſecernis honeſtum.* HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 63.
You know to fix the bounds of right and wrong.

THE club, of which I have often declared myſelf a member, were laſt night engaged in a diſcourſe upon that which paſſes for the chief point of honour among men and women; and ſtarted a great many hints upon the ſubject, which I thought were entirely new. I ſhall therefore methodize the ſeveral reflections that aroſe upon this occaſion, and preſent my reader with them for the ſpeculation of this day; after having premiſed, that if there is any thing in this paper which ſeems to differ with any paſſage of laſt Thurſday's[n], the reader will conſider this as the ſentiments of the club, and the other as my own private thoughts, or rather thoſe of Pharamond.

The great point of honour in men is courage, and in women chaſtity. If a man loſes his honour in one rencounter, it is not impoſſible for him to regain it in another; a ſlip in a woman's honour is irrecoverable. I can give no reaſon for fixing the point of honour to theſe two qualities, unleſs it be that each ſex ſets the greateſt value on the qualification which renders them

[m] By Addiſon, dated, it is thought, London. See final note to N° 7.
[n] See N° 97.

the moſt amiable in the eyes of the contrary ſex. Had men choſen for themſelves, without regard to the opinions of the fair ſex, I ſhould believe the choice would have fallen on wiſdom or virtue; or had women determined their own point of honour, it is probable that wit or good-nature would have carried it againſt chaſtity.

Nothing recommends a man more to the female ſex than courage; whether it be that they are pleaſed to ſee one who is a terror to others fall like a ſlave at their feet, or that this quality ſupplies their own principal defect, in guarding them from inſults, and avenging their quarrels; or that courage is a natural indication of a ſtrong and ſprightly conſtitution. On the other ſide, nothing makes women more eſteemed by the oppoſite ſex than chaſtity; whether it be that we always prize thoſe moſt who are hardeſt to come at, or that nothing beſides chaſtity with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and conſtancy, gives the man a property in the perſon he loves, and conſequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleaſed with a paſſage in the inſcription on a monument erected in Weſtminſter-abbey to the late duke and ducheſs of Newcaſtle. 'Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngeſt ſiſter to the lord Lucas of Colcheſter; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the ſiſters virtuous.'

In books of chivalry, where the point of honour is ſtrained to madneſs, the whole ſtory runs on chaſtity and courage. The damſel is mounted on a white palfrey, as an emblem of

her innocence; and, to avoid ſcandal, muſt have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man, until ſome misfortune has brought a knight-errant to her relief. The knight falls in love, and did not gratitude reſtrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her diſdain. However, he muſt waſte many years in the deſert, before her virgin-heart can think of a ſurrender. The knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and ſtronger than himſelf, ſeeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head, and after ſeven years rambling returns to his miſtreſs, whoſe chaſtity has been attacked in the mean time by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many trials as her lover's valour.

In Spain, where there are ſtill great remains of this romantic humour, it is a tranſporting favour for a lady to caſt an accidental glance on her lover from a window, though it be two or three ſtories high; as it is uſual for the lover to aſſert his paſſion for his miſtreſs, in ſingle combat with a mad bull.

The great violation of the point of honour from man to man, is giving the lie. One may tell another he whores, drinks, blaſphemes, and it may paſs unreſented; but to ſay he lies, though but in jeſt, is an affront that nothing but blood can expiate. The reaſon perhaps may be, becauſe no other vice implies a want of courage ſo much as the making of a lie; and therefore telling a man he lies, is touching him in the moſt ſenſible part of honour, and indirectly calling him a coward. I cannot omit under this

head what Herodotus tells us of the ancient Perſians, that from the age of five years to twenty, they inſtruct their ſons only in three things, to manage the horſe, to make uſe of the bow, and to ſpeak truth.

The placing the point of honour in this falſe kind of courage, has given occaſion to the very refuſe of mankind, who have neither virtue nor common ſenſe, to ſet up for men of honour. An Engliſh peer, who has not been long dead°, uſed to tell a pleaſant ſtory of a French gentleman that viſited him early one morning at Paris, and after great profeſſions of reſpect, let him know that he had it in his power to oblige him; which in ſhort, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his lordſhip the perſon's name who juſtled him as he came out from the opera; but before he would proceed, he begged his lordſhip, that he would not deny him the honour of making him his ſecond. The Engliſh lord, to avoid being drawn into a very fooliſh affair, told him, he was under engagements for his two next duels to a couple of particular friends. Upon which the gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his lordſhip would not take it ill if he meddled no farther in an affair from whence he himſelf was to receive no advantage.

The beating down this falſe notion of honour, in ſo vain and lively a people as thoſe of France, is deſervedly looked upon as one of the moſt glorious parts of their preſent king's reign. It

° The editor has been told this was William Cavendiſh, the firſt Duke of Devonſhire, who died Aug. 18, 1707.

is a pity but the puniſhment of theſe miſchievous notions ſhould have in it ſome particular circumſtances of ſhame and infamy; that thoſe who are ſlaves to them may ſee, that inſtead of advancing their reputations, they lead them to ignominy and diſhonour.

Death is not ſufficient to deter men who make it their glory to deſpiſe it; but if every one that fought a duel were to ſtand in the pillory, it would quickly leſſen the number of theſe imaginary men of honour, and put an end to ſo abſurd a practice.

When honour is a ſupport to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cheriſhed and encouraged: but when the dictates of honour are contrary to thoſe of religion and equity, they are the greateſt depravations of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and falſe ideas of what is good and laudable; and ſhould therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human ſociety. L[P].

[P] By Addiſon, dated it ſeems, London. See final note to N° 7, on Addiſon's ſignatures, C, L, I, O.

N° 100. Monday, June 25, 1711.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo ſanus amico.

HOR. 1 Sat. v. 44.

The greateſt bleſſing is a pleaſant friend.

A MAN advanced in years that thinks fit to look back upon his former life, and calls that only life which was paſſed with ſatisfaction and enjoyment, excluding all parts which were not pleaſant to him, will find himſelf very young, if not in his infancy. Sickneſs, ill-humour, and idleneſs, will have robbed him of a great ſhare of that ſpace we ordinarily call our life. It is therefore the duty of every man that would be true to himſelf, to obtain if poſſible, a diſpoſition to be pleaſed, and place himſelf in a conſtant aptitude for the ſatisfactions of his Being. Inſtead of this, you hardly ſee a man who is not uneaſy in proportion to his advancement in the arts of life. An affected delicacy is the common improvement we meet with in thoſe who pretend to be refined above others. They do not aim at true pleaſures themſelves, but turn their thoughts upon obſerving the falſe pleaſures of other men. Such people are valetudinarians in ſociety, and they ſhould no more come into company than a ſick man ſhould come into the air. If a man is too weak to bear what is a refreſhment to men in health, he muſt ſtill keep his chamber. When any one in ſir Roger's company complains he is out of order, he im-

mediately calls for ſome poſſet-drink for him; for which reaſon that ſort of people, who are ever bewailing their conſtitution in other places are the cheerfulleſt imaginable when he is preſent.

It is a wonderful thing that ſo many, and they not reckoned abſurd, ſhall entertain thoſe with whom they converſe by giving them the hiſtory of their pains and aches; and imagine ſuch narrations their quota of the converſation. This is of all other the meaneſt help to diſcourſe, and a man muſt not think at all, or think himſelf very inſignificant, when he finds an account of his head-ach anſwered by another's aſking What news in the laſt mail? Mutual good-humour is a dreſs we ought to appear in whenever we meet, and we ſhould make no mention of what concerns ourſelves, without it be of matters wherein our friends ought to rejoice: but indeed there are crowds of people who put themſelves in no method of pleaſing themſelves or others; ſuch are thoſe whom we uſually call indolent perſons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate ſtate between pleaſure and pain, and very much unbecoming any part of our life after we are out of the nurſe's arms. Such an averſion to labour creates a conſtant wearineſs, and one would think ſhould make exiſtence itſelf a burden. The indolent man deſcends from the dignity of his nature, and makes that being which was rational merely vegetative. His life conſiſts only in the mere increaſe and decay of a body, which, with relation to the reſt of the world, might as well have been

uninformed, as the habitation of a reaſonable mind.

Of this kind is the life of that extraordinary couple Harry Terſett and his lady. Harry was in the days of his celibacy one of thoſe pert creatures who have much vivacity and little underſtanding; Mrs. Rebecca Quickly, whom he married, had all that the fire of youth and a lively manner could do towards making an agreeable woman. Theſe two people of ſeeming merit fell into each other's arms; and paſſion being ſated, and no reaſon or good-ſenſe in either to ſucceed it, their life is now at a ſtand; their meals are inſipid, and their time tedious; their fortune has placed them above care, and their loſs of taſte reduced them below diverſion. When we talk of theſe as inſtances of inexiſtence, we do not mean, that in order to live, it is neceſſary we ſhould always be in jovial crews, or crowned with chaplets of roſes, as the merry fellows among the ancients are deſcribed; but it is intended, by conſidering theſe contraries to pleaſure, indolence, and too much delicacy, to ſhew that it is prudence to preſerve a diſpoſition in ourſelves to receive a certain delight in all we hear and ſee.

This portable quality of good-humour ſeaſons all the parts and occurrences we meet with, in ſuch a manner, that there are no moments loſt; but they all paſs with ſo much ſatisfaction, that the heavieſt of loads (when it is a load) that of time, is never felt by us. Varilas has this quality to the higheſt perfection, and communicates it whenever he appears. The ſad, the merry,

the ſevere, the melancholy, ſhew a new cheerfulneſs when he comes amongſt them. At the ſame time no one can repeat any thing that Varilas has ever ſaid that deſerves repetition; but the man has that innate goodneſs of temper, that he is welcome to every body, becauſe every man thinks he is ſo to him. He does not ſeem to contribute any thing to the mirth of the company; and yet upon reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimſically ſaid of a gentleman, that if Varilas had wit, it would be the beſt wit in the world. It is certain, when a well-corrected lively imagination and good-breeding are added to a ſweet diſpoſition, they qualify it to be one of the greateſt bleſſings, as well as pleaſures of life.

Men would come into company with ten times the pleaſure they do, if they were ſure of hearing nothing which would ſhock them, as well as expected what would pleaſe them.—When we know every perſon that is ſpoken of is repreſented by one who has no ill-will, and every thing that is mentioned deſcribed by one that is apt to ſet it in the beſt light, the entertainment muſt be delicate, becauſe the cook has nothing brought to his hand but what is the moſt excellent in its kind. Beautiful pictures are the entertainments of pure minds, and deformities of the corrupted. It is a degree towards the life of angels, when we enjoy converſation wherein there is nothing preſented but in its excellence: and a degree towards that of

demons, wherein nothing is ſhewn but in its degeneracy. T P.

N° 101. Tueſday, June 26, 1711.

Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti;
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis:—— HOR. 2 Ep. i. 5.

[IMITATED.]

Edward and Henry, now the boaſt of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more ſacred name,
After a life of generous toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
Or laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long glories with a ſigh to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of baſe mankind. POPE.

'CENSURE,' ſays a late ingenious author, 'is the tax a man pays to the public for being emi-

P By Steele. Tranſcribed. See N° 324, note on the letter T, which it is thought was likewiſe at times the ſignature of Mr. T. Tickell. See N° 410, note.

*** At Drury-lane, on Tueſday, June 26, will be revived a comedy called The Governor of Barcelona, or Spaniſh Wives, not acted theſe ſix years. The Governor, by Mr. Johnſon; Count Camillus, by Mr. Mills; Colonel Peregrine, by Mr. Booth; Marg. Monrude, by Mr. Norris; Friar Andrew, by Mr. Bullock; Hidewell, by Mr. Pack; Titup, by Mrs. Bradſhaw; Eleonora, by Mrs. Knight; and Orada, by Mrs. Powel. To which will be added, The Stage Coach. Nicodemus, by Mr. Pack.——N. B. The company will act during the ſummer ſeaſon every Tueſday and Friday. Spect. in folio.

nent [q].' It is a folly for an eminent man to think of eſcaping it, and a weakneſs to be affected with it. All the illuſtrious perſons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have paſſed through this fiery perſecution. There is no defence againſt reproach but obſcurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatneſs, as ſatires and invectives were an eſſential part of a Roman triumph.

If men of eminence are expoſed to cenſure on one hand, they are as much liable to flattery on the other. If they receive reproaches which are not due to them, they likewiſe receive praiſes which they do not deſerve. In a word, the man in a high poſt is never regarded with an indifferent eye, but always conſidered as a friend or an enemy. For this reaſon perſons in great ſtations have ſeldom their true characters drawn till ſeveral years after their deaths. Their perſonal friendſhips and enmities muſt ceaſe, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their faults or their virtues can have juſtice done them. When writers have the leaſt opportunities of knowing the truth, they are in the beſt diſpoſition to tell it.

It is therefore the privilege of poſterity to adjuſt the characters of illuſtrious perſons, and to ſet matters right between thoſe antagoniſts, who by their rivalry for greatneſs divided a whole age into factions. We can now allow

[q] Biſhop Hoadley, in one of his political pamphlets, calls cenſure the perquiſite of great offices; but the quotation is quoted from Swift. See his Works, Vol. III. p. 277. edit. in cr. 8vo. 1766, 24 vol.

Cæſar to be a great man, without derogating from Pompey; and celebrate the virtues of Cato, without detracting from thoſe of Cæſar. Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praiſe allotted him, in which, whilſt he lived, his friends were too profuſe, and his enemies too ſparing.

According to ſir Iſaac Newton's calculations, the laſt comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed ſo much heat by its approaches to the ſun, that it would have been two thouſand times hotter than red hot iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that ſuppoſing it as big as the earth, and at the ſame diſtance from the ſun, it would be fifty thouſand years in cooling, before it recovered its natural temper. In the like manner, if an Engliſhman conſiders the great ferment into which our political world is thrown at preſent, and how intenſely it is heated in all its parts, he cannot ſuppoſe that it will cool again in leſs than three hundred years. In ſuch a tract of time it is poſſible that the heats of the preſent age may be extinguiſhed, and our ſeveral claſſes of great men repreſented under their proper characters. Some eminent hiſtorian may then probably ariſe that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as Tacitus expreſſes it) with the paſſions and prejudices of a contemporary author, but make an impartial diſtribution of fame among the great men of the preſent age.

I cannot forbear entertaining myſelf very often with the idea of ſuch an imaginary hiſtorian deſcribing the reign of Anne the firſt, and introducing it with a preface to his reader, that he

is now entering upon the moſt ſhining part of the Engliſh ſtory. The great rivals in fame will be then diſtinguiſhed according to their reſpective merits, and ſhine in their proper points of light. Such an one (ſays the hiſtorian) though variouſly repreſented by the writers of his own age, appears to have been a man of more than ordinary abilities, great application, and uncommon integrity: nor was ſuch an one (though of an oppoſite party and intereſt) inferior to him in any of theſe reſpects. The ſeveral antagoniſts who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different parties, will then have the ſame body of admirers, and appear illuſtrious in the opinion of the whole Britiſh nation. The deſerving man, who can now recommend himſelf to the eſteem of but half his countrymen, will then receive the approbations and applauſes of a whole age.

Among the ſeveral perſons that flouriſh in this glorious reign, there is no queſtion but ſuch a future hiſtorian, as the perſon of whom I am ſpeaking, will make mention of the men of genius and learning, who have now any figure in the Britiſh nation. For my own part, I often flatter myſelf with the honourable mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a paragraph in my own imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in ſome page or other of this imaginary hiſtorian.

It was under this reign, ſays he, that the Spectator publiſhed thoſe little diurnal eſſays which are ſtill extant. We know very little of

the name or perſon of this author, except only that he was a man of a very ſhort face, extremely addicted to ſilence, and ſo great a lover of knowledge, that he made a voyage to Grand Cairo for no other reaſon, but to take the meaſure of a pyramid. His chief friend was one ſir Roger de Coverley, a whimſical country knight, and a Templar whoſe name he has not tranſmitted to us. He lived as a lodger at the houſe of a widow-woman, and was a great humoriſt in all parts of his life. This is all we can affirm with any certainty of his perſon and character. As for his ſpeculations, notwithſtanding the ſeveral obſolete words and obſcure phraſes of the age in which he lived, we ſtill underſtand enough of them to ſee the diverſions and characters of the Engliſh nation in his time: not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the author, who has doubtleſs ſtrained many repreſentations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we muſt ſuppoſe that women of the firſt quality uſed to paſs away whole mornings at a puppet-ſhow [r]: that they atteſted their principles by their patches [s]: that an audience would ſit out an evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not underſtand [t]: that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the Britiſh ſtage [u]: that a promiſcuous aſſembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in maſks within the verge of

[r] See N° 14. [s] N° 81. [t] N° 18. [u] N° 22, 36.

the court[w]; with many improbabilities of the like nature. We muſt therefore in theſe and the like caſes ſuppoſe, that theſe remote hints and alluſions aimed at ſome certain follies which were then in vogue, and which at preſent we have not any notion of. We may gueſs by ſeveral paſſages in the ſpeculations, that there were writers who endeavoured to detract from the works of this author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot gueſs at any objections that could be made to his paper. If we conſider his ſtyle with that indulgence which we muſt ſhew to old Engliſh writers, or if we look into the variety of his ſubjects, with thoſe ſeveral critical diſſertations, moral reflections, * * * * * * *

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The following part of the paragraph is ſo much to my advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my reader will excuſe me for not inſerting it. L[x].

[w] N° 8. Public maſquerades were introduced by the d. d'Aumont, after the peace of Utrecht, in Somerſet-houſe. P.

[x] By Addiſon, London. See N° 334, *ad finem*, note on the ſignature L; and N° 221, note on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O.

⁂ At Drury-lane, June 26, The Governor of Barcelona, or The Spaniſh Wives. Caſt as mentioned before. June 2, revived, The Succeſsful Strangers. Sylvio, Mr. Mills; Antonio, Mr. Booth; Don Carlos, Mr. Huſband; Don Lopez, Mr. Norris; Don Franciſco, Mr. Bullock, ſen.; Dorothea, Mrs. Porter; Feliciana, Mrs. Bradſhaw; and Formoſa, Mrs. Powell. Spect. in folio.

N° 102. Wedneſday, June 27, 1711.

——— Luſus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut reacat ſibi

PHÆDR. Fab. xiv. 3.

The mind ought ſometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.

I DO not know whether to call the following letter a ſatire upon coquettes, or a repreſentation of their ſeveral fantaſtical accompliſhments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I ſhall communicate it to the public. It will ſufficiently explain its own intentions, ſo that I ſhall give it my reader at length, without either preface or poſtſcript.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WOMEN are armed with fans as men with ſwords, and ſometimes do more execution with them. To the end therefore that ladies may be intire miſtreſſes of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exerciſe of the fan, according to the moſt faſhionable airs and motions that are now practiſed at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a-day in my great hall, where they are inſtructed in the uſe of their arms, and exerciſed by the following words of command: Handle your fans, Unfurl your fans, Diſcharge your fans, Ground your fans, Recover your fans, Flutter your fans. By the right obſervation of theſe few plain words of command, a

woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herſelf diligently to her exerciſe for the ſpace of but one half-year ſhall be able to give her fan all the graces that can poſſibly enter into that little modiſh machine.

'But to the end that my readers may form to themſelves a right notion of this exerciſe, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to handle their fans, each of them ſhakes her fan at me with a ſmile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the ſhoulder, then preſſes her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in eaſy motion, and ſtands in readineſs to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a cloſe fan, and is generally learned in the firſt week.

'The next motion is that of unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended ſeveral little flirts and vibrations, as alſo gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings aſunder in the fan itſelf, that are ſeldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exerciſe pleaſes the ſpectators more than any other, as it diſcovers on a ſudden an infinite number of Cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beaſts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that diſplay themſelves to view, whilſt every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

'Upon my giving the word to Diſcharge their fans, they give one general crack that may be heard at a conſiderable diſtance when the wind

ſits fair. This is one of the moſt difficult parts of the exerciſe, but I have ſeveral ladies with me, who at their firſt entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of a room, who can now diſcharge a fan in ſuch a manner, that it ſhall make a report like a pocket-piſtol. I have likewiſe taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or on unſuitable occaſions) to ſhow upon what ſubject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewiſe invented a fan, with which a girl of ſixteen, by the help of a little wind which is incloſed about one of the largeſt ſticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

'When the fans are thus diſcharged, the word of command in courſe is to ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when ſhe throws it aſide in order to take up a pack of cards, adjuſt a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herſelf to any other matter of importance. This part of the exerciſe, as it only conſiſts in toſſing a fan with an air upon a long table (which ſtands by for that purpoſe), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

'When my female regiment is thus diſarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for ſome time; when on a ſudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long viſit) they all of them haſten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themſelves in their proper ſtations upon my calling out Recover your fans. This part of the exerciſe is not dif-

ficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

'The Fluttering of the fan is the laſt, and indeed the maſter-piece of the whole exerciſe; but if a lady does not miſpend her time, ſhe may make herſelf miſtreſs of it in three months. I generally lay aſide the dog-days and the hot time of the ſummer for the teaching this part of the exerciſe; for as ſoon as ever I pronounce Flutter your fans, the place is filled with ſo many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreſhing in that ſeaſon of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender conſtitution in any other.

'There is an infinite variety of motions to be made uſe of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modeſt flutter, the timorous flutter, the confuſed flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is ſcarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a ſuitable agitation in the fan; inſomuch, that if I only ſee the fan of a diſciplined lady, I know very well whether ſhe laughs, frowns, or bluſhes. I have ſeen a fan ſo very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the abſent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times ſo very languiſhing, that I have been glad for the lady's ſake the lover was at a ſufficient diſtance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the perſon who bears it. To conclude my letter, I muſt acquaint you that I have from my own obſervations compiled a little treatiſe for the uſe

of my ſcholars, intitled The Paſſions of the Fan; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of uſe to the public. I ſhall have a general review on Thurſday next; to which you ſhall be very welcome if you will honour it with your preſence.

I am, &c.

'P. S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

'N. B. I have ſeveral little plain fans made for this uſe, to avoid expence.' L[y].

[y] By Addiſon, London. See final note to N° 334.

N. B. The verſes of Dr. Donne in Spect. N° 41, were not, as is ſaid in the text, on his miſtreſs, but on Elizabeth the daughter of the doctor's friend and patron, ſir Robert Drury, of Hawſted, near Bury, Suffolk, in whoſe large houſe in Drury-lane the doctor and his family had apartments. This beautiful lady, intended it is ſaid for the wife of prince Henry, eldeſt ſon of James I. died in her 15th year in 1610. See Bibliotheca Topographica, N° XXIII. Hiſt. and Antiquities of Hawſted, by ſir John Cullum. 4to. 1784, p. 53, and p. 145, & ſeq. where there is a fine portrait of this beauty, from a painting, under which are the lines of Dr. Donne, painted probably about the time they were written. G.

N° 103. Thurſday, June 28, 1711.

——— Sibi quivis
Speret idem, ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret
Auſus idem——— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 240.

Such all might hope to imitate with eaſe:
Yet while they ſtrive the ſame ſucceſs to gain,
Should find their labour and their hopes are vain.
Francis.

My friend the divine having been uſed with words of complaiſance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only ſpoken of him, and that in his abſence) was ſo extremely offended with the exceſſive way of ſpeaking civilities among us, that he made a diſcourſe againſt it at the club, which he concluded with this remark, 'that he had not heard one compliment made in our ſociety ſince its commencement.' Every one was pleaſed with his concluſion; and as each knew his good-will to the reſt, he was convinced that the many profeſſions of kindneſs and ſervice, which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the heart is well inclined; but are a proſtitution of ſpeech, ſeldom intended to mean any part of what they expreſs, never to mean all they expreſs. Our reverend friend upon this topic, pointed to us two or three paragraphs on this ſubject in the firſt ſermon of the firſt volume of the late archbiſhop's poſthumous works[z]. I do not know that I ever read any

[z] See Archbiſhop Tillotſon's Sermon on Sincerity, from John, chap. i. ver. 47, being the laſt diſcourſe he preached, July 29, 1694. He died Nov. 24, following.

thing that pleaſed me more, and as it is the praiſe of Longinus, that he ſpeaks of the ſublime in a ſtyle ſuitable to it, ſo one may ſay of this author upon ſincerity, that he abhors any pomp of rhetoric on this occaſion, and treats it with a more than ordinary ſimplicity, at once to be a preacher and an example. With what command of himſelf does he lay before us, in the language and temper of his profeſſion, a fault, which by the leaſt liberty and warmth of expreſſion would be the moſt lively wit and ſatire! But his heart was better diſpoſed, and the good man chaſtiſed the great wit in ſuch a manner, that he was able to ſpeak as follows:

'—Amongſt too many other inſtances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age wherein we live, the great and general want of ſincerity in converſation is none of the leaſt. The world is grown ſo full of diſſimulation and compliment, that men's words are hardly any ſignification of their thoughts; and if any man meaſure his words by his heart, and ſpeak as he thinks, and do not expreſs more kindneſs to every man, than men uſually have for any man, he can hardly eſcape the cenſure of want of breeding. The old Engliſh plainneſs and ſincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honeſty of diſpoſition, which always argues true greatneſs of mind, and is uſually accompanied with undaunted courage and reſolution, is in a great meaſure loſt amongſt us. There hath been a long endeavour to transform us into foreign manners and faſhions, and to bring us to a ſervile imitation of none of the beſt of our neigh-

bours, in ſome of the worſt of their qualities. The dialect of converſation is now-a-days ſo ſwelled with vanity and compliment, and ſo ſurfeited (as I may ſay) of expreſſions of kindneſs and reſpect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago ſhould return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to underſtand his own language, and to know the true intrinſic value of the phraſe in faſhion, and would hardly at firſt believe at what a low rate the higheſt ſtrains and expreſſions of kindneſs imaginable do commonly paſs in current payment: and when he ſhould come to underſtand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himſelf with a good countenance and a good conſcience to converſe with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.

'And in truth it is hard to ſay, whether it ſhould more provoke our contempt or our pity, to hear what ſolemn expreſſions of reſpect and kindneſs will paſs between men, almoſt upon no occaſion; how great honour and eſteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never ſaw before, and how intirely they are all on the ſudden devoted to his ſervice and intereſt, for no reaſon; how infinitely and eternally obliged to him, for no benefit; and how extremely they will be concerned for him, yea and afflicted too, for no cauſe. I know it is ſaid, in juſtification of this hollow kind of converſation, that there is no harm, no real deceit in compliment, but the matter is well enough, ſo long as we underſtand one another; *et verba valent ut nummi*,

"words are like money;" and when the current value of them is generally underſtood, no man is cheated by them. This is ſomething, if ſuch words were any thing; but being brought into the accompt, they are mere cyphers. However, it is ſtill a juſt matter of complaint, that ſincerity and plainneſs are out of faſhion, and that our language is running into a lie; that men have almoſt quite perverted the uſe of ſpeech, and made words to ſignify nothing; that the greateſt part of the converſation of mankind is little elſe but driving a trade of diſſimulation; inſomuch that it would make a man heartily ſick and weary of the world, to ſee the little ſincerity that is in uſe and practice among men.'

When the vice is placed in this contemptible light, he argues unanſwerably againſt it, in words and thoughts ſo natural, that any man who reads them would imagine he himſelf could have been the author of them.

'If the ſhew of any thing be good for any thing, I am ſure ſincerity is better: for why does any man diſſemble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, but becauſe he thinks it good to have ſuch a quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put on the appearance of ſome real excellency. Now the beſt way in the world to ſeem to be any thing, is really to be what he would ſeem to be. Beſides, that it is many times as troubleſome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten

to one but he is diſcovered to want it; and then all his pains and labour to ſeem to have it, are loſt."

In another part of the ſame diſcourſe he goes on to ſhew, that all artifice muſt naturally tend to the diſappointment of him that practiſes it.

'Whatſoever convenience may be thought to be in falſehood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted when perhaps he means honeſtly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is ſet faſt, and nothing will then ſerve his turn, neither truth nor falſehood.' R[a].

N° 104. Friday, June 29, 1711.

——— Qualis equos Theriſſa fatigat
Harpalyce ——— VIRG. *Æn.* i. 316.

With ſuch array Harpalyce beſtrode
Her Thracian courſer. DRYDEN.

IT would be a noble improvement, or rather a recovery of what we call good-breeding, if nothing were to paſs amongſt us for agreeable which was the leaſt tranſgreſſion againſt that rule of life called decorum, or a regard to decency. This would command the reſpect of mankind, becauſe it carries in it deference to their good

[a] By Steele. See final note to N° 6, on the letter R, or the firſt paper with that ſignature.

opinion, as humility lodged in a worthy mind is always attended with a certain homage, which no haughty ſoul, with all the arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchaſe. Tully ſays, virtue and decency are ſo nearly related, that it is difficult to ſeparate them from each other but in our imagination. As the beauty of the body always accompanies the health of it, ſo certainly is decency concomitant to virtue. As beauty of body, with an agreeable carriage, pleaſes the eye, and that pleaſure conſiſts in that we obſerve all the parts with a certain elegance are proportioned to each other; ſo does decency of behaviour which appears in our lives obtain the approbation of all with whom we converſe, from the order, conſiſtency, and moderation of our words and actions. This flows from the reverence we bear towards every good man, and to the world in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only ſhew you arrogant but abandoned. In all theſe conſiderations we are to diſtinguiſh how one virtue differs from another. As it is the part of juſtice never to do violence, it is of modeſty never to commit offence. In this laſt particular lies the whole force of what is called decency; to this purpoſe that excellent moraliſt above-mentioned talks of decency; but this quality is more eaſily comprehended by an ordinary capacity, than expreſſed with all his eloquence. This decency of behaviour is generally tranſgreſſed among all orders of men; nay, the very women, though themſelves created it as it were for ornament, are often very much miſtaken in this ornamental

part of life. It would methinks be a ſhort rule for behaviour, if every young lady in her dreſs, words, and actions, were only to recommend herſelf as a ſiſter, daughter, or wife, and make herſelf the more eſteemed in one of thoſe characters. The care of themſelves, with regard to the families in which women are born, is the beſt motive for their being courted to come into the alliance of other houſes. Nothing can promote this end more than a ſtrict preſervation of decency. I ſhould be glad if a certain equeſtrian order of ladies, ſome of whom one meets in an evening at every outlet of the town, would take this ſubject into their ſerious conſideration. In order thereunto the following letter [b] may not be wholly unworthy their peruſal.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'GOING lately to take the air in one of the moſt beautiful evenings this ſeaſon has produced; as I was admiring the ſerenity of the ſky, the lively colours of the fields, and the variety of the landſcape every way around me, my eyes were ſuddenly called off from theſe inanimate objects by a little party of horſemen I ſaw paſſing the road. The greater part of them eſcaped my particular obſervation, by reaſon that my whole attention was fixed on a very fair youth who rode in the midſt of them, and ſeemed to have been dreſſed by ſome deſcription in a romance. His features, complexion, and habit had a remarkable effeminacy, and a cer-

[b] Mr. John Hughes was the writer of this letter.

tain languiſhing vanity appeared in his air. His hair, well curled and powdered, hung to a conſiderable length on his ſhoulders, and was wantonly tied, as if by the hands of his miſtreſs, in a ſcarlet ribband, which played like a ſtreamer behind him; he had a coat and waiſtcoat of blue camlet trimmed and embroidered with ſilver; a cravat of the fineſt lace; and wore in a ſmart cock, a little beaver hat edged with ſilver, and made more ſprightly by a feather. His horſe too, which was a pacer, was adorned after the ſame airy manner, and ſeemed to ſhare in the vanity of the rider. As I was pitying the luxury of this young perſon who appeared to me to have been educated only as an object of ſight, I perceived on my nearer approach, and as I turned my eyes downward, a part of the equipage I had not obſerved before, which was a petticoat of the ſame with the coat and waiſtcoat. After this diſcovery, I looked again on the face of the fair Amazon who had thus deceived me, and thought thoſe features which had before offended me by their ſoftneſs, were now ſtrengthened into as improper a boldneſs; and though her eyes, noſe, and mouth ſeemed to be formed with perfect ſymmetry, I am not certain whether ſhe, who in appearance was a very handſome youth, may not be in reality a very indifferent woman.

'There is an objection which naturally preſents itſelf againſt theſe occaſional perplexities and mixtures of dreſs, which is, that they ſeem to break in upon that propriety and diſtinction of appearance in which the beauty of different

characters is preſerved; and if they ſhould be more frequent than they are at preſent, would look like turning our public aſſemblies into a general maſquerade. The model of this Amazonian hunting-habit for ladies was, as I take it, firſt imported from France, and well enough expreſſes the gaiety of a people who are taught to do any thing, ſo it be with an aſſurance; but I cannot help thinking it ſits awkwardly yet on our Engliſh modeſty. The petticoat is a kind of incumbrance upon it, and if the Amazons ſhould think fit to go on in this plunder of our ſex's ornaments, they ought to add to their ſpoils, and complete their triumph over us, by wearing the breeches.

'If it be natural to contract inſenſibly the manners of thoſe we imitate, the ladies who are pleaſed with aſſuming our dreſſes will do us more honour than we deſerve, but they will do it at their own expence. Why ſhould the lovely Camilla deceive us in more ſhapes than her own, and affect to be repreſented in her picture with a gun and a ſpaniel; while her elder brother, the heir of a worthy family, is drawn in ſilks like his ſiſter? The dreſs and air of a man are not well to be divided; and thoſe who would not be content with the latter, ought never to think of aſſuming the former. There is ſo large a portion of natural agreeableneſs among the fair ſex of our iſland, that they ſeem betrayed into theſe romantic habits without having the ſame occaſion for them with their inventors: all that needs to be deſired of them is, that they would be themſelves, that is, what Nature deſigned them. And

to ſee their miſtake when they depart from this, let them look upon a man who affects the ſoftneſs and effeminacy of a woman, to learn how their ſex muſt appear to us, when approaching to the reſemblance of a man.

I am, Sir,

T[c]. Your moſt humble ſervant.'

N° 105. Saturday, June 30, 1711.

——Id arbitror
Adprimè in vita eſſe utile, NE QUID NIMIS.
TER. Andr. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.

Too much of any thing, is good for nothing.
ENG. PROV.

My friend Will Honeycomb values himſelf very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has coſt him many diſaſters in his youth; for Will reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every rencounter among the men, as parts of his education; and fancies he ſhould never have been the man he is, had he not broke windows, knocked down conſtables, diſturbed honeſt people with his midnight ſerenades, and beat up a lewd woman's quarters, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature Will calls the ſtudying of mankind; and terms this knowledge of the town, the know-

[c] By Steele, tranſcribed. See note on T. to N° 324. *ad finem.*

ledge of the world. Will ingenuouſly confeſſes, that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men over-night; and at preſent comforts himſelf under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This Will looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kinds of ſcience as the accompliſhments of one whom he calls a ſcholar, a bookiſh man, or a philoſopher.

For theſe reaſons Will ſhines in mixed company, where he has the diſcretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a ſeeming one. Our club however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never ſpare him. For as Will often inſults us with his knowledge of the town, we ſometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

He was laſt week producing two or three letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. The raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere man of the town; but very unluckily, ſeveral of the words were wrong ſpelt. Will laughed this off at firſt as well as he could; but finding himſelf puſhed on all ſides, and eſpecially by the Templar, he told us with a little paſſion, that he never liked pedantry in ſpelling, and that he ſpelt like a gentleman, and not like a ſcholar: upon this Will had recourſe to his old topic of ſhewing the narrow-ſpiritedneſs, the pride, and ignorance of pedants; which he carried ſo far, that upon my

retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together ſuch reflections as occurred to me upon that ſubject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing elſe, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But, methinks, we ſhould enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profeſſion and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play houſes, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few faſhionable diſtempers that have befallen him, and you ſtrike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court! He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the ſhrewd ſayings of a man of quality, whiſper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the ſphere of his obſervations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of *ombre*. When he has gone thus far he has ſhewn you the whole circle of his accompliſhments, his parts are drained, and he is diſabled from any farther converſation. What are theſe but rank pedants? and yet theſe are the men who value themſelves moſt on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant who always talks in a camp, and is ſtorming towns, making lodgments and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he

ſpeaks ſmells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to ſay for himſelf. I might likewiſe mention the law pedant, that is perpetually putting caſes, repeating the tranſactions of Weſtminſter-hall, wrangling with you upon the moſt indifferent circumſtances of life, and not to be convinced of the diſtance of a place, or of the moſt trivial point in converſation, but by dint of argument. The ſtate pedant is wrapt up in news, and loſt in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the Gazette[d], you drop him. In ſhort, a mere courtier, a mere ſoldier, a mere ſcholar, a mere any thing, is an inſipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the ſpecies of pedants, which I have mentioned, the book pedant is much the moſt ſupportable; he has at leaſt an exerciſed underſtanding, and a head which is full though confuſed, ſo that a man who converſes with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may poſſibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little uſe to the owner. The worſt kind of pedants among learned men are ſuch as are naturally endued with a very ſmall ſhare of common ſenſe, and have read a great number of books without taſte or diſtinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it

[d] A newſpaper, ſo called from gazette, the name of a piece of current money, which was the ſtated price at which it was originally ſold.

finiſhes good ſenſe, ſo it makes a ſilly man ten thouſand times more inſufferable, by ſupplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in abſurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of ſolid and uſeful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuſcript, you would take him for the glory of the commonwealth of letters, and the wonder of his age, when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole ſentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus laviſh of their praiſes, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wiſe, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant. L[e].

[e] By Addiſon, dated, it is ſuppoſed, London. See final notes to N° 334, and N° 221, on Addiſon's ſignatures to his papers in the Spectator C, L, I, O; of which the preſent editor of theſe papers would be glad to be enabled to give a more ſatisfactory and a better authenticated explanation.

N° 106. Monday, July 2, 1711.

——————Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. HOR. 1 Od. xvii. 14.

Here Plenty's liberal horn ſhall pour
Of fruits for thee a copious ſhow'r,
Rich honours of the quiet plain.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend ſir Roger de Coverley to paſs away a month with him in the country, I laſt week accompanied him thither, and am ſettled with him for ſome time at his country-houſe, where I intend to form ſeveral of my enſuing ſpeculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me riſe and go to bed when I pleaſe, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, ſit ſtill and ſay nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to ſee him, he only ſhews me at a diſtance. As I have been walking in his fields I have obſerved them ſtealing a ſight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight deſiring them not to let me ſee them, for that I hated to be ſtared at.

I am the more at eaſe in ſir Roger's family, becauſe it conſiſts of ſober and ſtaid perſons; for as the knight is the beſt maſter in the world, he ſeldom changes his ſervants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his ſervants never care for leaving him; by this means his domeſtics are all in years, and grown old with

their maſter. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the graveſt men that I have ever ſeen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counſellor. You ſee the goodneſs of the maſter even in the old houſe-dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the ſtable with great care and tenderneſs out of regard to his paſt ſervices, though he has been uſeleſs for ſeveral years.

I could not but obſerve with a great deal of pleaſure the joy that appeared in the countenances of theſe ancient domeſtics upon my friend's arrival at his country-ſeat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the ſight of their old maſter; every one of them preſſed forward to do ſomething for him, and ſeemed diſcouraged if they were not employed. At the ſame time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the maſter of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with ſeveral kind queſtions relating to themſelves. This humanity and good nature engages every body to him, ſo that when he is pleaſant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none ſo much as the perſon whom he diverts himſelf with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is eaſy for a ſtander-by to obſerve a ſecret concern in the looks of all his ſervants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the reſt of his fellow-ſervants, wonderfully deſirous of pleaſing me,

becauſe they have often heard their maſter talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when ſir Roger is diverting himſelf in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with ſir Roger, and has lived at his houſe in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a perſon of good ſenſe and ſome learning, of a very regular life and obliging converſation: he heartily loves ſir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's eſteem, ſo that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have obſerved in ſeveral of my papers, that my friend ſir Roger, amidſt all his good qualities, is ſomething of a humoriſt; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and diſtinguiſhes them from thoſe of other men. This caſt of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itſelf, ſo it renders his converſation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the ſame degree of ſenſe and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him laſt night, he aſked me how I liked the good man whom I have juſt now mentioned? and without ſtaying for my anſwer told me, that he was afraid of being inſulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reaſon he deſired a particular friend of his at the univerſity to find him out a clergyman rather of plain ſenſe than much learning, of a good aſpect, a

clear voice, a ſociable temper, and, if poſſible, a man that underſtood a little of back-gammon. 'My friend,' ſays ſir Roger, 'found me out this gentleman, who, beſides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good ſcholar, though he does not ſhew it. I have given him the parſonage of the pariſh; and becauſe I know his value have ſettled upon him a good annuity for life. If he out-lives me, he ſhall find that he was higher in my eſteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time aſked any thing of me for himſelf, though he is every day ſoliciting me for ſomething in behalf of one or other of my tenants his pariſhioners. There has not been a law-ſuit in the pariſh ſince he has lived among them: if any diſpute ariſes they apply themſelves to him for the deciſion; if they do not acquieſce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at moſt, they appeal to me. At his firſt ſettling with me, I made him a preſent of all the good ſermons which have been printed in Engliſh, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digeſted them into ſuch a ſeries, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued ſyſtem of practical divinity.'

As ſir Roger was going on in his ſtory, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's aſking him who preached

to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the biſhop of St. Aſaph [f] in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then ſhewed us his liſt of preachers for the whole year, where I ſaw with a great deal of pleaſure Archbiſhop Tillotſon, Biſhop Saunderſon, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with ſeveral living authors who have publiſhed diſcourſes of practical divinity. I no ſooner ſaw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's inſiſting upon the qualifications of a good aſpect and a clear voice; for I was ſo charmed with the gracefulneſs of his figure and delivery, as well as with the diſcourſes he pronounced, that I think I never paſſed any time more to my ſatisfaction. A ſermon repeated after this manner is like the compoſition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wiſh that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and inſtead of waſting their ſpirits in laborious compoſitions of their own, would endeavour after a handſome elocution, and all thoſe other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by great maſters. This would not only be more eaſy to themſelves, but more edifying to the people. L[g].

[f] Dr. William Fleetwood, afterwards biſhop of Ely, who is alſo mentioned in N° 384.

[g] By Addiſon, dated, it is ſuppoſed, London. See N° 334, and N° 221, notes on the ſignatures.

N° 107. Tuesday, July 3, 1711.

Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocárunt æterna in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cunctis viam.

PHÆDR. Epilog. l. 2.

The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal; to shew, that the way to honour lies open indifferently to all.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate, with such œconomy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and

love go together; and a certain cheerfulneſs in performance of their duty is the particular diſtinction of the lower part of this family. When a ſervant is called before his maſter, he does not come with an expectation to hear himſelf rated for ſome trivial fault, threatened to be ſtripped, or uſed with any other unbecoming language, which mean maſters often give to worthy ſervants; but it is often to know, what road he took that he came ſo readily back according to order; whether he paſſed by ſuch a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave ſir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preſerves a reſpect founded on his benevolence to his dependents, lives rather like a prince than a maſter in his family; his orders are received as favours rather than duties; and the diſtinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumſtance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his ſervants. He has ever been of opinion, that giving his caſt clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a ſilly ſenſe of equality between the parties, in perſons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleaſant on this occaſion, and deſcribe a young gentleman abuſing his man in that coat, which a month or two before was the moſt pleaſing diſtinction he was conſcious of in himſelf. He would turn his diſcourſe ſtill more

pleaſantly upon the bounties of the ladies in this kind; and I have heard him ſay he knew a fine woman, who diſtributed rewards and puniſhments in giving becoming or unbecoming dreſſes to her maids.

But my good friend is above theſe little inſtances of good-will, in beſtowing only trifles on his ſervants; a good ſervant to him is ſure of having it in his choice very ſoon of being no ſervant at all. As I before obſerved, he is ſo good a huſband, and knows ſo thoroughly that the ſkill of the purſe is the cardinal virtue of this life; I ſay he knows ſo well that frugality is the ſupport of generoſity, that he can often ſpare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that ſettlement to a good ſervant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a ſtranger pay the fine to that ſervant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he ſtays in his ſervice.

A man of honour and generoſity conſiders it would be miſerable to himſelf to have no will but that of another, though it were of the beſt perſon breathing, and for that reaſon goes on as faſt as he is able to put his ſervants into independent livelihoods. The greateſt part of ſir Roger's eſtate is tenanted by perſons who have ſerved himſelf or his anceſtors. It was to me extremely pleaſant to obſerve the viſitants from ſeveral parts to welcome his arrival into the country: and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late ſervants who came to ſee him, and thoſe who ſtaid in the family, was that theſe latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumiſſion and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good ſervant; which encouragement will make his ſucceſſor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is ſomething wonderful in the narrowneſs of thoſe minds, which can be pleaſed, and be barren of bounty to thoſe who pleaſe them.

One might on this occaſion, recount the ſenſe that great perſons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic ſervices which men have done their maſters in the extremity of their fortunes; and ſhewn to their undone patrons, that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I deſign this my ſpeculation only as a gentle admonition to thankleſs maſters, I ſhall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but aſſert it as a general obſervation, that I never ſaw, but in ſir Roger's family and one or two more, good ſervants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindneſs extends to their children's children, and this very morning he ſent his coachman's grandſon to prentice. I ſhall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deſerve my future obſervation.

At the very upper end of this handſome ſtructure I ſaw the portraiture of two young men ſtanding in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The perſon ſupported ſeemed half dead, but ſtill ſo much alive as to ſhew in his face exquiſite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure reſembled my

friend ſir Roger; and looking at the butler who ſtood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the perſon in the livery was a ſervant of ſir Roger's, who ſtood on the ſhore while his maſter was ſwimming, and obſerving him taken with ſome ſudden illneſs, and ſink under water, jumped in and ſaved him. He told me ſir Roger took off the dreſs he was in as ſoon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever ſince, had made him maſter of that pretty ſeat which we ſaw at a diſtance as we came to this houſe. I remembered indeed ſir Roger ſaid, there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning any thing further. Upon my looking a little diſſatisfied at ſome part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was againſt ſir Roger's will, and at the earneſt requeſt of the gentleman himſelf, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had ſaved his maſter. R[h].

[h] By Steele. The ſignature R is ſuppoſed to be the diſtinguiſhing mark of Steele's own papers, in contradiſtinction to ſuch as he tranſcribed or made up from hints dropt into the letter-box. See final note to N° 324, &c.

N° 108. Wedneſday, July 4, 1711.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.
PHÆDR. Fab. v. 2.

Out of breath to no purpoſe, and very buſy about nothing.

As I was yeſterday morning walking with ſir Roger before his houſe, a country-fellow brought him a huge fiſh, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble [1] had caught that very morning; and that he preſented it with his ſervice to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the ſame time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as ſoon as the meſſenger left him.

'SIR ROGER,

'I DESIRE you to accept of a jack, which is the beſt I have caught this ſeaſon. I intend to come and ſtay with you a week, and ſee how the perch bite in the Black river. I obſerved with ſome concern, the laſt time I ſaw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a laſh to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twiſted laſt week, which I hope will ſerve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the ſaddle for ſix days laſt paſt, having been at Eton with

[1] See an account of this Yorkſhire gentleman, whoſe name was Mr. Thomas Morecraft, in Spect. Vol. IV. N° 269, note. See alſo N° 109; N° 126; and N° 131.

ſir John's eldeſt ſon. He takes to his learning hugely. I am ſir,

Your humble ſervant,

WILL WIMBLE.'

This extraordinary letter, and meſſage that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who ſent them; which I found to be as follow.—Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and deſcended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no buſineſs and born to no eſtate, he generally lives with his elder brother as ſuperintendant of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well verſed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furniſhes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much eſteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome gueſt at every houſe, and keeps up a good correſpondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the oppoſite ſides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a ſetting-dog that he has made himſelf. He now and then preſents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or ſiſters; and raiſes a great deal

of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them "how they wear!" Theſe gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.'

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he ſaw him make up to us with two or three hazle twigs in his hand that he had cut in ſir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the houſe. I was very much pleaſed to obſerve on one ſide the hearty and ſincere welcome with which ſir Roger received him, and on the other, the ſecret joy which his gueſt diſcovered at ſight of the good old knight. After the firſt ſalutes were over, Will deſired ſir Roger to lend him one of his ſervants to carry a ſet of ſhuttlecocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it ſeems he had promiſed ſuch a preſent for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no ſooner turned but honeſt Will began to tell me of a large cock pheaſant that he had ſprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the ſame nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and moſt delight in; for which reaſon I was as much pleaſed with the novelty of the perſon that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the ſpringing of a pheaſant, and therefore liſtened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midſt of his diſcourſe the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been ſpeaking of had the pleaſure of ſeeing the huge jack he had caught, ſerved up for the firſt diſh in a

moſt ſumptuous manner. Upon our ſitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with ſeveral other particulars that laſted all the firſt courſe. A diſh of wild fowl that came afterwards furniſhed converſation for the reſt of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was ſecretly touched with compaſſion towards the honeſt gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but conſider with a great deal of concern, how ſo good an heart and ſuch buſy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that ſo much humanity ſhould be ſo little beneficial to others, and ſo much induſtry ſo little advantageous to himſelf. The ſame temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public eſteem, and have raiſed his fortune in another ſtation of life. What good to his country or himſelf might not a trader or merchant have done with ſuch uſeful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the caſe of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather ſee their children ſtarve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profeſſion that is beneath their quality. This humour fills ſeveral parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happineſs of a trading nation like ours, that the younger ſons, though incapable of any liberal art or profeſſion, may be placed in ſuch a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with

the beſt of their family. Accordingly we find ſeveral citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, riſing by an honeſt induſtry to greater eſtates than thoſe of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or phyſic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for ſtudies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I ſhall deſire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have ſaid in my twenty-firſt ſpeculation. L[k].

N° 109. Thurſday, July 5, 1711.

Abnormis ſapiens—— HOR. 2 Sat. ii. 3.

Of plain good ſenſe, untutor'd in the ſchools.

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when ſir Roger entered at the end oppoſite to me, and advancing towards me, ſaid he was glad to meet me among his relations the de Coverleys, and hoped I liked the converſation of ſo much good company, who were as ſilent as myſelf. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himſelf upon his ancient deſcent, I expected he would give me ſome account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the

[k] By Addiſon, dated London. See note to 334, *ad finem*.

gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we ſtood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of ſaying things as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preſerve the appearance of chain of thought.

'It is,' ſaid he, 'worth while to conſider the force of dreſs; and how the perſons of one age differ from thoſe of another, merely by that only. One may obſerve alſo, that the general faſhion of one age has been followed by one particular ſet of people in another, and by them preſerved from one generation to another. Thus the vaſt jetting coat and ſmall bonnet, which was the habit in Henry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, becauſe they look a foot taller, and a foot and an half broader: beſides, that the cap leaves the face expanded, and conſequently more terrible, and fitter to ſtand at the entrance of palaces.

'This predeceſſor of ours you ſee is dreſſed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the laſt man that won a prize in the Tilt-yard (which is now a common ſtreet before Whitehall.) You ſee the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He ſhivered that lance of his adverſary all to pieces; and bearing himſelf, look you, ſir, in this manner, at the ſame time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode againſt him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his ſaddle, he in that manner rid the tournament

over, with an air that ſhewed he did it rather to perform the rule of the liſts, than expoſe his enemy; however it appeared he knew how to make uſe of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their miſtreſs ſate (for they were rivals), and let him down with laudable courteſy and pardonable inſolence. I do not know but it might be exactly where the coffee-houſe[1] is now.

'You are to know this my anceſtor was not only of a military genius, but fit alſo for the arts of peace, for he played on the baſs-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you ſee where his viol hangs by his baſket-hilt ſword. The action at the Tilt-yard you may be ſure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour, and the greateſt beauty of her time; here ſhe ſtands the next picture. You ſee, ſir, my great great great grandmother has on the new-faſhioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waiſt; my grandmother appears as if ſhe ſtood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, ſhe became an excellent country-wife, ſhe brought ten children, and when I ſhew you the library, you ſhall ſee in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language) the beſt receipt now in England both for an haſty-pudding and a white-pot.

'If you pleaſe to fall back a little, becauſe it is neceſſary to look at the three next pictures at one view; theſe are three ſiſters. She on the right hand, who is ſo very beautiful, died a

[1] The tilt-yard coffee-houſe ſtill in being.

maid; the next to her, ſtill handſomer, had the ſame fate, againſt her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was ſtolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of ſtratagem and reſolution, for he poiſoned three maſtiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-ſtealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp, and ſo much money, was no great matter to our eſtate. But the next heir that poſſeſſed it was this ſoft gentleman, whom you ſee there. Obſerve the ſmall buttons, the little boots, the laces, the ſlaſhes about his clothes, and above all the poſture he is drawn in (which to be ſure was his own chooſing); you ſee he ſits with one hand on a deſk writing and looking as it were another way, like an eaſy writer, or a ſonneteer. He was one of thoſe that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no juſtice, but great good-manners; he ruined every body that had any thing to do with him, but never ſaid a rude thing in his life; the moſt indolent perſon in the world, he would ſign a deed that paſſed away half his eſtate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to ſave his country. He is ſaid to be the firſt that made love by ſqueezing the hand. He left the eſtate with ten thouſand pounds debt upon it; but however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the fineſt gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our houſe for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honeſt man you ſee

there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know ſir Andrew Freeport has ſaid behind my back, that this man was deſcended from one of the ten children of the maid of honour I ſhewed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, becauſe money was wanting at that time.'

Here I ſaw my friend a little embarraſſed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: 'This man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the honour of our houſe. Sir Humphry de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradeſman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himſelf as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He ſerved his country as knight of this ſhire to his dying day. He found it no eaſy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of ſtate, where he muſt be expoſed to the ſnares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the diſtinguiſhing parts of his character; the latter, he had often obſerved, had led to the deſtruction of the former, and he uſed frequently to lament that great and good had not the ſame ſignification. He was an excellent huſbandman, but had reſolved not to exceed ſuch a degree of

wealth; all above it he beſtowed in ſecret bounties many years after the ſum he aimed at for his own uſe was attained. Yet he did not ſlacken his induſtry, but to a decent old age ſpent the life and fortune which was ſuperfluous to himſelf, in the ſervice of his friends and neighbours.'

Here we were called to dinner, and ſir Roger ended the diſcourſe of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the ſervant, that this his anceſtor was a brave man, and narrowly eſcaped being killed in the civil wars; 'For,' ſaid he, 'he was ſent out of the field upon a private meſſage, the day before the battle of Worceſter.' The whim of narrowly eſcaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good ſenſe, left me at a loſs whether I was more delighted with my friend's wiſdom or ſimplicity. R[m].

N° 110. Friday, July 6, 1711.

Horror ubique animos, ſimul ipſa ſilentia terrent.
VIRG. Æn. ii. 755.

All things are full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the ſilence of the night. DRYDEN.

AT a little diſtance from ſir Roger's houſe, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are ſhot up ſo very high, that when one paſſes under them, the

[m] By Steele. See final notes to N° 107 and N° 324.

rooks and crows that reſt upon the tops of them ſeem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this ſort of noiſe, which I conſider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who ſupplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Pſalms[n], feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, becauſe of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reaſon (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it beſides the chaplain. My good friend the butler deſired me with a very grave face not to venture myſelf in it after ſun-ſet, for that one of the footmen had been almoſt frighted out of his wits by a ſpirit that appeared to him in the ſhape of a black horſe without an head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard ſuch a ruſtling among the buſhes that ſhe let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place laſt night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the moſt proper ſcenes in the world for a ghoſt to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are ſcattered up and down on every ſide, and half covered with ivy and elder-buſhes, the harbours of ſeveral ſolitary birds which ſeldom make their appearance till the duſk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has ſtill ſeveral marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is ſuch an echo

[n] Pſal. cxlvii. 9.

among the old ruins and vaults, that if you ſtamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the ſound repeated. At the ſame time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding ſolemn and venerable. Theſe objects naturally raiſe ſerioufneſs and attention; and when night heightens the awfulneſs of the place, and pours out her ſupernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with ſpectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Aſſociation of Ideas, has very curious remarks to ſhew how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole ſet that bear no reſemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among ſeveral examples of this kind, he produces the following inſtance. 'The ideas of goblins and ſprites have really no more to do with darkneſs than light: yet let but a fooliſh maid inculcate theſe often on the mind of a child, and raiſe them there together, poſſibly he ſhall never be able to ſeparate them again ſo long as he lives; but darkneſs ſhall ever afterwards bring with it thoſe frightful ideas, and they ſhall be ſo joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other*.'

As I was walking in this ſolitude, where the duſk of the evening conſpired with ſo many other occaſions of terror, I obſerved a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that

* Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, B. ii. ch. 33. ſect. 10.

was apt to ſtartle might eaſily have conſtrued into a black horſe without an head: and I dare ſay the poor footman loſt his wits upon ſome ſuch trivial occaſion.

My friend ſir Roger has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his firſt coming to his eſtate he found three parts of his houſe altogether uſeleſs; that the beſt room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noiſes had been heard in his long gallery, ſo that he could not get a ſervant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, becauſe there went a ſtory in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himſelf in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had ſhut up half the rooms in the houſe, in which either her huſband, a ſon, or daughter had died. The knight ſeeing his habitation reduced to ſo ſmall a compaſs, and himſelf in a manner ſhut out of his own houſe, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorciſed by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means diſſipated the fears which had ſo long reigned in the family.

I ſhould not thus have been particular upon theſe ridiculous horrors, did not I find them ſo very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the ſame time I think a perſon who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghoſts and ſpectres much more reaſonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all hiſtorians ſacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the

traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of ſpirits fabulous and groundleſs. Could not I give myſelf up to this general teſtimony of mankind, I ſhould to the relations of particular perſons who are now living, and whom I cannot diſtruſt in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the hiſtorians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewiſe the philoſophers of antiquity, have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himſelf, though by the courſe of his philoſophy he was obliged to maintain that the ſoul did not exiſt ſeparate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was ſo preſſed with the matter of fact which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the moſt abſurd unphiloſophical notions that was ever ſtarted. He tells us, That the ſurfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their reſpective bodies, one after another; and that theſe ſurfaces or thin caſes that included each other whilſt they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion, are ſometimes ſeen entire when they are ſeparated from it; by which means we often behold the ſhapes and ſhadows of perſons who are either dead or abſent [p].

I ſhall diſmiſs this paper with a ſtory out of Joſephus [q], not ſo much for the ſake of the ſtory itſelf as for the moral reflections with which

[p] Lucret. iv. 34, &c.

[q] Antiquit. Jud. lib. xvii. cap. xv. ſect. 4, 5.

the author concludes it, and which I ſhall here ſet down in his own words. 'Glaphyra, the daughter of king Archelaus, after the death of her two firſt huſbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her firſt huſband, and ſo paſſionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that ſhe ſaw her firſt huſband coming towards her, and that ſhe embraced him with great tenderneſs; when in the midſt of the pleaſure which ſhe expreſſed at the ſight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: "Glaphyra," ſays he, "thou haſt made good the old ſaying, That women are not to be truſted. Was not I the huſband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldſt thou forget our loves ſo far as to enter into a ſecond marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy huſband a man who has ſo ſhamelеſsly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the ſake of our paſſed loves, I ſhall free thee from thy preſent reproach, and make thee mine for ever." Glaphyra told this dream to ſeveral women of her acquaintance, and died ſoon after. I thought this ſtory might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I ſpeak of thoſe kings. Beſides that the example deſerves to be taken notice of, as it contains a moſt certain proof of the immortality of the ſoul, and of Divine Providence. If any man thinks theſe facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himſelf, but let him not endeavour to diſturb

the belief of others, who by inſtances of this nature are excited to the ſtudy of virtue.'

L[r].

N° 111. Saturday, July 7, 1711.

——*Inter ſilvas academi quærere verum.*

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 45.

To ſearch for truth in academic groves.

THE courſe of my laſt ſpeculation led me inſenſibly into a ſubject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the immortality of the ſoul. I was yeſterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and loſt myſelf in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the ſeveral arguments that eſtabliſhed this great point, which is the baſis of morality, and the ſource of all the pleaſing hopes and ſecret joys that can ariſe in the heart of a reaſonable creature. I conſidered thoſe ſeveral proofs, drawn;

Firſt, from the nature of the ſoul itſelf, and particularly its immateriality, which though not

[r] By Addiſon, dated, it ſeems, London. See notes to Spect. N° 5, N° 334, and N° 221, on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O.

, Drury Lane, July 6, Oroonoko. Oroonoko, Mr. Booth; Aboan, Mr. Powell; Blandford, Mr. Huſband; Governour, Mr. Thurmond; Capt. Driver, Mr. Johnſon; Stanmore, Mr. Bullock, jun.; Daniel, by Mr. Pack; Imoinda, Mrs. Rogers; Widow, Mrs. Knight; Weldon, Mrs. Bradſhaw; and Lucy, Miſs Sherbon. Spect. in folio.

abſolutely neceſſary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almoſt a demonſtration.

Secondly, from its paſſions and ſentiments, as particularly from its love of exiſtence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that ſweet ſatisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneaſineſs which follows in it upon the commiſſion of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whoſe juſtice, goodneſs, wiſdom and veracity are all concerned in this great point.

But among theſe and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the ſoul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progreſs of the ſoul to its perfection, without a poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this ſubject, though it ſeems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the ſoul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never paſs: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human ſoul thus at a ſtand in her accompliſhments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might

fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the beginning of her inquiries?

A man, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

Hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.'
HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 175.

'—— Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave.' CREECH.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he

give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom, which ſhines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

Methinks this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in ſuperior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human ſoul, knows very well that the period will come

about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: nay when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being, but he knows that how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our own ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection? We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a poſſibility of touching it[s]: and can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection but of happineſs!

L[t].

[s] Thoſe lines are what the geometricians call the aſymptotes of the hyperbola, and the alluſion to them here, is perhaps one of the moſt beautiful that has ever been made.

[t] By Addiſon, dated, it ſeems, London. See final notes to N° 334 and N° 221, on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O.

*** At the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, on Tueſday, July 10, a comedy called The Taming of the Shrew, or Sawney the Scot. Lord Beau-Foy, by Mr. Keene; Woodal, Mr. Johnſon; Petruchio, Mr. Powel; Geraldo, Mr. Huſ-

N° 112. Monday, July 9, 1711.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεὸς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα— PYTHAG.

Firſt, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worſhip th' immortal Gods.

I AM always very well pleaſed with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the ſeventh day were only a human inſtitution, it would be the beſt method that could have been thought of for the poliſhing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would ſoon degenerate into a kind of ſavages and barbarians, were there not ſuch frequent returns of a ſtated time, in which the whole village meet together with their beſt faces, and in their cleanlieſt habits, to converſe with one another upon indifferent ſubjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the ruſt of the whole week, not only as it refreſhes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the ſexes upon appearing in their moſt agreeable forms, and exerting all ſuch qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow diſtinguiſhes himſelf as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole pariſh-politics be-

band; Winlove, Mr. Bickerſtaff; Tranio, Mr. Bullock, jun.; Sir L. Winlove, Mr. Croſs; Jamy, Mr. Norris; Sawney, Mr. Bullock, ſen.; and Margaret, by Mrs. Bradſhaw. Spect. in folio.

ing generally diſcuſſed in that place either after ſermon or before the bell rings.

My friend ſir Roger, being a good church-man, has beautified the inſide of his church with ſeveral texts of his own chooſing. He has likewiſe given a handſome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his eſtate he found his pariſhioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the reſponſes, he gave every one of them a haſſock and a common-prayer-book: and at the ſame time employed an itinerant ſinging-maſter, who goes about the country for that purpoſe, to inſtruct them rightly in the tunes of the pſalms; upon which they now very much value themſelves, and indeed outdo moſt of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As ſir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will ſuffer no body to ſleep in it beſides himſelf; for if by chance he has been ſurpriſed into a ſhort nap at ſermon, upon recovering out of it he ſtands up and looks about him, and if he ſees any body elſe nodding, either wakes them himſelf, or ſends his ſervants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon theſe occaſions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verſe in the ſinging pſalms, half a minute after the reſt of the congregation have done with it; ſometimes when he is pleaſed with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces amen three or four times to the ſame

prayer; and ſometimes ſtands up when every body elſe is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or ſee if any of his tenants are miſſing.

I was yeſterday very much ſurpriſed to hear my old friend, in the midſt of the ſervice, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not diſturb the congregation. This John Matthews it ſeems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diverſion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumſtances of life, has a very good effect upon the pariſh, who are not polite enough to ſee any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; beſides that the general good ſenſe and worthineſs of his character make his friends obſerve theſe little ſingularities as foils that rather ſet off than blemiſh his good qualities.

As ſoon as the ſermon is finiſhed, no body preſumes to ſtir till ſir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his ſeat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that ſtand bowing to him on each ſide: and every now and then inquires how ſuch an one's wife, or mother, or ſon, or father do, whom he does not ſee at church; which is underſtood as a ſecret reprimand to the perſon that is abſent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechiſing day, when ſir Roger has been pleaſed with a boy that anſwers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encou-

ragement; and ſometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewiſe added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themſelves perfect in the church ſervice, has promiſed upon the death of the preſent incumbent who is very old, to beſtow it according to merit.

The fair underſtanding between ſir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, becauſe the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that riſe between the parſon and the 'ſquire, who live in a perpetual ſtate of war. The parſon is always preaching at the 'ſquire; and the 'ſquire to be revenged on the parſon, never comes to church. The 'ſquire has made all his tenants atheiſts and tythe-ſtealers; while the parſon inſtructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and inſinuates to them in almoſt every ſermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In ſhort, matters are come to ſuch an extremity, that the 'ſquire has not ſaid his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parſon threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are ſo uſed to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the underſtanding of a man of an eſtate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important ſoever it may be, that is preached

to them, when they know there are ſeveral men of five hundred a year who do not believe it. L[u].

N° 113. Tueſday, July 10, 1711.

——— *Hærent infixi pectore vultus.* VIRG. Æn. iv. 4.

Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.

IN my firſt deſcription of the company in which I paſs moſt of my time, it may be remembered, that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend ſir Roger had met with in his youth[w]; which was no leſs than a diſappointment in love. It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleaſing walk at a diſtance from his houſe. As ſoon as we came into it, 'It is,' quoth the good old man, looking round him with a ſmile, 'very hard, that any part of my land ſhould be ſettled upon one who has uſed me ſo ill as the perverſe widow did; and yet I am ſure I could not ſee a ſprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I ſhould reflect upon her and her ſeverity. She has certainly the fineſt hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I uſed to muſe upon her: and by that cuſtom I can never come into it, but the ſame tender ſentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature

[u] By Addiſon, London. See N° 334, &c. Note.

[w] See Spect. Vol. I. N° 2.

under theſe ſhades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of ſeveral of theſe trees; ſo unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their paſſion by the methods which ſerve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the fineſt hand of any woman in the world.'

Here followed a profound ſilence; and I was not diſpleaſed to obſerve my friend falling ſo naturally into a diſcourſe, which I had ever before taken notice he induſtriouſly avoided. After a very long pauſe, he entered upon an account of this great circumſtance in his life, with an air which I thought raiſed my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that ſtroke which has ever ſince affected his words and actions[x]. But he went on as follows:

'I came to my eſtate in my twenty-ſecond year, and reſolved to follow the ſteps of the moſt worthy of my anceſtors who have inhabited this ſpot of earth before me, in all the methods of hoſpitality and good neighbourhood, for the ſake of my fame; and in country ſports and recreations, for the ſake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to ſerve as ſheriff of the county; and in my ſervants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleaſure of a young man (who did

[x] See preface to Steele's Lover, editions of 1789, 8vo. and 12mo. Obſervations on the characters of ſir Roger de Coverley and Cynthio.

not think ill of his own perſon) in taking that public occaſion of ſhewing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may eaſily imagine to yourſelf what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dreſſed, at the head of a whole county, with muſic before me, a feather in my hat, and my horſe well bitted. I can aſſure you, I was not a little pleaſed with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the aſſizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit ſat in court to hear the event of a cauſe concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the deſtruction of all who behold her) put on ſuch a reſignation in her countenance, and bore the whiſpers of all around the court with ſuch a pretty uneaſineſs, I warrant you, and then recovered herſelf from one eye to another, until ſhe was perfectly confuſed by meeting ſomething ſo wiſtful in all ſhe encountered, that at laſt, with a murrain to her, ſhe caſt her bewitching eye upon me. I no ſooner met it but I bowed like a great ſurpriſed booby; and knowing her cauſe to be the firſt which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, "Make way for the defendant's witneſſes." This ſudden partiality made all the county immediately ſee the ſheriff alſo was become a ſlave to the fine widow. During the time her cauſe was upon trial, ſhe behaved herſelf, I warrant you, with ſuch a deep attention to her buſineſs, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counſel, then would be in ſuch a

pretty confuſion, occaſioned, you muſt know, by acting before ſo much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her huſband had to urge, was thought ſo groundleſs and frivolous, that when it came to her counſel to reply, there was not half ſo much ſaid as every one beſides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You muſt underſtand, ſir, this perverſe woman is one of thoſe unaccountable creatures that ſecretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themſelves in no farther conſequences. Hence it is that ſhe has ever had a train of admirers, and ſhe removes from her ſlaves in town to thoſe in the country, according to the ſeaſons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleaſures of friendſhip. She is always accompanied by a confident, who is witneſs to her daily proteſtations againſt our ſex, and conſequently a bar to her firſt ſteps towards love, upon the ſtrength of her own maxims and declarations.

'However, I muſt need ſay, this accompliſhed miſtreſs of mine has diſtinguiſhed me above the reſt, and has been known to declare ſir Roger de Coverley was the tameſt and moſt humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told ſhe ſaid ſo, by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the ſtrength of this ſlender encouragement of being thought leaſt deteſtable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horſes, ſent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to croſs the country,

and wait upon her. As ſoon as I thought my retinue ſuitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I ſet out from hence to make my addreſſes. The particular ſkill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wiſhes, and yet command reſpect. To make her miſtreſs of this art, ſhe has a greater ſhare of knowledge, wit, and good ſenſe, than is uſual even among men of merit. Then ſhe is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the ſkill of beauty, ſhe will arm herſelf with her real charms, and ſtrike you with admiration inſtead of deſire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aſpect, that compoſure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, ſhe is ſuch a deſperate ſcholar, that no country-gentleman can approach her without being a jeſt. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her houſe I was admitted to her preſence with great civility; at the ſame time ſhe placed herſelf to be firſt ſeen by me in ſuch an attitude, as I think you call the poſture of a picture, that ſhe diſcovered new charms, and I at laſt came towards her with ſuch an awe as made me ſpeechleſs. This ſhe no ſooner obſerved but ſhe made her advantage of it, and began a diſcourſe to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When ſhe diſcuſſed theſe points in a diſcourſe, which I verily believe was as learned as the beſt philoſopher in Europe

could poſſibly make, ſhe aſked me whether ſhe was ſo happy as to fall in with my ſentiments on theſe important particulars. Her confident ſat by her, and upon my being in the laſt confuſion and ſilence, this malicious aid of her's turning to her ſays, I am very glad to obſerve ſir Roger pauſes upon this ſubject, and ſeems reſolved to deliver all his ſentiments upon the matter when he pleaſes to ſpeak. They both kept their countenances, and after I had ſat half an hour meditating how to behave before ſuch profound caſuiſts, I roſe up and took my leave. Chance has ſince that time thrown me very often in her way, and ſhe as often has directed a diſcourſe to me which I do not underſtand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a diſtance from the moſt beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus alſo ſhe deals with all mankind, and you muſt make love to her, as you would conquer the ſphynx, by poſing her. But were ſhe like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how conſtant muſt the pleaſure of that man be, who could converſe with a creature—But, after all, you may be ſure her heart is fixed on ſome one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is ſaid! after ſhe had done ſpeaking to me, ſhe put her hand to her boſom, and adjuſted her tucker. Then ſhe caſt her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earneſtly. They ſay ſhe ſings excellently: her voice in her ordinary ſpeech has ſomething in it inexpreſſibly ſweet. You muſt know I dined with her at a public table the day after I firſt

ſaw her, and ſhe helped me to ſome tanſy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the fineſt hand of any woman in the world. I can aſſure you, ſir, were you to behold her, you would be in the ſame condition; for as her ſpeech is muſic, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be ſtupidity to be unconcerned at ſuch perfection. Oh the excellent creature! ſhe is as inimitable to all women, as ſhe is inacceſſible to all men.'

I found my friend begin to rave, and inſenſibly led him towards the houſe, that we might be joined by ſome other company; and am convinced that the widow[y] is the ſecret cauſe of all that inconſiſtency which appears in ſome parts of my friend's diſcourſe; though he has ſo much command of himſelf as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render into Engliſh, *dum tacet hanc loquitur.* I ſhall end this paper with that whole epigram, which repreſents with much humour my honeſt friend's condition:

'*Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil eſt, niſi Nævia Rufo,*
Si gaudet, ſi flet, ſi tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poſcit, negat, annuit, una eſt
Nævia; ſi non ſit Nævia, mutus erit.

[y] Intimations have been given in papers ſigned by initial letters, which are of no authority, that there was a real perſon ſuppoſed to be deſcribed under the character of this widow; it is hereby requeſted that the writers of theſe papers would communicate and authenticate their intelligence to the public, through the channel of the Gentleman's Magazine.

Scriberet heſternâ patri cùm luce ſalutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave.'

Epig. i. 69.

'Let Rufus weep, rejoice, ſtand, ſit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, aſk queſtions, or diſpute,
Still he muſt ſpeak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.' R[z].

N° 114. Wedneſday, July 11, 1711.

——*Paupertatis pudor et fuga*——

Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 24.

——————The dread of nothing more
Than to be thought neceſſitous and poor. Pooly.

Œconomy in our affairs has the ſame effect upon our fortunes which good-breeding has upon our converſation. There is a pretending behaviour in both caſes, which inſtead of making men eſteemed, renders them both miſerable and contemptible. We had yeſterday at ſir Roger's a ſet of country gentlemen who dined with him: and after dinner the glaſs was taken, by thoſe who pleaſed, pretty plentifully. Among others I obſerved a perſon of a tolerable good aſpect, who ſeemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet methought he did not taſte it with delight. As he grew warm, he was ſuſpicious of every

[z] By Steele. See notes to N° 7 and N° 324, on Steele's ſignatures R and T.

thing that was ſaid, and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humour grew worſe. At the ſame time his bitterneſs ſeemed to be rather an inward diſſatisfaction in his own mind, than any diſlike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a conſiderable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peeviſhneſs of ſpirit is, that his eſtate is dipped, and is eating out with uſury; and yet he has not the heart to ſell any part of it. His proud ſtomach, at the coſt of reſtleſs nights, conſtant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thouſand nameleſs inconveniencies, preſerves this canker in his fortune, rather than it ſhall be ſaid he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being leſs rich. If you go to his houſe, you ſee great plenty; but ſerved in a manner that ſhews it is all unnatural, and that the maſter's mind is not at home. There is a certain waſte and careleſſneſs in the air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatneſs and cheerfulneſs which attends the table of him who lives within compaſs, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of ſervice in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and ſhould take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a

ſmall paſs. To pay for, perſonate, and keep in a man's hands, a greater eſtate than he really has, is of all others the moſt unpardonable vanity, and muſt in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to diſhonour. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great-Britain, we ſhall ſee many in this fatal error; if that may be called by ſo ſoft a name, which proceeds from a falſe ſhame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a ſhort time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year; which is mortgaged for ſix thouſand pounds; but it is impoſſible to convince him, that if he ſold as much as would pay off that debt, he would ſave four ſhillings in the pound*, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed maſter of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be eaſier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yeſterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this ſhall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelvemonth charges his eſtate with at leaſt one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbours, whoſe way of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the ſhame of it. Though the motive of action is of ſo near affinity in both, and may be reſolved into this, 'that to each of them poverty

* Viz. the land-tax.

is the greateſt of all evils,' yet are their manners widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unneceſſary equipage, vain expence, and laviſh entertainments. Fear of poverty makes Irus allow himſelf only plain neceſſaries, appear without a ſervant, ſell his own corn, attend his labourers, and be himſelf a labourer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a ſtep nearer to it: and fear of poverty ſtirs up Irus to make every day ſome further progreſs from it.

Theſe different motives produce the exceſſes which men are guilty of in the negligence of and proviſion for themſelves. Uſury, ſtock-jobbing, extortion, and oppreſſion, have their ſeed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the ſhame of it: but both theſe exceſſes are infinitely below the purſuit of a reaſonable creature. After we have taken care to command ſo much as is neceſſary for maintaining ourſelves in the order of men ſuitable to our character, the care of ſuperfluities is a vice no leſs extravagant, than the neglect of neceſſaries would have been before.

Certain it is, that they are both out of nature, when ſhe is followed with reaſon and good ſenſe. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley with the greateſt pleaſure. His magnanimity is as much above that of other conſiderable men, as his underſtanding; and it is a true diſtinguiſhing ſpirit in the elegant author [b]

[b] Biſhop Sprat. See his Life of Mr. Abraham Cowley, prefixed to his Works.

who publiſhed his works, to dwell ſo much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his deſires. By this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That ſtate of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's great vulgar[c], is admirably deſcribed; and it is no ſmall ſatisfaction to thoſe of the ſame turn of deſire, that he produces the authority of the wiſeſt men of the beſt age of the world, to ſtrengthen his opinion of the ordinary purſuits of mankind.

It would methinks be no ill maxim of life, if, according to that anceſtor of ſir Roger, whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himſelf what ſum he would reſolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himſelf into a tranquillity on this ſide of that expectation, or convert what he ſhould get above it to nobler uſes than his own pleaſures or neceſſities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of reſtleſs men above him, and a more inexcuſable contempt of happy men below him. This would be ſailing by ſome compaſs, living with ſome deſign; but to be eternally bewildered in proſpects of future gain, and putting on unneceſſary armour againſt improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good ſenſe for its direction, but is carried on by a ſort of acquired inſtinct towards things below our conſideration, and unworthy our eſteem. It is poſſible that the

[c] 'Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the ſmall.'
Cowley's Paraphr. of Horace, 3 Od. i.

tranquillity I now enjoy at ſir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is ſo abſtracted from the common reliſh of the world: but as I am now in a pleaſing arbour ſurrounded with a beautiful landſcape, I find no inclination ſo ſtrong as to continue in theſe manſions, ſo remote from the oſtentatious ſcenes of life; and am at this preſent writing philoſopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley,

'If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat
With any wiſh ſo mean as to be great;
Continue Heav'n, ſtill from me to remove
The humble bleſſings of that life I love.' T[d].

*** At Drury-lane, on Friday July 13, a comedy called The Gameſter. The Gameſter by Mr. Mills; Lovewell, Mr. Booth; Sir Tho. Valere, Mr. Bullock; Dorante, Mr. Norris; Count Cogdie, Mr. Bullock, jun.; Hector, Mr. Pack; Lady Wealthy, Mrs. Porter; Angelica, Mrs. Bradſhaw; Mrs. Security, Mrs. Willis; and Favourite, by Mrs. Mills. Spect. in folio.

N° 115. Thurſday, July 12, 1711.

———*Ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.*
Juv. Sat. x. 356.
Pray for a ſound mind in a ſound body.

Bodily labour is of two kinds, either that which a man ſubmits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleaſure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exerciſe, but differs only

[d] By Steele. See N° 324, final note.

from ordinary labour as it riſes from another motive.

A country life abounds in both theſe kinds of labour, and for that reaſon gives a man a greater ſtock of health, and conſequently a more perfect enjoyment of himſelf, than any other way of life. I conſider the body as a ſyſtem of tubes and glands, or, to uſe a more ruſtic phraſe, a bundle of pipes and ſtrainers, fitted to one another after ſo wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the ſoul to work with. This deſcription does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muſcle and every ligature, which is a compoſition of fibres, that are ſo many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all ſides with inviſible glands or ſtrainers.

This general idea of a human body, without conſidering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us ſee how abſolutely neceſſary labour is for the right preſervation of it. There muſt be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digeſt, and ſeparate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanſe that infinitude of pipes and ſtrainers of which it is compoſed, and to give their ſolid parts a more firm and laſting tone. Labour or exerciſe ferments the humours, caſts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in thoſe ſecret diſtributions, without which the body cannot ſubſiſt in its vigour, nor the ſoul act with chearfulneſs.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the underſtanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining thoſe ſpirits that are neceſſary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the preſent laws of union between ſoul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we muſt aſcribe the ſpleen, which is ſo frequent in men of ſtudious and ſedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which thoſe of the other ſex are ſo often ſubject.

Had not exerciſe been abſolutely neceſſary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body ſo proper for it, by giving ſuch an activity to the limbs, and ſuch a pliancy to every part as neceſſarily produce thoſe compreſſions, extenſions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are neceſſary for the preſervation of ſuch a ſyſtem of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in ſuch an exerciſe of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is ſo ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and ſweat of the brows. Providence furniſhes materials, but expects that we ſhould work them up ourſelves. The earth muſt be laboured before it gives its increaſe, and when it is forced into its ſeveral products, how many hands muſt they paſs through before they are fit for uſe! Manufactures, trade, and agricul-

ture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the ſpecies in twenty; and as for thoſe who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miſerable than the reſt of mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exerciſe.

My friend ſir Roger has been an indefatigable man in buſineſs of this kind, and has hung ſeveral parts of his houſe with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of ſeveral kinds of deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the moſt valuable furniture of his houſe, as they afford him frequent topics of diſcourſe, and ſhew that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's ſkin ſtuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great ſatisfaction, becauſe it ſeems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arſenal filled with guns of ſeveral ſizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havock in the woods, and deſtroyed many thouſands of pheaſants, partridges, and woodcocks. His ſtable-doors are patched with noſes that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger ſhewed me one of them that for diſtinction ſake has a braſs nail ſtruck through it, which coſt him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and loſt above half his dogs. This the knight looks

upon as one of the greateſt exploits of his life. The perverſe widow [e], whom I have given ſome account of, was the death of ſeveral foxes; for ſir Roger has told me that in the courſe of his amours he patched the weſtern door of his ſtable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were ſure to pay for it. In proportion as his paſſion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet ſafe that ſits within ten miles of his houſe.

There is no kind of exerciſe which I would ſo recommend to my readers of both ſexes as this of riding, as there is none which ſo much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is very laviſh in its praiſes; and if the Engliſh reader will ſee the mechanical effects of it deſcribed at length, he may find them in a book publiſhed not many years ſince, under the title of the *Medicina Gymnaſtica* [f]. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of theſe opportunities, I exerciſe myſelf an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and it pleaſes me the more becauſe it does every thing I require of it in the moſt profound ſilence. My landlady and her daughters are ſo well acquainted with my hours of exerciſe, that they never come into my room to diſturb me whilſt I am ringing.

[e] See N° 113, and note on the widow.

[f] By Francis Fuller, M.A.

When I was ſome years younger than I am at preſent, I uſed to employ myſelf in a more laborious diverſion, which I learned from a Latin treatiſe of exerciſes that is written with great erudition[g]: It is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own ſhadow, and conſiſts in the brandiſhing of two ſhort ſticks graſped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the cheſt, exerciſes the limbs, and gives a man all the pleaſure of boxing, without the blows. I could wiſh that ſeveral learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controverſies and diſputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own ſhadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the ſpleen, which makes them uneaſy to the public as well as to themſelves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of ſoul and body, I conſider myſelf as obliged to a double ſcheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the buſineſs of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exerciſe, as well as the other in ſtudy and contemplation.

L[h].

[g] This is Hieronymus Mercurialis's celebrated book, *Artes Gymnaſticæ apud Antiquos, &c. Libri ſex. Venet.* 1569. 4to. See lib. iv. cap. 5. and lib. vi. cap. 2.

[h] By Addiſon, London. See final note to N° 334.

N° 116. Friday, July 13, 1711.

——Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes—— VIRG. Georg. iii. 43.

The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite.

THOSE who have ſearched into human nature obſerve that nothing ſo much ſhews the nobleneſs of the ſoul, as that its felicity conſiſts in action. Every man has ſuch an active principle in him, that he will find out ſomething to employ himſelf upon, in whatever place or ſtate of life he is poſted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under cloſe confinement in the Baſtile ſeven years; during which time he amuſed himſelf in ſcattering a few ſmall pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unleſs he had found out this piece of exerciſe, he verily believed he ſhould have loſt his ſenſes.

After what has been ſaid, I need not inform my readers, that ſir Roger, with whoſe character I hope they are at preſent pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole courſe of thoſe rural diverſions which the country abounds in; and which ſeem to be extremely well ſuited to that laborious induſtry a man may obſerve here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted

at ſome of my friend's exploits[1]: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a ſeaſon; and tired many a ſalmon with a line conſiſting but of a ſingle hair. The conſtant thanks and good wiſhes of the neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having deſtroyed more of thoſe vermin in one year, than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed the knight does not ſcruple to own among his moſt intimate friends, that in order to eſtabliſh his reputation this way, he has ſecretly ſent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he uſed to turn looſe about the country by night, that he might the better ſignalize himſelf in their deſtruction the next day. His hunting horſes were the fineſt and beſt managed in all theſe parts. His tenants are ſtill full of the praiſes of a grey ſtone-horſe that unhappily ſtaked himſelf ſeveral years ſince, and was buried with great ſolemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at preſent too old for fox-hunting, to keep himſelf in action, has diſpoſed of his beagles and got a pack of ſtop-hounds. What theſe want in ſpeed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepneſs of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are ſuited in ſuch manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is ſo nice in this particular, that a gentleman having

[1] See the preceding ſpeculation.

made him a preſent of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the ſervant with a great many expreſſions of civility; but deſired him to tell his maſter, that the dog he had ſent was indeed a moſt excellent baſs, but that at preſent he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakſpeare, I ſhould certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theſeus in the Midſummer Night's Dream:

'My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flu'd[k], ſo ſanded[l]; and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew,
Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor chear'd with horn.'

Sir Roger is ſo keen at this ſport, that he has been out almoſt every day ſince I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his eaſy pad, I was prevailed on yeſterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleaſed, as we rid along, to obſerve the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood, towards my friend. The farmers' ſons thought themſelves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he paſſed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a ſmile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers or uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the ſportſmen

[k] Mouthed, chapped. [l] Marked with ſmall ſpots.

began to beat. They had done ſo for ſome time, when, as I was at a little diſtance from the reſt of the company, I ſaw a hare pop out from a ſmall furze-brake almoſt under my horſe's feet. I marked the way ſhe took, which I endeavoured to make the company ſenſible of by extending my arm; but to no purpoſe, till ſir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are inſignificant, rode up to me, and aſked me, if puſs was gone that way? Upon my anſwering, yes, he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the ſcent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country-fellows muttering to his companion, 'that 'twas a wonder they had not loſt all their ſport, for want of the ſilent gentleman's crying Stole away.'

This, with my averſion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a riſing ground, from whence I could have the pleaſure of the whole chace, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleaſed to find, that inſtead of running ſtraight forwards, or in hunter's language, 'flying the country,' as I was afraid ſhe might have done, ſhe wheeled about, and deſcribed a ſort of circle round the hill where I had taken my ſtation, in ſuch a manner as gave me a very diſtinct view of the ſport. I could ſee her firſt paſs by, and the dogs ſome time afterwards unravelling the whole track ſhe had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the ſame time delighted in obſerving that deference which the reſt of the pack paid to each particular hound,

according to the character he had acquired amongſt them. If they were at a fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having ſquatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came ſtill nearer to the place where ſhe was at firſt ſtarted. The dogs purſued her, and theſe were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompaſſed by his tenants and ſervants, and chearing his hounds with all the gaiety of five and twenty. One of the ſportſmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was ſure the chace was almoſt at an end, becauſe the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field juſt under us, followed by the full cry In view. I muſt confeſs the brightneſs of the weather, the cheerfulneſs of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing of the ſportſmen, and the ſounding of the horn, lifted my ſpirits into a moſt lively pleaſure, which I freely indulged becauſe I was ſure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite ſpent, and almoſt within the reach of her enemies; when the huntſman getting forward threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of

that game which they had been purſuing for almoſt as many hours; yet on the ſignal beforementioned they all made a ſudden ſtand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durſt not once attempt to paſs beyond the pole. At the ſame time ſir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he ſoon after delivered up to one of his ſervants with an order, if ſhe could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it ſeems he has ſeveral of theſe priſoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleaſed to ſee the diſcipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him ſo much diverſion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that monſieur Paſchal, in his moſt excellent diſcourſe on the Miſery of Man, tells us, that all our endeavours after greatneſs proceed from nothing but a deſire of being ſurrounded by a multitude of perſons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourſelves, which is a view we cannot bear. He afterwards goes on to ſhew that our love of ſports comes from the ſame reaſon, and is particularly ſevere upon hunting. 'What,' ſays he, 'unleſs it be to drown thought, can make men throw away ſo much time and pains upon a ſilly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?' The foregoing reflection is certainly juſt, when a man ſuffers his whole mind to be drawn into his ſports, and altogether loſes himſelf in the woods; but does not affect thoſe who propoſe

a far more laudable end from this exerciſe, I mean, the preſervation of health, and keeping all the organs of the ſoul in a condition to execute her orders. Had that incomparable perſon, whom I laſt quoted, been a little more indulgent to himſelf in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas through too great an application to his ſtudies in his youth he contracted that ill habit of body, which, after a tedious ſickneſs, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole hiſtory we have of his life till that time is but one continued account of the behaviour of a noble ſoul ſtruggling under innumerable pains and diſtempers [m].

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a week during my ſtay with ſir Roger; and ſhall preſcribe the moderate uſe of this exerciſe to all my country friends, as the beſt kind of phyſic for mending a bad conſtitution, and preſerving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden [n]:

> 'The firſt phyſicians by debauch were made;
> Exceſs began, and ſloth ſuſtains the trade.
> By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
> Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood;
> But we their ſons, a pamper'd race of men,
> Are dwindled down to threeſcore years and ten.

[m] He died at Paris, Auguſt 19, 1662, aged 39 years.

[n] Epiſtle to his kinſman J. Dryden, eſquire, of Cheſterton, &c. See his works, 8vo. Vol. II. p. 185.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauſeous draught.
The wiſe for cure on exerciſe depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.'

X°.

*** At Drury-lane, The Gameſter. See N°. 114, p. 130.

†††† The muſical Entertainment in York-buildings on the 16th, conſiſted of a poem, called The Paſſion of Sappho, written by Mr. Harriſon; a ſong, beginning If Wine and Muſic have the Power, by Mr. Prior; and Dryden's Feaſt of Alexander; all ſet to muſic by Mr. Thomas Clayton, author of Arſinoe. Tickets at Mr. Charles Lillie's, five ſhillings each; eight o'clock.

N° 117. Saturday, July 14, 1711.

——*Ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt.* VIRG. Ecl. viii. 108.
With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds.

THERE are ſome opinions in which a man ſhould ſtand neuter, without engaging his aſſent to one ſide or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuſes to ſettle upon any determination, is abſolutely neceſſary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepoſſeſſions. When the arguments preſs equally on both ſides in matters that are indifferent to us, the ſafeſt method is to give up ourſelves to neither.

° By Mr. E. Budgell. See Spect. N° 555.
Mr. Budgell, author of the preceding number, has ſhown himſelf to be no ſportſman, by fixing the date of his hunting party in the month of July, and by making ſir Roger hunt with ſtop-hounds, which are, I believe, peculiar to ſtag-hunting. P.

It is with this temper of mind that I conſider the ſubject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the Eaſt and Weſt-Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is ſuch an intercourſe and commerce with evil ſpirits, as that which we expreſs by the name of witchcraft. But when I conſider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound moſt in theſe relations, and that the perſons among us, who are ſuppoſed to engage in ſuch an infernal commerce, are people of a weak underſtanding and crazed imagination, and at the ſame time reflect upon the many impoſtures and deluſions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to ſuſpend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In ſhort, when I conſider the queſtion, whether there are ſuch perſons in the world as thoſe we call witches, my mind is divided between the two oppoſite opinions, or rather (to ſpeak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been ſuch a thing as witchcraft; but at the ſame time can give no credit to any particular inſtance of it.

I am engaged in this ſpeculation by ſome occurrences that I met with yeſterday, which I ſhall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend ſir Roger by the ſide of one of his woods, an old woman applied herſelf to me for my charity. Her dreſs

and figure put me in mind of the following deſcription in Otway[p]:

'In a cloſe lane as I purſu'd my journey,
I ſpy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry ſticks, and mumbling to herſelf.
Her eyes with ſcalding rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold palſy ſhook her head; her hands ſeem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked ſhoulders had ſhe wrapt
The tatter'd remnant of an old ſtrip'd hanging,
Which ſerv'd to keep her carcaſe from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarſely patch'd
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And ſeem'd to ſpeak variety of wretchedneſs.'

As I was muſing on this deſcription, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were obſerved to be always in motion, and that there was not a ſwitch about her houſe which her neighbours did not believe had carried her ſeveral hundreds of miles. If ſhe chanced to ſtumble, they always found ſticks or ſtraws that lay in the figure of a croſs before her. If ſhe made any miſtake at church, and cried amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that ſhe was ſaying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the pariſh that would take a pin of her, though ſhe ſhould offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the

[p] See his Orphan, Act II.

name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with ſeveral imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come ſo ſoon as ſhe would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horſe ſweats in the ſtable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected eſcape from the hounds, the huntſman curſes Moll White. 'Nay,' ſays ſir Roger, 'I have known the maſter of the pack, upon ſuch an occaſion, ſend one of his ſervants to ſee if Moll White had been out that morning.'

This account raiſed my curioſity ſo far, that I begged my friend ſir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which ſtood in a ſolitary corner under the ſide of the wood. Upon our firſt entering, ſir Roger winked to me, and pointed at ſomething that ſtood behind the door, which upon looking that way, I found to be an old broom-ſtaff. At the ſame time he whiſpered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that ſate in the chimney corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herſelf; for beſides that Moll is ſaid often to accompany her in the ſame ſhape, the cat is reported to have ſpoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played ſeveral pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was ſecretly concerned to ſee human nature in ſo much wretchedneſs and diſgrace, but at the ſame time could not forbear ſmiling to hear ſir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, adviſing her as a juſtice of peace to

avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbours' cattle. We concluded our viſit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, ſir Roger told me, that old Moll had often been brought before him for making children ſpit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be toſſing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have ſince found upon enquiry, that ſir Roger was ſeveral times ſtaggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county ſeſſions, had not his chaplain with much ado perſuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, becauſe I hear there is ſcarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a pariſh, ſhe is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary diſtempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occaſion of ſo many evils begins to be frighted at herſelf, and ſometimes confeſſes ſecret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greateſt objects of compaſſion, and inſpires people with a malevolence towards thoſe poor

decrepid parts of our ſpecies, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage. L[q].

N° 118. Monday, July 16, 1711.

——— *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.* VIRG. Æn. iv. 73.

——————— The fatal dart
Sticks in his ſide, and rankles in his heart. DRYDEN.

THIS agreeable ſeat is ſurrounded with ſo many pleaſing walks, which are ſtruck out of a wood, in the midſt of which the houſe ſtands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one uſed to live in a city the charms of the country are ſo exquiſite, that the mind is loſt in a certain tranſport which raiſes us above ordinary life, and yet is not ſtrong enough to be inconſiſtent with tranquillity. This ſtate of mind was I in, raviſhed with the murmur of waters, the whiſper of breezes, the ſinging of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the proſpects around me, ſtill ſtruck with new ſenſe of pleaſure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had inſenſibly ſtrolled into the grove ſacred to the widow. 'This woman,' ſays he, 'is of all others the

[q] By Addiſon, dated, it ſeems, London. See Spect. N° 334, and N° 221, notes on the diſtinguiſhing marks of Addiſon's papers, viz. the capital letters at the ends of them, C, L, I, O, of which the editor wiſhes very much to be enabled to give a more ſatisfactory explanation.

moſt unintelligible; ſhe either deſigns to marry, or ſhe does not. What is the moſt perplexing of all is, that ſhe doth not either ſay to her lovers ſhe has any reſolution againſt that condition of life in general, or that ſhe baniſhes them; but conſcious of her own merit ſhe permits their addreſſes, without fear of any ill conſequence, or want of reſpect, from their rage or deſpair. She has that in her aſpect, againſt which it is impoſſible to offend. A man whoſe thoughts are conſtantly bent upon ſo agreeable an object, muſt be excuſed if the ordinary occurrences in converſation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverſe, but, alas! why do I call her ſo? becauſe her ſuperior merit is ſuch, that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much eſteem: I am angry that her charms are not more acceſſible, that I am more inclined to worſhip than ſalute her. How often have I wiſhed her unhappy, that I might have an opportunity of ſerving her? And how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miſerable life in ſecret upon her account; but fancy ſhe would have condeſcended to have ſome regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal her confident.

'Of all perſons under the ſun,' (continued he, calling me by my name) 'be ſure to ſet a mark upon confidents: they are of all people the moſt impertinent. What is moſt pleaſant to obſerve in them is, that they aſſume to themſelves the merit of the perſons whom they have

in their cuſtody. Oreſtilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of ſurpriſes, therefore full of ſuſpicions of the leaſt indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themiſta, her favourite woman, is every whit as careful of whom ſhe ſpeaks to, and what ſhe ſays. Let the ward be a beauty, her confident ſhall treat you with an air of diſtance; let her be a fortune, and ſhe aſſumes the ſuſpicious behaviour of her friend and patroneſs. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of diſtinction are to all intents and purpoſes married, except the conſideration of different ſexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whiſperer; and think they are in a ſtate of freedom, while they can prate with one of theſe attendants of all men in general, and ſtill avoid the man they moſt like. You do not ſee one heireſs in a hundred whoſe fate does not turn upon this circumſtance of chooſing a confident. Thus it is that the lady is addreſſed to, preſented and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my caſe, how is it poſſible that ——' Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one ſpeaking very importunately, and repeating theſe words, 'what, not one ſmile?' We followed the ſound till we came to a cloſe thicket, on the other ſide of which we ſaw a young woman ſitting as it were in a perſonated ſullenneſs juſt over a tranſparent fountain. Oppoſite to her ſtood Mr. William, ſir Roger's maſter of the game. The knight whiſpered me, 'hiſt, theſe are lovers.' The huntſman looking ear-

neſtly at the ſhadow of the young maiden in the ſtream, 'Oh thou dear picture, if thou couldſt remain there in the abſence of that fair creature whom you repreſent in the water, how willingly could I ſtand here ſatisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herſelf with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom ſhe is angry with! But, alas! when ſhe pleaſes to be gone, thou wilt alſo vaniſh——Yet let me talk to thee while thou doſt ſtay. Tell my deareſt Betty thou doſt not more depend upon her, than does her William: her abſence will make away with me as well as thee. If ſhe offers to remove thee, I will jump into theſe waves to lay hold on thee; herſelf, her own dear perſon, I muſt never embrace again.—Still do you hear me without one ſmile—It is too much to bear—' He had no ſooner ſpoke theſe words, but he made an offer of throwing himſelf into the water: at which his miſtreſs ſtarted up, and at the next inſtant he jumped acroſs the fountain, and met her in an embrace. She half recovering from her fright, ſaid in the moſt charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, 'I thought how well you would drown yourſelf. No, no, you will not drown yourſelf till you have taken your leave of Suſan Holiday.' The huntſman, with a tenderneſs that ſpoke the moſt paſſionate love, and with his cheek cloſe to hers, whiſpered the ſofteſt vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, 'Do not, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow ſays; ſhe is ſpiteful, and makes ſtories, becauſe ſhe loves to hear me talk to herſelf for your ſake.' 'Look you there,' quoth

ſir Roger, 'do you ſee there, all miſchief comes from confidents! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honeſt, and the man dare not be otherwiſe; for he knows I loved her father: I will interpoſe in this matter, and haſten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty miſchievous wench in the neighbourhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I ſhall ſee the perverſe widow in her condition. She was ſo flippant with her anſwers to all the honeſt fellows that came near her, and ſo very vain of her beauty, that ſhe has valued herſelf upon her charms till they are ceaſed. She therefore now makes it her buſineſs to prevent other young women from being more diſcreet than ſhe was herſelf: however, the ſaucy thing ſaid the other day well enough, 'Sir Roger and I muſt make a match, for we are both deſpiſed by thoſe we loved.' The huſſy has a great deal of power wherever ſhe comes, and has her ſhare of cunning.

'However, when I reflect upon this woman[r], I do not know whether in the main I am the worſe for having loved her: whenever ſhe is recalled to my imagination my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has ſtreaked all my conduct with a ſoftneſs, of which I ſhould otherwiſe have been incapable. It is perhaps, to this dear image in my heart, owing that I am apt to relent, that I eaſily forgive, and that many deſirable things are grown into my temper, which I ſhould not have arrived at by better

[r] See Vol. I. N° 2. Vol. II. N° 113.

motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well ſatisfied ſuch a paſſion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had ſome whimſical effect upon my brain: for I frequently find, that in my moſt ſerious diſcourſe I let fall ſome comical familiarity of ſpeech or odd phraſe that makes the company laugh. However, I cannot but allow ſhe is a moſt excellent woman. When ſhe is in the country I warrant ſhe does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants: but has a glaſs-hive, and comes into the garden out of books to ſee them work, and obſerve the policies of their commonwealth. She underſtands every thing. I would give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend ſir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all ſhe looks ſo innocent as it were, take my word for it ſhe is no fool.' T*.

* By Steele. This paper, with Steele's editorial mark, might probably have been compoſed from hints on the character of ſir Roger de Coverley. This ſignature T however does not appear to have been appropriated by Steele entirely, for it was moſt probably uſed at times by Mr. Thomas Tickell. See N° 324, note on Steele's ſignatures R and T, *ad finem*.

N° 119. Tuesday, July 17, 1711.

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic noſtræ ſimilem———

VIRG. Ecl. i. 20.

The city men call Rome, unſkilful clown,
I thought reſembled this our humble town.

WARTON.

THE firſt and moſt obvious reflections which ariſe in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in thoſe two different ſcenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behaviour and good-breeding, as they ſhew themſelves in the town and in the country.

And here in the firſt place I muſt obſerve a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good-breeding. Several obliging deferences, condeſcenſions, and ſubmiſſions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were firſt of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and diſtinguiſhed themſelves from the ruſtic part of the ſpecies (who on all occaſions acted bluntly and naturally) by ſuch a mutual complaiſance and intercourſe of civilities. Theſe forms of converſation by degrees multiplied and grew troubleſome; the modiſh world found too great a conſtraint in them, and have therefore thrown moſt of them aſide.

Converſation, like the Romiſh religion, was ſo incumbered with ſhow and ceremony, that it ſtood in need of a reformation to retrench its ſuperfluities, and reſtore it to its natural good ſenſe and beauty. At preſent therefore an unconſtrained carriage, and a certain openneſs of behaviour, are the height of good-breeding. The faſhionable world is grown free and eaſy; our manners ſit more looſe upon us. Nothing is ſo modiſh as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good-breeding ſhows itſelf moſt, where to an ordinary eye it appears the leaſt.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the laſt age. They have no ſooner fetched themſelves up to the faſhions of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the firſt ſtate of nature than to thoſe refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and ſtill prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never converſed in the world, by his exceſs of good-breeding. A polite country eſquire ſhall make you as many bows in half an hour, as would ſerve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of juſtices' wives, than in an aſſembly of ducheſſes.

This rural politeneſs is very troubleſome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk firſt or laſt, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend ſir Roger's dinner almoſt cold before the company could adjuſt the cere-

monial, and be prevailed upon to ſit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have ſeen him forced to pick and cull his gueſts, as they ſate at the ſeveral parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their reſpective ranks and qualities. Honeſt Will Wimble, who I ſhould have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fiſhing all the morning, he will not help himſelf at dinner until I am ſerved. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and laſt night, as we were walking in the fields, ſtopped ſhort at a ſtile until I came up to it, and upon my making ſigns to him to get over, told me with a ſerious ſmile, that ſure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding, which relates to the converſation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the firſt diſtinctions of a well-bred man to expreſs every thing that had the moſt remote appearance of being obſcene, in modeſt terms and diſtant phraſes; whilſt the clown, who had no ſuch delicacy of conception and expreſſion, clothed his ideas in thoſe plain homely terms that are the moſt obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an exceſs, ſo as to make converſation too ſtiff, formal, and preciſe: for which reaſon (as hypocriſy in one age is generally ſucceeded by atheiſm in another) conver-

ſation is in a great meaſure relapſed into the firſt extreme; ſo that at preſent ſeveral of our men of the town, and particularly thoſe who have been poliſhed in France, make uſe of the moſt coarſe uncivilized words in our language, and utter themſelves often in ſuch a manner as a clown would bluſh to hear.

This infamous piece of good-breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impoſſible for ſuch an irrational way of converſation to laſt long among a people that make any profeſſion of religion, or ſhow of modeſty, if the country gentlemen get into it, they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themſelves talking together like men of wit and pleaſure.

As the two points of good-breeding, which I have hitherto inſiſted upon, regard behaviour and converſation, there is a third which turns upon dreſs. In this too the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the faſhion that took place at the time of the revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are ſtill trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dreſſes.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the weſtern circuit, having promiſed to give me an account of the ſeveral modes and faſhions that prevail in the different parts of the nation

through which he paſſes, I ſhall defer the enlarging upon this laſt topic till I have received a letter from him which I expect every poſt[t].

L[u].

*** At Drury-lane, July 17, Sophoniſba. The part of Maſiniſſa by Mr. Booth. Spect. in folio.

N° 120. Wedneſday, July 18, 1711.

——— *Equidem credo, quia ſit divinitus illis*
Ingenium ——— VIRG. Georg. i. 415.

——— I deem their breaſts inſpir'd
With a divine ſagacity.———

My friend ſir Roger is very often merry with me upon my paſſing ſo much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's neſt, and ſeveral times ſitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am perſonally acquainted with every fowl about his houſe; calls ſuch a particular cock my favourite; and frequently complains that his ducks and geeſe have more of my company than himſelf.

I muſt confeſs I am infinitely delighted with thoſe ſpeculations of nature which are to be made in a country-life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural hiſtory, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occaſion the ſeveral remarks which I have met with in

[t] See Spect. N° 129.
[u] By Addiſon, dated, it ſeems, London. See N° 334, note.

authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own obſervation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural hiſtory of animals being in my opinion demonſtrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the leaſt turn in the muſcles or twiſt in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other caſt or texture of them would have been.

The moſt violent appetites in all creatures are luſt and hunger. The firſt is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preſerve themſelves.

It is aſtoniſhing to conſider the different degrees of care that deſcend from the parent to the young, ſo far as is abſolutely neceſſary for the leaving a poſterity. Some creatures caſt their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther; as inſects and ſeveral kinds of fiſh. Others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to depoſit them in, and there leave them; as the ſerpent, the crocodile, and oſtrich; others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, until it is able to ſhift for itſelf.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to obſerve a particular plan in the ſtructure of its neſt, and directs all the ſame ſpecies to work after the ſame model? It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it ſee any of the works of its own kind, the neſt it makes ſhall be the ſame, to the laying of a

ſtick, with all the other neſts of the ſame ſpecies. It cannot be reaſon; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propoſe to themſelves.

Is it not remarkable, that the ſame temper of weather, which raiſes this genial warmth in animals, ſhould cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with graſs, for their ſecurity and concealment, and produce ſuch infinite ſwarms of inſects for the ſupport and ſuſtenance of their reſpective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent ſhould be ſo violent while it laſts, and that it ſhould laſt no longer than is neceſſary for the preſervation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I ſhall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning ſuch an inſtance of cruelty, becauſe there is nothing can ſo effectually ſhew the ſtrength of that principle in animals of which I am here ſpeaking. 'A perſon who was well ſkilled in diſſections opened a bitch, and as ſhe lay in the moſt exquiſite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which ſhe immediately fell a licking; and for the time ſeemed inſenſible of her own pain. On the removal, ſhe kept her eye fixt on it, and began a wailing ſort of cry, which ſeemed rather to proceed from the loſs of her young one, than the ſenſe of her own torments.'

But notwithſtanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intenſe than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it ſhould be no longer troubleſome to the parent than it is uſeful to the young; for ſo ſoon as the wants of the latter ceaſe, the mother withdraws her fondneſs, and leaves them to provide for themſelves; and what is a very remarkable circumſtance in this part of inſtinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its uſual time, if the preſervation of the ſpecies requires it: as we may ſee in birds that drive away their young as ſoon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the neſt, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of ſupplying their own neceſſities.

This natural love is not obſerved in animals to aſcend from the young to the parent, which is not at all neceſſary for the continuance of the ſpecies: nor indeed in reaſonable creatures does it riſe in any proportion, as it ſpreads itſelf downward; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favours beſtowed, are greater motives to love and tenderneſs, than ſafety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear ſceptical men diſputing for the reaſon of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the uſe of that faculty.

Reaſon ſhews itſelf in all occurrences of life; whereas the Brute makes no diſcovery of ſuch a talent, but in what immediately regards his own

preſervation, or the continuance of his ſpecies. Animals in their generation are wiſer than the ſons of men; but their wiſdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compaſs. Take a brute out of his inſtinct, and you find him wholly deprived of underſtanding. To uſe an inſtance that comes often under obſervation:

With what caution does the hen provide herſelf a neſt in places unfrequented, and free from noiſe and diſturbance! when ſhe has laid her eggs in ſuch a manner that ſhe can cover them, what care does ſhe take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth? when ſhe leaves them, to provide for her neceſſary ſuſtenance, how punctually does ſhe return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the ſummer you ſee her giving herſelf greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the ſeaſon would chill the principles of life, and deſtroy the young one, ſhe grows more aſſiduous in her attendance, and ſtays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does ſhe help the chick to break its priſon! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nouriſhment, and teaching it to help itſelf; nor to mention her forſaking the neſt, if after the uſual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation

could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is ſeen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that ſhew an infinitely greater ſagacity in all the foremen-tioned particulars.

But at the ſame time the hen, that has all this ſeeming ingenuity (which is indeed abſolutely neceſſary for the propagation of the ſpecies,) conſidered in other reſpects, is without the leaſt glimmering of thought or common ſenſe. She miſtakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and ſits upon it in the ſame manner. She is inſenſible of any increaſe or diminution in the number of thoſe ſhe lays. She does not diſtinguiſh between her own and thoſe of another ſpecies; and when the birth appears of never ſo different a bird, will cheriſh it for her own. In all theſe circumſtances which do not carry an immediate regard to the ſubſiſtence of herſelf or her ſpecies, ſhe is a very idiot.

There is not in my opinion, any thing more myſterious in nature than this inſtinct in animals, which thus riſes above reaſon, and falls infinitely ſhort of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the ſame time works after ſo odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themſelves, nor from any laws of mechaniſm, but, according to the beſt notions of the greateſt philoſophers, is

an immediate impreſſion from the firſt Mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

L[w].

N° 121. Thurſday, July 19, 1711.

'———*Jovis omnia plena.* VIRG. Ecl. iii. 60.

———All things are full of Jove.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country-houſe, I was wonderfully pleaſed to ſee the different workings of inſtinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the ſight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the ſtep-mother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her ſo dangerous and deſtructive. As the different principle which acted in theſe different animals cannot be termed reaſon, ſo when we call it inſtinct, we mean ſomething we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my laſt paper, it ſeems the immediate direction of Providence, and ſuch an operation of the ſupreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philoſopher, quoted by monſieur Bayle in his learned diſſertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the ſame opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he ſays, *Deus eſt anima brutorum*, 'God

[w] By Addiſon, dated, it ſeems, London. See final note to N° 334.

himſelf is the ſoul of brutes.' Who can tell what to call that ſeeming ſagacity in animals, which directs them to ſuch food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholeſome? Tully has obſerved, that a lamb no ſooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord it applies itſelf to the teat. Dampier, in his Travels, tells us, that when ſeamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coaſts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting ſoever it may appear, unleſs they obſerve that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehenſion where the birds have been before them.

But notwithſtanding animals have nothing like the uſe of reaſon, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the paſſions and ſenſes in their greateſt ſtrength and perfection. And here it is worth our obſervation, that all beaſts and birds of prey are wonderfully ſubject to anger, malice, revenge, and all the other violent paſſions that may animate them in ſearch of their proper food; as thoſe that are incapable of defending themſelves, or annoying others, or whoſe ſafety lies chiefly in their flight, are ſuſpicious, fearful, and apprehenſive of every thing they ſee or hear; whilſt others, that are of aſſiſtance and uſe to man, have their natures ſoftened with ſomething mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domeſtic life. In this caſe the paſſions generally correſpond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a lion in ſo weak

and defenceleſs an animal as a lamb; nor the meekneſs of a lamb in a creature ſo armed for battle and aſſault as the lion. In the ſame manner, we find that particular animals have a more or leſs exquiſite ſharpneſs and ſagacity in thoſe particular ſenſes which moſt turn to their advantage, and in which their ſafety and welfare is the moſt concerned.

Nor muſt we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of ſeveral kind of animals, ſuch as claws, hoofs, horns, teeth, and tuſks, a tail, a ſting, a trunk, or a proboſcis. It is likewiſe obſerved by naturaliſts, that it muſt be ſome hidden principle, diſtinct from what we call reaſon, which inſtructs animals in the uſe of theſe their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the beſt advantage; becauſe they naturally defend themſelves with that part in which their ſtrength lies, before the weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in lambs, which, though they are bred within doors, and never ſaw the actions of their own ſpecies, puſh at thoſe who approach them with their foreheads, before the firſt budding of a horn appears.

I ſhall add to theſe general obſervations an inſtance, which Mr. Locke[x] has given us of Providence even in the imperfections of a creature which ſeems the meaneſt and the moſt deſpicable in the whole animal world. 'We may,' ſays he, 'from the make of an oyſter, or cockle, conclude, that it has not ſo many nor ſo

[x] Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, B. II. Ch. 9. Sect. 13.

quick ſenſes as a man, or ſeveral other animals: nor if it had, would it, in that ſtate and incapacity of transferring itſelf from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would ſight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move itſelf to or from the object, wherein at a diſtance it perceives good or evil? and would not quickneſs of ſenſation be an inconvenience to an animal that muſt be ſtill where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it?'

I ſhall add to this inſtance out of Mr. Locke another out of the learned Dr. More[y], who cites it from Cardan, in relation to another animal which Providence has left defective, but at the ſame time has ſhown its wiſdom in the formation of that organ in which it ſeems chiefly to have failed. 'What is more obvious and ordinary than a mole? and yet what more palpable argument of Providence than ſhe? the members of her body are ſo exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life: for her dwelling being under ground where nothing is to be ſeen, nature has ſo obſcurely fitted her with eyes, that naturaliſts can ſcarce agree whether ſhe have any ſight at all, or no. But for amends, what ſhe is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, ſhe has very eminently conferred upon her; for ſhe is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her ſhort tail and ſhort legs, but broad fore-feet armed

[y] See his Antidote againſt Atheiſm, B. II. Ch. 10. Sect. 5.

with ſharp claws; we ſee by the event to what purpoſe they are, ſhe ſo ſwiftly working herſelf under ground, and making her way ſo faſt in the earth as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her legs therefore are ſhort, that ſhe need dig no more than will ſerve the mere thickneſs of her body; and her fore-feet are broad that ſhe may ſcoop away much earth at a time; and little or no tail ſhe has, becauſe ſhe courſes it not on the ground, like the rat or mouſe, of whoſe kindred ſhe is; but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig herſelf a dwelling there. And ſhe making her way through ſo thick an element, which will not yield eaſily, as the air or the water, it had been dangerous to have drawn ſo long a train behind her; for her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out, before ſhe had compleated or got full poſſeſſion of her works.'

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. Boyle's remark upon this laſt creature, who I remember ſomewhere in his works[z] obſerves, that though the mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) ſhe has not ſight enough to diſtinguiſh particular objects. Her eye is ſaid to have but one humour in it, which is ſuppoſed to give her the idea of light but of nothing elſe, and is ſo formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever ſhe comes up into broad day ſhe might be in danger of being taken, unleſs ſhe were thus affected by a light ſtriking

[z] In his Treatiſe on the Nature of final Cauſes. See his works in folio, Vol. iv.

upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herſelf in her proper element. More ſight would be uſeleſs to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only inſtanced ſuch animals as ſeem the moſt imperfect works of nature; and if Providence ſhews itſelf even in the blemiſhes of theſe creatures, how much more does it diſcover itſelf in the ſeveral endowments which it has variouſly beſtowed upon ſuch creatures as are more or leſs finiſhed and compleated in their ſeveral faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are poſted.

I could wiſh our Royal Society would compile a body of natural hiſtory, the beſt that could be gathered together from books and obſervations. If the ſeveral writers among them took each his particular ſpecies, and gave us a diſtinct account of its original, birth and education; its policies hoſtilities and alliances, with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly thoſe that diſtinguiſh it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the ſtate of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the beſt ſervices their ſtudies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the all-wiſe Contriver.

It is true, ſuch a natural hiſtory, after all the diſquiſitions of the learned, would be infinitely ſhort and defective. Seas and deſerts hide millions of animals from our obſervation. Innumerable artifices and ſtratagems are acted in the 'howling wilderneſs' and in the 'great deep,'

that can never come to our knowledge. Beſides that there are infinitely more ſpecies of creatures which are not to be ſeen without, nor indeed with the help of the fineſt glaſſes, than of ſuch as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the conſideration of ſuch animals as lie within the compaſs of our knowledge, we might eaſily form a concluſion of the reſt, that the ſame variety of wiſdom and goodneſs runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its ſafety and ſubſiſtence in its proper ſtation.

Tully has given us an admirable ſketch of natural hiſtory [a], in his ſecond book concerning the Nature of the Gods; and that in a ſtile ſo raiſed by metaphors and deſcriptions, that it lifts the ſubject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on ſuch nice obſervations when they paſs through the hands of an ordinary writer. L[b].

[a] See the arguments of Q. Lucilius Balbus, the ſtoic, in proof of the being, wiſdom, power, and goodneſs of God, tranſlated from Cicero's 2d book *De Natura Deorum*, in the Appendix to Archbiſhop Herring's Letters, &c. N° ix. p. 26.

[b] By Addiſon, dated, it ſeems, from London, See Tat. with notes, N° 216, N° 221, &c. notes; and Spect. No. 334. note on L.

N° 122. Friday, July 20, 1711.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo eſt. PUBL. Syr. Frag.

An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach.

A MAN's firſt care ſhould be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to eſcape the cenſures of the world. If the laſt interferes with the former, it ought to be intirely neglected; but otherwiſe there cannot be a greater ſatisfaction to an honeſt mind, than to ſee thoſe approbations which it gives itſelf, ſeconded by the applauſes of the public. A man is more ſure of his conduct, when the verdict which he paſſes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend ſir Roger is one of thoſe who is not only at peace within himſelf, but beloved and eſteemed by all about him. He receives a ſuitable tribute for his univerſal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd inſtances of that general reſpect which is ſhewn to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myſelf with him to the country aſſizes. As we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and converſed with them for ſome time; during which

my friend ſir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

'The firſt of them,' ſays he, 'that has a ſpaniel by his ſide, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honeſt man. He is juſt within the game-act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheaſant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than thoſe who have not ſo good an eſtate as himſelf. He would be a good neighbour if he did not deſtroy ſo many partridges. In ſhort, he is a very ſenſible man; ſhoots flying; and has been ſeveral times foreman of the petty-jury.

'The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for "taking the law" of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not ſued at a quarter-ſeſſions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of coſts, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honeſt gentlemen ſo long for a treſpaſs in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to ſell the ground it incloſed to defray the charges of the proſecution: his father left him fourſcore pounds a year; but he has caſt and been caſt ſo often, that he is not now worth thirty. I ſuppoſe he is going upon the old buſineſs of the willow-tree.'

As ſir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions ſtopped ſhort till we came up to them. After having paid their reſpects to ſir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he muſt

appeal to him upon a diſpute that aroſe between them. Will it ſeems had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in ſuch a hole: when Tom Touchy, inſtead of hearing out his ſtory, told him that Mr. ſuch a one, if he pleaſed, might 'take the law of him' for fiſhing in that part of the river. My friend ſir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having pauſed ſome time told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment raſhly, that 'much might be ſaid on both ſides.' They were neither of them diſſatisfied with the knight's determination, becauſe neither of them found himſelf in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the beſt of our way to the aſſizes.

The court was ſat before ſir Roger came; but notwithſtanding all the juſtices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occaſion to whiſper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordſhip had met with ſo much good weather in his circuit. I was liſtening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleaſed with that great appearance and ſolemnity which ſo properly accompanies ſuch a public adminiſtration of our laws; when, after about an hour's ſitting, I obſerved, to my great ſurpriſe, in the midſt of a trial, that my friend ſir Roger was getting up to ſpeak. I was in ſome pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himſelf of two or three ſentences, with a look of much buſineſs and great intrepidity.

Upon his firſt riſing the court was huſhed, and a general whiſper ran among the country people, that ſir Roger 'was up.' The ſpeech he made was ſo little to the purpoſe, that I ſhall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not ſo much deſigned by the knight himſelf to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court roſe, to ſee the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and ſtriving who ſhould compliment him moſt; at the ſame time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a diſtance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to ſpeak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, becauſe it ſhews how deſirous all who know ſir Roger are of giving him marks of their eſteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his eſtate, we ſtopped at a little inn to reſt ourſelves and our horſes. The man of the houſe had it ſeems been formerly a ſervant in the knight's family; and to do honour to his old maſter, had ſome time ſince, unknown to ſir Roger, put him up in a ſign-poſt before the door; ſo that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himſelf knew any thing of the matter. As ſoon as ſir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his ſervant's indiſcretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too

high a compliment; and when the fellow ſeemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more deciſive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a Duke; but told him at the ſame time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himſelf would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiſkers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I ſhould not have known this ſtory, had not the inn-keeper, upon ſir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back laſt night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his uſual cheerfulneſs, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear diſcovering greater expreſſions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monſtrous face, under which, notwithſtanding it was made to frown and ſtare in a moſt extraordinary manner, I could ſtill diſcover a diſtant reſemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon ſeeing me laugh, deſired me to tell him truly if I thought it poſſible for people to know him in that diſguiſe. I at firſt kept my uſual ſilence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not ſtill more like himſelf than a Saracen, I compoſed my countenance in the beſt manner I could, and replied, that 'much might be ſaid on both ſides.'

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels. L[c].

*** This day is published, The Farthingale revived; or More Work for the Cooper. A panegyric on the late, but most admirable invention of the hoop-petticoat. Written at the Bath.

Silent miracula Memphis.

Spect. in folio, N° 118.

†‡† At Drury lane this day, The feigned Innocence; or, Sir Martin Mar-all. Sir Martin by Mr. Bullock; Warner by Mr. Powell; and other parts to the best advantage; and the Farce called The Stage Coach. Spect. in folio.

‡‡‡ Adv. for Tuesday the 24th, The Chances. Don John, Mr. Mills; Don Antonio, Mr. Powell; Don Lopez, Mr. Booth; Jacomo, Mr. Johnson; Leonora, Mrs. Knight; Maria, Mrs. Porter; Clara, Miss Willis; and Flavia, Miss Sherborn. *Ibid.*

N° 123. Saturday, July 21, 1711.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ. Hor. 4 Od. iv. 33.

Yet the best blood by learning is refin'd,
And virtue arms the solid mind;
Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,
And the paternal stamp efface. Oldisworth.

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young man who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him.

[c] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See N° 334. note on L.

Upon my inquiry who he was, ſir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a conſiderable eſtate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, ſays my friend, but took ſo much care of her ſon's health, that ſhe has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let looſe among the woods as ſoon as he was able to ride on horſeback, or to carry a gun upon his ſhoulder. To be brief, I found, by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great ſtock of health, but nothing elſe; and that if it were a man's buſineſs only to live, there would not be a more accompliſhed young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, ſince my reſiding in theſe parts I have ſeen and heard innumerable inſtances of young heirs and elder brothers who, either from their own reflecting upon the eſtates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accompliſhments unneceſſary, or from hearing theſe notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their ſervants and domeſtics, or from the ſame fooliſh thought prevailing in thoſe who have the care of their education, are of no manner of uſe but to keep up their families, and tranſmit their lands and houſes in a line to poſterity.

This makes me often think on a ſtory I have heard of two friends, which I ſhall give my reader at large, under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be uſeful, though there

are ſome circumſtances which make it rather appear like a novel, than a true ſtory.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with ſmall eſtates. They were both of them men of good ſenſe and great virtue. They proſecuted their ſtudies together in their earlier years, and entered into ſuch a friendſhip as laſted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his firſt ſetting out in the world, threw himſelf into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one poſt to another, until at length he had raiſed a very conſiderable fortune. Leontine on the contrary ſought all opportunities of improving his mind by ſtudy, converſation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the ſciences, but with the moſt eminent profeſſors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the intereſts of its princes, with the cuſtoms and faſhions of their courts, and could ſcarce meet with the name of an extraordinary perſon in the gazette whom he had not either talked to or ſeen. In ſhort, he had ſo well mixt and digeſted his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the moſt accompliſhed perſons of his age. During the whole courſe of his ſtudies and travels he kept up a punctual correſpondence with Eudoxus, who often made himſelf acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, 'there is no dallying with life') they determined, purſuant to the reſolution they had

taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and paſs the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the ſame time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchaſed an eſtate of as many thouſands. They were both of them fathers about the ſame time, Eudoxus having a ſon born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unſpeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happineſs was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been inſupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily viſits and converſations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their uſual intimacy, Leontine, conſidering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own houſe, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a ſon who knows himſelf to be the heir of a great eſtate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy ſhould be bred up with Leontine as his ſon, and that the girl ſhould live with Eudoxus as his daughter, until they were each of them arrived at years of diſcretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her ſon could not be ſo advantageouſly brought up as under the care of Leontine, and conſidering at the ſame time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that

was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each ſide had wrought themſelves to ſuch an habitual tenderneſs for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real paſſion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his ſuppoſed parent, was taught to rejoice at the ſight of Eudoxus, who viſited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himſelf eſteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his ſuppoſed father's circumſtances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own induſtry. This conſideration grew ſtronger in him every day, and produced ſo good an effect, that he applied himſelf with more than ordinary attention to the purſuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, aſſiſted by the directions of ſo excellent a counſellor, enabled him to make a quicker progreſs than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finiſhed his ſtudies and exerciſes with great applauſe, he was removed from the univerſity to the inns of court, where there are very few that make themſelves conſiderable proficients in the ſtudies of the place, who know they ſhall arrive at great eſtates without them. This was not Florio's caſe; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor eſtate

for Leontine and himſelf to live upon, ſo that he ſtudied without intermiſſion till he gained a very good inſight into the conſtitution and laws of his country.

I ſhould have told my reader, that whilſt Florio lived at the houſe of his foſter-father, he was always an acceptable gueſt in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the ſentiments of honour and virtue became a very uneaſy paſſion. He deſpaired of gaining an heireſs of ſo great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greateſt beauty joined with the greateſt modeſty, entertained at the ſame time a ſecret paſſion for Florio, but conducted herſelf with ſo much prudence that ſhe never gave him the leaſt intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all thoſe arts and improvements that are proper to raiſe a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but ſecretly tormented with that paſſion which burns with the greateſt fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a ſudden ſummons from Leontine to repair to him in the country the next day. For it ſeems Eudoxus was ſo filled with the report of his ſon's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himſelf known to him. The morning after his arrival at the houſe of his ſuppoſed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had ſomething of great importance to communicate to him;

upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. Florio was no ſooner arrived at the great houſe that ſtood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the firſt ſalutes were over, and conducted him into his cloſet. He there opened to him the whole ſecret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: 'I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He ſhall not loſe the pleaſure of being your father by the diſcovery I have made to you. Leonilla too ſhall be ſtill my daughter; her filial piety, though miſplaced, has been ſo exemplary that it deſerves the greateſt reward I can confer upon it. You ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing a great eſtate fall to you, which you would have loſt the reliſh of had you known yourſelf born to it. Continue only to deſerve it in the ſame manner you did before you were poſſeſſed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the ſame diſcoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourſelf.' Florio was ſo overwhelmed with this profuſion of happineſs, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himſelf down at his father's feet, and amidſt a flood of tears, kiſſed and embraced his knees, aſking his bleſſing, and expreſſing in dumb ſhow thoſe ſentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's eſtate ſettled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus paſſed the remainder of their lives together;

and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the juſt recompence, as well as the natural effects of that care which they had beſtowed upon them in their education. L[d].

*** In the Great Room at Richmond Wells was advertiſed to be performed on this day, an extraordinary Concert of vocal and inſtrumental muſic; the vocal parts by Mr. Leveridge, Mr. Teno, Mr. Laurence, Mr. Rainton, and a girl a ſcholar of Mr. Teno. To begin at ſix o'clock. Tickets 2s. and 6d. each. N. B. The tide will ſerve to come back the ſame evening. The undertakers, Mr. Teno, and Mr. Cuthbert. Spect. in folio.

N° 124. Monday, July 23, 1711.

Μέγα βίβλιον, μέγα κακόν.

A great book is a great evil.

A MAN who publiſhes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in looſe tracts and ſingle pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky volume, till after ſome heavy preamble, and ſeveral words of courſe, to prepare the reader for what follows. Nay, authors have eſtabliſhed it as kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull ſometimes; as the moſt ſevere reader makes allowances for many reſts and nodding-places in a voluminous writer. This gave occaſion to the famous

[d] By Addiſon, dated, it is ſuppoſed, London. See N° 334, note on L.

Greek proverb which I have choſen for my motto, that 'a great book is a great evil.'

On the contrary, thoſe who publiſh their thoughts in diſtinct ſheets, and as it were by piece-meal, have none of theſe advantages. We muſt immediately fall into our ſubject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and inſipid. Our matter muſt lie cloſe together, and either be wholly new in itſelf, or in the turn it receives from our expreſſions. Were the books of our beſt authors thus to be retailed to the public, and every page ſubmitted to the taſte of forty or fifty thouſand readers, I am afraid we ſhould complain of many flat expreſſions, trivial obſervations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the ſame time, notwithſtanding ſome papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular ſketches, it is often expected that every ſheet ſhould be a kind of treatiſe, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk: that a point of humour ſhould be worked up in all its parts; and a ſubject touched upon in its moſt eſſential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements, that are indulged to longer labours. The ordinary writers of morality preſcribe to their readers after the Galenick way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An eſſay-writer muſt practiſe in the chymical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their quinteſſence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny-paper,

There would be ſcarce ſuch a thing in nature as a folio; the works of an age would be contained on a few ſhelves; not to mention millions of volumes, that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furniſhing out ſeparate papers of this nature, has hindered authors from communicating their thoughts to the world after ſuch a manner: though I muſt confeſs I am amazed that the preſs ſhould be only made uſe of in this way by news-writers, and the zealots of parties; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind, to be inſtructed in wiſdom and virtue, than in politics; and to be made good fathers, huſbands, and ſons, than counſellors and ſtateſmen. Had the philoſophers and great men of antiquity, who took ſo much pains in order to inſtruct mankind, and leave the world wiſer and better than they found it; had they, I ſay, been poſſeſſed of the art of printing, there is no queſtion but they would have made ſuch an advantage of it, in dealing out their lectures to the public. Our common prints [e] would be of great uſe were they thus calculated to diffuſe good ſenſe through the bulk of a people, to clear up their underſtandings, animate their minds with virtue, diſſipate the ſorrows of a heavy heart, or unbend the mind from its more ſevere employments with innocent amuſements. When knowledge, inſtead of being bound up in books and kept in libraries and retirements, is thus obtruded upon the public; when it is canvaſſed

[e] Newſpapers.

in every aſſembly, and expoſed upon every table, I cannot forbear reflecting upon that paſſage in the Proverbs: 'Wiſdom crieth without, ſhe uttereth her voice in the ſtreets; ſhe crieth in the chief place of concourſe, in the openings of the gates. In the city ſhe uttereth her words, ſaying, How long ye ſimple ones will ye love ſimplicity? And the ſcorners delight in their ſcorning? And fools hate knowledge[f]?'

The many letters which come to me from perſons of the beſt ſenſe in both ſexes, (for I may pronounce their characters from their way of writing) do not a little encourage me in the proſecution of this my undertaking: beſides that my bookſeller tells me, the demand for theſe my papers increaſes daily. It is at his inſtance that I ſhall continue my rural ſpeculations to the end of this month; ſeveral having made up ſeparate ſets of them, as they have done before of thoſe relating to wit, to operas, to points of morality, or ſubjects of humour[g].

I am not at all mortified, when ſometimes I ſee my works thrown aſide by men of no taſte nor learning. There is a kind of heavineſs and ignorance that hangs upon the minds of ordinary men, which is too thick for knowledge to break through. Their ſouls are not to be enlightened.

'——*Nox atra cavâ circumvolat umbrâ.*'

VIRG. Æn. ii. 360.

'Black night enwraps them in her gloomy ſhade.'

[f] Prov. I. 20, 21, 22.

[g] This would juſtify a new arrangement. A.

To theſe I muſt apply the fable of the mole, that after having conſulted many oculiſts for the bettering of his ſight, was at laſt provided with a good pair of ſpectacles; but upon his endeavouring to make uſe of them, his mother told him very prudently, 'That ſpectacles, though they might help the eye of a man, could be of no uſe to a mole.' It is not therefore for the benefit of moles that I publiſh theſe my daily eſſays.

But beſides ſuch as are moles through ignorance, there are others who are moles through envy. As it is ſaid in the Latin proverb, 'That one man is a wolf to another [h];' ſo generally ſpeaking, one author is a mole to another. It is impoſſible for them to diſcover beauties in one another's works; they have eyes only for ſpots and blemiſhes: they can indeed ſee the light as it is ſaid of the animals which are their name-ſakes, but the idea of it is painful to them; they immediately ſhut their eyes upon it, and withdraw themſelves into a wilful obſcurity. I have already caught two or three of theſe dark undermining vermin, and intend to make a ſtring of them, in order to hang them up in one of my papers, as an example to all ſuch voluntary moles. C [i].

[h] *Homo homini lupus.*' PLAUT. *Aſin.* Act II. Sc. IV. 88.

[i] By Addiſon, dated, it is ſuppoſed, from his ſummer apartments at Chelſea. See N° 334 and N° 221, notes on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O; on the idea of their being the initial letters of the places where the papers were originally written, or dated from.

N° 125. Tueſday, July 24, 1711.

Ne pueri, ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella:
Neu patriæ validas in viſcere vertite vires.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 832.

This thirſt of kindred blood, my ſons, deteſt,
Nor turn your force againſt your country's breaſt.
DRYDEN.

My worthy friend ſir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a ſchool-boy, which was at the time when the feuds ran high between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a ſtripling, had occaſion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the perſon whom he ſpoke to, inſtead of anſwering his queſtion, called him a young popiſh cur, and aſked him who had made Anne a ſaint? the boy, being in ſome confuſion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and inſtead of being ſhewn the way, was told that ſhe had been a ſaint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. 'Upon this,' ſays ſir Roger, 'I did not think fit to repeat the former queſtion, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, aſked what they called the name of that lane.' By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally cloſes this narrative with reflections

on the miſchief that parties do in the country; how they ſpoil good neighbourhood, and make honeſt gentlemen hate one another; beſides that they manifeſtly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the deſtruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befal a country than ſuch a dreadful ſpirit of diviſion as rends a government into two diſtinct people, and makes them greater ſtrangers and more averſe to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of ſuch a diviſion are pernicious to the laſt degree, not only with regard to thoſe advantages which they give the common enemy, but to thoſe private evils which they produce in the heart of almoſt every particular perſon. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their underſtandings; it ſinks the virtue of a nation, and not only ſo, but deſtroys even common ſenſe.

A furious party-ſpirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itſelf in civil war and bloodſhed; and when it is under its greateſt reſtraints naturally breaks out in falſehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial adminiſtration of juſtice. In a word, it fills a nation with ſpleen and rancour, and extinguiſhes all the ſeeds of good-nature, compaſſion, and humanity.

Plutarch ſays very finely, 'that a man ſhould not allow himſelf to hate even his enemies, becauſe,' ſays he, 'if you indulge this paſſion in ſome occaſions, it will riſe of itſelf in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract ſuch a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will

break out upon thoſe who are your friends, or thoſe who are indifferent to you.' I might here obſerve how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the paſſion itſelf, and not from its object) anſwers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philoſopher wrote [k]; but inſtead of that, I ſhall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear ſoured with party-principles, and alienated from one another in ſuch a manner, as ſeems to me altogether inconſiſtent with the dictates either of reaſon or religion. Zeal for a public cauſe is apt to breed paſſions in the hearts of virtuous perſons, to which the regard of their own private intereſt would never have betrayed them.

If this party-ſpirit has ſo ill an effect on our morals, it has likewiſe a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor inſipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and ſometimes a noble piece depreciated, by thoſe who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this ſpirit is almoſt under an incapacity of diſcerning either real blemiſhes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle is like an object ſeen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however ſtraight and intire it may be in itſelf. For this reaſon there is ſcarce a perſon of any figure in England, who does not go by two contrary characters, as oppoſite to one another

[k] Viz. by Jeſus Chriſt. See Luke vi. 27—32, &c.

as light and darkneſs. Knowledge and learning ſuffer in a particular manner from this ſtrange prejudice, which at preſent prevails amongſt all ranks and degrees in the Britiſh nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned ſocieties by their parts and acquiſitions, they now diſtinguiſh themſelves by the warmth and violence with which they eſpouſe their reſpective parties.—Books are valued upon the like conſiderations. An abuſive ſcurrilous ſtile paſſes for ſatire, and a dull ſcheme of party-notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of ſophiſtry practiſed by both ſides, and that is the taking any ſcandalous ſtory that has ever been whiſpered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raiſing ſuitable ſpeculations upon it. Calumnies that have never been proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary poſtulatums of theſe infamous ſcribblers, upon which they proceed as upon firſt principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are falſe, or at beſt very doubtful. When they have laid theſe foundations of ſcurrility, it is no wonder that their ſuperſtructure is every way anſwerable to them. If this ſhameleſs practice of the preſent age endures much longer, praiſe and reproach will ceaſe to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman ſpirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelfes and Gibellines, and France by thoſe who were for and againſt the league: but it is very

unhappy for a man to be born in ſuch a ſtormy and tempeſtuous ſeaſon. It is the reſtleſs ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws ſeveral well-meaning perſons to their intereſt by a ſpecious concern for their country. How many honeſt minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit againſt men of an adverſe party, whom they would honour and eſteem, if, inſtead of conſidering them as they are repreſented, they knew them as they are? Thus are perſons of the greateſt probity ſeduced into ſhameful errors and prejudices, made bad men even by that nobleſt of principles, the 'love of their country.' I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spaniſh proverb, 'If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind.'

For my own part I could heartily wiſh that all honeſt men would enter into an aſſociation, for the ſupport of one another againſt the endeavours of thoſe whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatſoever ſide they may belong to. Were there ſuch an honeſt body of neutral forces, we ſhould never ſee the worſt of men in great figures of life becauſe they are uſeful to a party; nor the beſt unregarded becauſe they are above practiſing thoſe methods which would be grateful to their faction. We ſhould then ſingle every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: on the con-

trary, we ſhould ſhelter diſtreſſed innocence, and defend virtue, however beſet with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In ſhort, we ſhould not any longer regard our fellow-ſubjects as whigs or tories, but ſhould make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

C[1].

*** Adv. The quarterly contribution for the benefit of faithful ſervants being continued at the office in Ironmonger-lane, in the method originally propoſed; all payments thereof are to be made at the times appointed, under the forfeitures in the propoſals. This method has hitherto had very good effects, the benefits not being receivable without a dutiful behaviour in the ſervants, and a good character from their maſters, has occaſioned a ſtricter obſervance of the ſervants' duty, and a more earneſt endeavour to deſerve the character on which they have ſo much dependance. N. B. One whole year's ſervice in one place gives a title to a claim. Spect. in folio. N° 224.

See the paper in which the abſurdity of party-ſpirit in ladies, diſcovered by their patching on different ſides of their faces, is ſo agreeably ridiculed. See alſo the following paper.

N° 126. Wedneſday, July 25, 1711.

Tros Rutuluſve fuat nullo diſcrimine habebo.

VIRG. Æn. x. 108.

Rutulians, Trojans, are the ſame to me. DRYDEN.

IN my yeſterday's paper I propoſed, that the honeſt men of all parties ſhould enter into a kind of aſſociation for the defence of one

[1] By Addiſon, dated, it is ſuppoſed, from Chelſea. See N° 221, note on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O.

another, and the confuſion of their common enemies. As it is deſigned this neutral body ſhould act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and diveſt themſelves of the little heats and prepoſſeſſions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an aſſociation, which may expreſs their intentions in the moſt plain and ſimple manner.

'We whoſe names are hereunto ſubſcribed do ſolemnly declare, that we do in our conſciences believe two and two make four; and that we ſhall adjudge any man whatſoever to be our enemy who endeavours to perſuade us to the contrary. We are likewiſe ready to maintain with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that ſix is leſs than ſeven in all times and all places; and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at preſent. We do alſo firmly declare, that it is our reſolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we ſhall upon all occaſions oppoſe ſuch perſons that upon any day of the year ſhall call black white, or white black, with the utmoſt peril of our lives and fortunes.'

Were there ſuch a combination of honeſt men, who without any regard to places would endeavour to extirpate all ſuch furious zealots as would ſacrifice one half of their country to the paſſion and intereſt of the other; as alſo ſuch infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under colour of the public good; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each ſide, that have nothing to

recommend them but an implicit ſubmiſſion to their leaders; we ſhould ſoon ſee that furious party-ſpirit extinguiſhed, which may in time expoſe us to the deriſion and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this ſociety that would thus carefully employ himſelf in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthleſs and depraved part of mankind from thoſe conſpicuous ſtations of life to which they have been ſometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private intereſt, would be no ſmall benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus [m] an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole buſineſs of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in ſearch after. This inſtinct is the more remarkable, becauſe the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the inceſſant labours of this induſtrious animal, Ægypt, ſays the hiſtorian, would be over-run with crocodiles; for the Ægyptians are ſo far from deſtroying thoſe pernicious creatures, that they worſhip them as gods.

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we ſhall find them far from reſembling this diſintereſted animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are

[m] Diod. Sic. Biblioth. Lib. i. § 35—edit. Weſſeling, fol. 1746.

ambitious of deſtroying a man of the moſt extraordinary parts and accompliſhments, as thinking that upon his deceaſe the ſame talents, whatever poſt they qualified him for, enter of courſe into his deſtroyer.

As in the whole train of my ſpeculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguiſh that pernicious ſpirit of paſſion and prejudice, which rages with the ſame violence in all parties, I am ſtill the more deſirous of doing ſome good in this particular, becauſe I obſerve that the ſpirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and ruſtic fierceneſs, to which men of a politer converſation are wholly ſtrangers. It extends itſelf even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the ſame time that the heads of parties preſerve towards one another an outward ſhow of good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourſe of civilities, their tools that are diſperſed in theſe outlying parts will not ſo much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humour fills the country with ſeveral periodical meetings of Whig jockies and Tory fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable curſes, frowns, and whiſpers it produces at a quarter-ſeſſions.

I do not know whether I have obſerved in any of my former papers that my friends ſir Roger de Coverley and ſir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the firſt of them inclined to the landed and the other to the monied intereſt. This humour is ſo moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than

to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the reſt of the club. I find however that the knight is a much ſtronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is abſolutely neceſſary for the keeping up his intereſt. In all our journey from London to his houſe we did not ſo much as bait at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman ſtopped at a wrong place, one of ſir Roger's ſervants would ride up to his maſter full ſpeed, and whiſper to him that the maſter of the houſe was againſt ſuch an one in the laſt election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not ſo inquiſitive about the inn as the innkeeper; and provided our landlord's principles were ſound, did not take any notice of the ſtaleneſs of his proviſions. This I found ſtill the more inconvenient, becauſe the better the hoſt was, the worſe generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that thoſe who were his friends would take up with coarſe diet and a hard lodging. For theſe reaſons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into a houſe of any one that ſir Roger had applauded for an honeſt man.

Since my ſtay at ſir Roger's in the country, I daily find more inſtances of this narrow party-humour. Being upon the bowling-green at a neighbouring market-town the other day, (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one ſide meet once a week) I obſerved a ſtranger among them of a better preſence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much ſurpriſed, that notwithſtanding he was a very fair

better, no body would take him up. But upon inquiry I found, that he was one who had given a diſagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reaſon there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have ſo much correſpondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other inſtances of this nature, I muſt not omit one which concerns myſelf. Will Wimble was the other day relating ſeveral ſtrange ſtories that he had picked up, no body knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my ſtaring at him, as one that was ſurpriſed to hear ſuch things in the country, which had never been ſo much as whiſpered in the town, Will ſtopped ſhort in the thread of his diſcourſe, and after dinner aſked my friend ſir Roger in his ear if he was ſure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a ſerious concern to ſee ſuch a ſpirit of diſſenſion in the country; not only as it deſtroys virtue and common ſenſe, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animoſities, widens our breaches, and tranſmits our preſent paſſions and prejudices to our poſterity. For my own part, I am ſometimes afraid that I diſcover the ſeeds of a civil war in theſe our diviſions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their firſt principles, the miſeries and calamities of our children.

C[n].

[n] By Addiſon, dated, it is ſuppoſed, from his ſummer reſidence in Chelſea. See N° 221, final note on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O. See N° 125, and final note, p. 249, on party-ſpirit, the bane of this country, in which there is ſo

N° 127. Thurſday, July 26, 1711.

—— *Quantum eſt in rebus inane!* PERS. Sat. i. 1.

How much of emptineſs we find in things!

IT is our cuſtom at ſir Roger's, upon the coming in of the poſt, to ſit about a pot of coffee, and hear the old knight read Dyer's Letter: which he does with his ſpectacles upon his noſe, and in an audible voice, ſmiling very often at thoſe little ſtrokes of ſatire, which are ſo frequent in the writings of that author. I afterwards communicate to the knight ſuch packets as I receive under the quality of Spectator. The following letter chancing to pleaſe him more than ordinary, I ſhall publiſh it at his requeſt.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have diverted the town almoſt a whole month at the expence of the country, it is now high time that you ſhould give the country their revenge. Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair ſex are run into great

ſeldom any attention to politics without the prejudice and miſchievous ſpirit of party.

*** At Drury-lane on Friday, July 27, The Volunteers; or, The Stock jobbers. Blunt, by Mr. Croſs; Hackwell, by Mr. Norris; Hackwell, jun. by Mr. Booth; Welford, by Mr. Mills; Sir Nicholas Dainty, by Mr. Pack; Sir Tim. Kaſtril, by Mr. Bullock; Nickum, Mr. Bullock, jun.; Tereſia, Mrs. Saunders; Eugenia, Mrs. Bradſhaw; Clara, by Mrs. Porter; Winifred, Miſs Willis; and Mrs. Hackwell, by Mrs. Powell. Spect. in folio.

extravagancies. Their petticoats, which began to heave and ſwell before you left us, are now blown up into a moſt enormous concave, and riſe every day more and more. In ſhort, ſir, ſince our women know themſelves to be out of the eye of the Spectator, they will be kept within no compaſs. You praiſed them a little too ſoon, for the modeſty of their head-dreſſes; for as the humour of a ſick perſon is often driven out of one limb into another, their ſuperfluity of ornaments, inſtead of being entirely baniſhed, ſeems only fallen from their heads upon their lower parts. What they have loſt in height they make up in breadth, and contrary to all rules of architecture, widen the foundations at the ſame time that they ſhorten the ſuperſtructure. Were they, like Spaniſh jennets, to impregnate by the wind, they could not have thought on a more proper invention. But as we do not yet hear any particular uſe in this petticoat, or that it contains any thing more than what was ſuppoſed to be in thoſe of ſcantier make, we are wonderfully at a loſs about it.

'The women give out, in defence of theſe wide bottoms, that they are airy, and very proper for the ſeaſon; but this I look upon to be only a pretence, and a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate ſummer theſe many years, ſo that it is certain the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather. Beſides, I would fain aſk theſe tender conſtitutioned ladies, why they ſhould require more cooling than their mothers before them.

'I find ſeveral ſpeculative perſons are of opinion that our ſex has of late years been very ſaucy, and that the hoop-petticoat is made uſe of to keep us at a diſtance. It is moſt certain that a woman's honour cannot be better intrenched than after this manner, in circle within circle, amidſt ſuch a variety of out-works and lines of circumvallation. A female who is thus inveſted in whalebone is ſufficiently ſecured againſt the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of ſir George Etherege's way of making "Love in a Tub[o]," as in the midſt of ſo many hoops.

'Among theſe various conjectures, there are men of ſuperſtitious tempers, who look upon the hoop-petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the downfal of the French king, and obſerve that the farthingal appeared in England a little before the ruin of the Spaniſh monarchy[p]. Others are of opinion that it foretels battle and bloodſhed, and believe it of the ſame prognoſtication as the tail of a blazing ſtar. For my part, I am apt to think it is a ſign that multitudes are coming into the world rather than going out of it.

'The firſt time I ſaw a lady dreſſed in one of theſe petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own thoughts for walking abroad when

[o] See his play ſo called, Act iv. ſcene 6, where Duſoy, a Frenchman, is thruſt into a tub without a bottom, which he carries about the ſtage on his ſhoulders, his head coming through a hole at the top.

[p] Viz. in 1558.

ſhe was 'ſo near her time,' but ſoon recovered myſelf out of my error, when I found all the modiſh part of the ſex as 'far gone,' as herſelf. It is generally thought ſome crafty women have thus betrayed their companions into hoops, that they might make them acceſſary to their own concealments, and by that means eſcape the cenſure of the world; as wary generals have ſometimes dreſſed two or three dozen of their friends in their own habit, that they might not draw upon themſelves any particular attacks from the enemy. The ſtrutting petticoat ſmooths all diſtinctions, levels the mother with the daughter, and ſets maids and matrons, wives and widows, upon the ſame bottom. In the mean while, I cannot but be troubled to ſee ſo many well-ſhaped innocent virgins bloated up, and waddling up and down like big-bellied women.

'Should this faſhion get among the ordinary people, our public ways would be ſo crowded, that we ſhould want ſtreet-room. Several congregations of the beſt faſhion find themſelves already very much ſtraitened, and if the mode increaſe, I wiſh it may not drive many ordinary women into meetings and conventicles. Should our ſex at the ſame time take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches (as who knows what their indignation at this female treatment may drive them to?) a man and his wife would fill a whole pew.

'You know, ſir, it is recorded of Alexander the Great[q], that in his Indian expedition he

[q] By Plutarch in his life of Alexander.—We do not yet

buried ſeveral ſuits of armour, which by his directions were made much too big for any of his ſoldiers, in order to give poſterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an army of giants. I am perſuaded that if one of the preſent petticoats happens to be hung up in any repoſitory of curioſities, it would lead into the ſame error the generations that lie ſome removes from us; unleſs we can believe our poſterity will think ſo diſreſpectfully of their great grandmothers, that they made themſelves monſtrous to appear amiable.

'When I ſurvey this new-faſhioned rotunda in all its parts, I cannot but think of the old philoſopher, who after having entered into an Egyptian temple, and looked about for the idol of the place, at length diſcovered a little black monkey inſhrined in the midſt of it, upon which he could not forbear crying out, to the great ſcandal of the worſhippers, "What a magnificent palace is here for ſuch a ridiculous inhabitant!"

'Though you have taken a reſolution, in one of your papers to avoid deſcending to particularities of dreſs, I believe you will not think it below you, on ſo extraordinary an occaſion, to unhoop the fair ſex, and cure this faſhionable tympany that is got among them. I am apt to think the petticoat will ſhrink of its own accord at your firſt coming to town; at leaſt a touch of

believe that he commanded an army of giants; and if we did, it would leſſen Alexander's merit. A.

your pen will make it contract itſelf like the ſenſitive plant, and by that means oblige ſeveral who are either terrified or aſtoniſhed at this portentous novelty, and among the reſt,

C[r]. Your humble ſervant, &c.'

N° 128. Friday, July 27, 1711.

——— *Concordia diſcors.* LUCAN i. 98.

——— Harmonious diſcord.

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal ſpirits more light and volatile; or whether, as ſome have imagined, there may not be a kind of ſex in the very ſoul, I ſhall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They ſhould each of them therefore keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reaſon. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and ſevere, and the other of being briſk and airy. Men ſhould beware of being captivated by a kind of ſavage philoſophy, women by a thoughtleſs gallantry. Where theſe precautions are not obſerved, the man often degenerates into a Cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man

[r] By Addiſon, dated, it is ſuppoſed, from Chelſea. See N° 221, note on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O.

grows ſullen and moroſe, the women impertinent and fantaſtical.

By what I have ſaid, we may conclude, men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the huſband might be relieved by the ſprightlineſs and good-humour of the wife. When theſe are rightly tempered, care and cheerfulneſs go hand in hand; and the family, like a ſhip that is duly trimmed, wants neither ſail nor ballaſt.

Natural hiſtorians obſerve (for whilſt I am in the country, I muſt fetch my alluſions from thence) that only the male birds have voices; that their ſongs begin a little before breeding-time, and end a little after: that whilſt the hen is covering her eggs, the male generally takes his ſtand upon a neighbouring bough within her hearing: and by that means amuſes and diverts her with his ſongs during the whole time of her ſitting.

This contract among birds laſts no longer than till a brood of young ones ariſes from it; ſo that in the feathered kind, the cares and fatigues of the married ſtate, if I may ſo call it, lie principally upon the female. On the contrary, as in our ſpecies the man and the woman are joined together for life, and the main burden reſts upon the former, nature has given all the little arts of ſoothing and blandiſhment to the female, that ſhe may cheer and animate her companion in a conſtant and aſſiduous application to the making a proviſion for his family, and the educating of their common children. This however is not to be taken ſo ſtrictly, as if

the ſame duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both parties; but only to ſet forth what ſeems to have been the general intention of Nature, in the different inclinations and endowments which are beſtowed on the different ſexes.

But whatever was the reaſon that men and women were made with this variety of temper, if we obſerve the conduct of the fair ſex, we find that they chooſe rather to aſſociate themſelves with a perſon who reſembles them in that light and volatile humour which is natural to them, than to ſuch as are qualified to moderate and counterbalance it. It has been an old complaint, that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of ſenſe. When we ſee a fellow loud and talkative, full of inſipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite. Noiſe and flutter are ſuch accompliſhments as they cannot withſtand. To be ſhort, the paſſion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing elſe but ſelf-love diverted upon another object. She would have the lover a woman in every thing but the ſex. I do not know a finer piece of ſatire on this part of womankind, than thoſe lines of Mr. Dryden,

'Our thoughtleſs ſex is caught by outward form,
And empty noiſe; and loves itſelf in man.'

This is a ſource of infinite calamities to the ſex, as it frequently joins them to men, who in their own thoughts are as fine creatures as themſelves, or if they chance to be good-humoured, ſerve only to diſſipate their fortunes,

inflame their follies, and aggravate their indiſcretions.

The ſame female levity is no leſs fatal to them after marriage than before. It repreſents to their imaginations the faithful, prudent huſband, as an honeſt, tractable, and domeſtic animal; and turns their thoughts upon the fine gay gentleman that laughs, ſings, and dreſſes ſo much more agreeably.

As this irregular vivacity of temper leads aſtray the hearts of ordinary women in the choice of their lovers and the treatment of their huſbands, it operates with the ſame pernicious influence towards their children, who are taught to accompliſh themſelves in all thoſe ſublime perfections that appear captivating in the eye of their mother. She admires in her ſon what ſhe loved in her gallant; and by that means contributes all ſhe can to perpetuate herſelf in a worthleſs progeny.

The younger Fauſtina was a lively inſtance of this ſort of women. Notwithſtanding ſhe was married to Marcus Aurelius, one of the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of the Roman emperors, ſhe thought a common gladiator much the prettier gentleman; and had taken ſuch care to accompliſh her ſon Commodus according to her own notions of a fine man, that when he aſcended the throne of his father, he became the moſt fooliſh and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the Roman empire, ſignalizing himſelf in nothing but the fighting of prizes, and knocking out men's brains. As he had no taſte of true glory, we ſee him in ſeveral

medals and ſtatues which are ſtill extant of him, equipped like a Hercules, with a club and a lion's ſkin.

I have been led into this ſpeculation by the characters I have heard of a country-gentleman and his lady, who do not live many miles from ſir Roger. The wife is an old coquette, that is always hankering after the diverſions of the town; the huſband a moroſe ruſtic, that frowns and frets at the name of it. The wife is over-run with affectation, the huſband ſunk into brutality. The lady cannot bear the noiſe of the larks and nightingales, hates your tedious ſummer-days, and is ſick at the ſight of ſhady woods and purling-ſtreams; the huſband wonders how any one can be pleaſed with the fooleries of plays and operas, and rails from morning to night at effenced fops and tawdry courtiers. Their children are educated in theſe different notions of their parents. The ſons follow the father about his grounds, while the daughters read volumes of love-letters and romances to their mother. By this means it comes to paſs, that the girls look upon their father as a clown, and the boys think their mother no better than ſhe ſhould be.

How different are the lives of Ariſtus and Aſpaſia! The innocent vivacity of the one is tempered and compoſed by the cheerful gravity of the other. The wife grows wiſe by the diſcourſes of the huſband, and the huſband good-humoured by the converſations of the wife.—Ariſtus would not be ſo amiable were it not for his Aſpaſia, nor Aſpaſia ſo much eſteemed were

it not for her Ariſtus. Their virtues are blended in their children, and diffuſe through the whole family a perpetual ſpirit of benevolence, complacency, and ſatisfaction. C[s].

N° 129. Saturday, July 28, 1711.

Vertentem ſeſe fruſtra ſectabere canthum,
Cùm rota poſterior curras et in axe ſecundo.
PERS. Sat. v. 71.

Thou, like the hindmoſt chariot-wheels, art curſt
Still to be near, but ne'er to be the firſt. DRYDEN.

GREAT maſters in painting never care for drawing people in the faſhion: as very well knowing that the head-dreſs, or periwig, that now prevails, and gives a grace to their portraitures at preſent, will make a very odd figure, and perhaps look monſtrous in the eyes of poſterity. For this reaſon they often repreſent an illuſtrious perſon in a Roman habit, or in ſome other dreſs that never varies. I could wiſh, for the ſake of my country friends, that there was ſuch a kind of everlaſting drapery to be made uſe of by all who live at a certain diſtance from the town, and that they would agree upon ſuch faſhions as ſhould never be liable to changes and innovations. For want of this ſtanding dreſs, a man who takes a journey into the country is as much ſurpriſed, as one who walks in a gallery of old family pictures, and finds

[s] By Addiſon, dated, it ſeems, from Chelſea. See N° 221, final note on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O.

as great a variety of garbs and habits in the perſons he converſes with. Did they keep to one conſtant dreſs they would ſometimes be in the faſhion, which they never are as matters are managed at preſent. If inſtead of running after the mode, they could continue fixed in one certain habit, the mode would ſome time or other overtake them, as a clock that ſtands ſtill is ſure to point right once in twelve hours. In this caſe therefore I would adviſe them, as a gentleman did his friend who was hunting about the whole town after a rambling fellow. If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant yourſelf at the corner of any one ſtreet, I will engage it will not be long before you ſee him.

I have already touched upon this ſubject in a ſpeculation[t] which ſhews how cruelly the country are led aſtray in following the town; and equipped in a ridiculous habit, when they fancy themſelves in the height of the mode. Since that ſpeculation I have received a letter (which I there hinted at) from a gentleman who is now on the Weſtern Circuit.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Being a lawyer of the Middle-Temple, a Corniſhman by birth, I generally ride the weſtern circuit[u] for my health, and as I am not interrupted with clients, have leiſure to make many obſervations that eſcape the notice of my fellow-travellers.

[t] See N° 119.

[u] Counſellors generally go on the circuits through the counties in which they are born and bred.

'One of the moſt faſhionable women I met with in all the circuit was my landlady at Staines, where I chanced to be on a holiday. Her commode[w] was not half a foot high, and her petticoat within ſome yards of a modiſh circumference. In the ſame place I obſerved a young fellow with a tolerable periwig, had it not been covered with a hat that was ſhaped in the Ramilie-cock. As I proceeded in my journey, I obſerved the petticoat grow ſcantier and ſcantier, and about threeſcore miles from London was ſo very unfaſhionable, that a woman might walk in it without any manner of inconvenience.

'Not far from Saliſbury I took notice of a juſtice of peace's lady, who was at leaſt ten years behind-hand in her dreſs, but at the ſame time as fine as hands could make her. She was flounced and furbelowed from head to foot; every ribbon was wrinkled, and every part of her garments in curl, ſo that ſhe looked like one of thoſe animals which in the country we call a Friezland hen.

'Not many miles beyond this place I was informed that one of the laſt year's little muffs had by ſome means or other ſtraggled into thoſe parts, and that all the women of faſhion were cutting their old muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the little model which was got among them. I cannot believe the report they have there, that it was ſent down franked by a parliament-man in a little packet; but probably by next winter this faſhion will be at

[w] See above, note on N° 98.

the height in the country, when it is quite out at London.

'The greateſt beau at our next county ſeſſions was dreſſed in a moſt monſtrous flaxen periwig, that was made in king William's reign. The wearer of it goes, it ſeems, in his own hair when he is at home, and lets his wig lie in buckle for a whole half year, that he may put it on upon occaſion to meet the judges in it.

'I muſt not here omit an adventure which happened to us in a country church upon the frontiers of Cornwall. As we were in the midſt of the ſervice, a lady who is the chief woman of the place, and had paſſed the winter at London with her huſband, entered the congregation in a little head-dreſs, and a hooped petticoat. The people, who were wonderfully ſtartled at ſuch a ſight, all of them roſe up. Some ſtared at the prodigious bottom, and ſome at the little top of this ſtrange dreſs. In the mean time the lady of the manor filled the area of the church, and walked up to her pew with an unſpeakable ſatisfaction, amidſt the whiſpers, conjectures, and aſtoniſhments of the whole congregation.

'Upon our way from hence we ſaw a young fellow riding towards us full gallop, with a bob wig and a black ſilken bag tied to it. He ſtopt ſhort at the coach, to aſk us how far the judges were behind us. His ſtay was ſo very ſhort, that we had only time to obſerve his new ſilk waiſtcoat, which was unbuttoned in ſeveral places to let us ſee that he had a clean ſhirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

'From this place, during our progreſs through the moſt weſtern parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourſelves in king Charles the ſecond's reign, the people having made very little variations in their dreſs ſince that time. The ſmarteſt of the country ſquires appear ſtill in the Monmouth-cock, and when they go a wooing (whether they have any poſt in the militia or not) they generally put on a red coat. We were indeed, very much ſurpriſed, at the place we lay at laſt night, to meet with a gentleman that had accoutred himſelf in a night-cap-wig, a coat with long pockets and ſlit ſleeves, and a pair of ſhoes with high ſcollop tops; but we ſoon found by his converſation that he was a perſon who laughed at the ignorance and ruſticity of the country people, and was reſolved to live and die in the mode.

'Sir, if you think this account of my travels may be of any advantage to the public, I will next year trouble you with ſuch occurrences as I ſhall meet with in other parts of England. For I am informed there are greater curioſities in the northern circuit than in the weſtern; and that a faſhion makes its progreſs much ſlower into Cumberland than into Cornwall. I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk[x] arrived but two months ago at Newcaſtle, and that there are ſeveral commodes in thoſe parts which are worth taking a journey thither to ſee. C[y].

[x] The Steenkirk was a kind of military cravat of black ſilk; probably firſt worn at the battle of Steenkirk, fought Aug. 2, 1692.

[y] By Addiſon, dated, it ſeems, from Chelſea. See N° 221 final note.

N° 130. Monday, July 30, 1711.

——————*Semperque recentes*
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.
VIRG. Æn. vii. 748.

A plundering race, ſtill eager to invade,
On ſpoil they live, and make of theft a trade.

As I was yeſterday riding out in the fields with my friend ſir Roger, we ſaw at a little diſtance from us a troop of gipſies. Upon the firſt diſcovery of them, my friend was in ſome doubt whether he ſhould not exert the juſtice of the peace upon ſuch a band of lawleſs vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a neceſſary counſellor on theſe occaſions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worſe for it, he let the thought drop: but at the ſame time gave me a particular account of the miſchiefs they do in the country, in ſtealing people's goods and ſpoiling their ſervants. 'If a ſtray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge,' ſays ſir Roger, 'they are ſure to have it; if a hog loſes his way in the fields it is ten to one but he becomes their prey: our geeſe cannot live in peace for them; if a man proſecutes them with ſeverity, his hen-rooſt is ſure to pay for it. They generally ſtraggle into theſe parts about this time of the year; and ſet the heads of our ſervant-maids ſo agog for huſbands, that we do not expect to have any buſineſs done as it ſhould be, while they are in the country. I have an honeſt dairy-maid who croſſes their hands with

a piece of ſilver every ſummer, and never fails being promiſed the handſomeſt young fellow in the pariſh for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be ſeduced by them; and though he is ſure to loſe a knife, a fork, or a ſpoon every time his fortune is told him, generally ſhuts himſelf up in the pantry with an old gipſy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they beſtow very plentifully upon all thoſe that apply themſelves to them. You ſee now and then ſome handſome young jades among them: the ſluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.'

Sir Roger obſerving that I liſtened with great attention to his account of a people who were ſo intirely new to me, told me, that, if I would, they ſhould tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleaſed with the knight's propoſal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Caſſandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with ſome other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend ſir Roger alighted from his horſe, and expoſing his palm to two or three that ſtood by him, they crumpled it into all ſhapes, and diligently ſcanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more ſun-burnt than the reſt, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the knight cried, 'Go, go, you are an idle baggage;' and at the ſame time ſmiled upon

me. The gipſy finding he was not diſpleaſed in his heart, told him after a farther enquiry into his hand, that his true-love was conſtant, and that ſhe ſhould dream of him to-night. My old friend cried Piſh, and bid her go on. The gipſy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be ſo long; and that he was dearer to ſomebody than he thought. The knight ſtill repeated, 'She was an idle baggage,' and bid her go on. 'Ah, maſter,' ſays the gipſy, 'that roguiſh leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you have not that ſimper about the mouth for nothing.'—The uncouth gibberiſh with which all this was uttered, like the darkneſs of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be ſhort, the knight left the money with her that he had croſſed her hand with, and got up again on his horſe.

As we were riding away, ſir Roger told me, that he knew ſeveral ſenſible people who believed theſe gipſies now and then foretold very ſtrange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of this good-humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road, who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked: that being a kind of palmiſtry at which this race of vermin are very dextrous.

I might here entertain my reader with hiſtorical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infeſt all the countries of Europe, and live in the midſt of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themſelves. But inſtead of entering into obſervations of this nature, I ſhall fill the

remaining part of my paper with a ſtory which is ſtill freſh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. 'As the *trekſchuyt*, or hackney-boat, which carries paſſengers from Leyden to Amſterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the ſide of the canal deſired to be taken in: which the maſter of the boat refuſed, becauſe the lad had not quite money enough to pay the uſual fare[n]. An eminent merchant being pleaſed with the looks of the boy, and ſecretly touched with compaſſion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could ſpeak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon farther examination that he had been ſtolen away when he was a child by a gipſy, and had rambled ever ſince with a gang of thoſe ſtrollers up and down ſeveral parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whoſe heart ſeems to have inclined towards the boy by a ſecret kind of inſtinct, had himſelf loſt a child ſome years before. The parents, after a long ſearch for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was ſo afflicted at the loſs of a fine boy, who was her only ſon, that ſhe died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the ſeveral moles and marks by which the mother uſed to deſcribe the child when he was firſt miſſing, the boy proved to be the ſon of the merchant, whoſe

[n] Hardly more than three-pence.

heart had ſo unaccountably melted at the ſight of him. The lad was very well pleaſed to find a father who was ſo rich, and likely to leave him a good eſtate: the father on the other hand was not a little delighted to ſee a ſon return to him, whom he had given for loſt, with ſuch a ſtrength of conſtitution, ſharpneſs of underſtanding, and ſkill in languages.' Here the printed ſtory leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguiſt having received ſuch extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been uſed to in the courſe of his peregrinations. Nay, it is ſaid, that he has ſince been employed in foreign courts upon national buſineſs, with great reputation to himſelf and honour to thoſe who ſent him, and that he has viſited ſeveral countries as a public miniſter, in which he formerly wandered as a gipſy. C[a]

[a] By Addiſon, dated, it is ſuppoſed, from Chelſea. See N° 5, and N° 221, notes.

*** If theſe eſſays may not be arranged anew, and in a manner which could not be perfectly done whilſt they were coming out, though ſome attempted it then, as appears from N° 124; yet an index *raiſonnée*, beſides the alphabetical one, might be drawn up; and a liſt of the old numerical order arranged with the new would obviate all objections. A.

N° 131. Tuesday, July 31, 1711.

——Ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.

VIRG. Ecl. x. 63.

Once more ye woods, adieu.

IT is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My friend sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion, when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring any thing to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed

in my way by another, and put up ſuch a variety of odd creatures in both ſexes, that they foil the ſcent of one another, and puzzle the chace. My greateſt difficulty in the country is to find ſport, and in town to chooſe it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's reſt to the cities of London and Weſtminſter, I promiſe myſelf abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, ſince I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquiſitive after my name and character; my love of ſolitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raiſed a great curioſity in all theſe parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; ſome look upon me as very proud, ſome as very modeſt, and ſome as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, obſerving me very much alone, and extremely ſilent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people ſeem to ſuſpect me for a conjurer; and ſome of them hearing of the viſit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that ſir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood, is what they here call a White Witch.

A juſtice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of ſir Roger's party, has it ſeems ſaid twice or thrice at his table, that he wiſhes ſir Roger does not harbour a Jeſuit in his houſe,

and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give ſome account of myſelf.

On the other ſide, ſome of ſir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is impoſed upon by a deſigning fellow, and as they have heard that he converſes very promiſcuouſly when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him ſome diſcarded Whig, that is ſullen, and ſays nothing becauſe he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, ſo that I paſs among ſome for a diſaffected perſon, and among others for a popiſh prieſt; among ſome for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reaſon that I can imagine, but becauſe I do not hoot, and halloo, and make a noiſe. It is true, my friend ſir Roger tells them, —'That it is my way,' and that I am only a philoſopher; but this will not ſatisfy them. They think there is more in me than he diſcovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For theſe and other reaſons I ſhall ſet out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a perſon of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected gueſt breaks in upon him, and does not care for ſacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer, that will be the maſter of his own time, and the purſuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unſociable figure in this kind of life. I ſhall

therefore retire into the town, if I may make uſe of that phraſe, and get into the crowd again as faſt as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raiſe what ſpeculations I pleaſe upon others without being obſerved myſelf, and at the ſame time enjoy all the advantages of company, with all the privileges of ſolitude. In the mean while, to finiſh the month, and conclude theſe my rural ſpeculations, I ſhall here inſert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for theſe forty years out of the ſmoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

'DEAR SPEC,

'I SUPPOSE this letter will find thee picking of daiſies, or ſmelling to a lock of hay, or paſſing away thy time in ſome innocent country diverſion of the like nature. I have however orders from the club to ſummon thee up to town, being all of us curſedly afraid thou wilt not be able to reliſh our company, after thy converſations with Moll White, and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee do not ſend us up any more ſtories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with ſpirits and witches. Thy ſpeculations begin to ſmell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou doſt not come up quickly, we ſhall conclude that thou art in love with one of ſir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club ſince he left us, and if he does not return quickly

will make every mother's ſon of us common-wealth's-men.

Dear Spec,
thine eternally,
C[b]. WILL HONEYCOMB.'

N° 132. Wedneſday, Auguſt 1, 1711.

— Qui, aut tempus quid poſtulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut ſe oſtentat, aut eorum quibuſcum eſt rationem non habet, is ineptus eſſe dicitur. TULL.

That man may be called impertinent, who conſiders not the circumſtances of time, or ingroſſes the converſation, or makes himſelf the ſubject of his diſcourſe, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

HAVING notified to my good friend ſir Roger that I ſhould ſet out for London the next day, his horſes were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county-town at twilight, in order to be ready for the ſtage-coach the day following. As ſoon as we arrived at the inn, the ſervant who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain in my hearing what company he had for the coach? The fellow anſwered, 'Mrs. Betty Arable the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who

[b] By Addiſon, dated, it is ſuppoſed, from Chelſea. See N° 5 and N° 21, final notes on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O, of which the public would be obliged to any friend to this work for a more ſatisfactory, and leſs exceptionable explication.

took a place becauſe they were to go) young 'ſquire Quickſet her couſin (that her mother wiſhed her to be married to); Ephraim the quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had ſtudied himſelf dumb from ſir Roger de Coverley's.' I obſerved by what he ſaid of myſelf, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was ſome foundation for his reports of the reſt of the company, as well as for the whimſical account he gave of me. The next morning at day-break we were all called; and I who know my own natural ſhyneſs, and endeavour to be as little liable to be diſputed with as poſſible, dreſſed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The firſt preparation for our ſetting out was, that the captain's half pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud, 'that none of the captain's things ſhould be placed ſo as to be ſpoiled;' upon which his cloke-bag was fixed in the ſeat of the coach; and the captain himſelf, according to a frequent though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look ſharp, that none but one of the ladies ſhould have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in ſome little time fixed in our ſeats, and ſat with that diſlike which people not too good-natured uſually conceive of each other at firſt ſight. The coach jumbled us inſenſibly into ſome ſort of familiarity: and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow aſked the

captain what ſucceſs he had in his recruiting? The officer, with a frankneſs he believed very graceful, told her, 'that indeed he had but very little luck, and had ſuffered much by deſertion, therefore ſhould be glad to end his warfare in the ſervice of her or her fair daughter. In a word,' continued he, 'I am a ſoldier, and to be plain is my character: you ſee me, madam, young, ſound, and impudent; take me yourſelf, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your diſpoſal. I am a ſoldier of fortune, ha!' —This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep ſilence of all the reſt of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall faſt aſleep, which I did with all ſpeed.—'Come,' ſaid he, 'reſolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleaſant companion who is fallen aſleep, to be the brideman; and,' giving the quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, 'This fly ſaint, who, I will warrant, underſtands what is what as well as you or I, widow, ſhall give the bride as father.' The quaker, who happened to be a man of ſmartneſs, anſwered, 'Friend, I take it in good part that thou haſt given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I muſt aſſure thee, that if I have the giving her, I ſhall not beſtow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, ſavoureth of folly: thou art a perſon of a light mind, thy drum is a type of thee, it ſoundeth becauſe it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fullneſs, but thy emptineſs that thou haſt ſpoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnerſhip

with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother muſt hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I ſay: if thou wilt, we muſt hear thee; but if thou wert a man of underſtanding, thou wouldſt not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abaſh us children of peace. — Thou art, thou ſayeſt, a ſoldier; give quarter to us, who cannot reſiſt thee. Why didſt thou fleer at our friend who feigned himſelf aſleep? He ſaid nothing; but how doſt thou know what he containeth? If thou ſpeakeſt improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, conſider it is an outrage againſt a diſtreſſed perſon that cannot get from thee: to ſpeak indiſcreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being haſped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in ſome degree aſſaulting on the high road.'

Here Ephraim pauſed, and the captain with a happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and ſupport itſelf at the ſame time) cries, 'Faith, friend, I thank thee; I ſhould have been a little impertinent if thou hadſt not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I ſee, a ſmoky old fellow, and I will be very orderly the enſuing part of the journey. I was going to give myſelf airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon.'

The captain was ſo little out of humour, and our company was ſo far from being ſoured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and aſſumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our

reckonings, apartments, and accommodation, fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all diſputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I conſidered the company we were in, I took it for no ſmall good-fortune, that the whole journey was not ſpent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a ſuffering. What therefore Ephraim ſaid when we were almoſt arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good underſtanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expreſſing her ſatisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himſelf as follows: 'There is no ordinary part of human life, which expreſſeth ſo much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with ſtrangers, eſpecially ſuch as may ſeem the moſt unſuitable companions to him: ſuch a man, when he falleth in the way with perſons of ſimplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himſelf thereof, but will the rather hide his ſuperiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend,' continued he, turning to the officer, 'thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: but be adviſed by a plain man; modes and apparels are but trifles to the real man, therefore

do not think ſuch a man as thyſelf terrible for thy garb, nor ſuch a one as me contemptible for mine. When two ſuch as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou ſhouldſt rejoice to ſee my peaceable demeanor, and I ſhould be glad to ſee thy ſtrength and ability to protect me in it.'

T[c].

*** Acted but once theſe twenty years: At Drury-lane, on Tueſday, July 31, The Volunteers, or Stock-jobbers. Blunt, by Mr. Croſs; Hackwell, Mr. Norris; Hackwell, junior, Mr. Booth; Welford, Mr. Mills; Sir Nic. Dainty, Mr. Pack; Sir Tim. Kaſtril, Mr. Bullock; Nickum, Mr. Bullock, junior; Tereſia, Mrs. Saunders; Eugenia, Mrs. Bradſhaw; Clara, Mrs. Porter; Winifred, Miſs Willis; and Mrs. Hackwell, by Mrs. Powell. Spect. in folio.

Ibid. Adv. for Aug. 3. The Lancaſhire Witches. New Dances, and Songs new ſet. The principal parts by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnſon, Meſſ. Bullocks, Mr. Norris, Mr. Pack, Mr. Eltington, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Bradſhaw, and Mrs. Cox. The Singing Witches, Mr. Burkhead, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Willis.

N° 133. Thurſday, Auguſt 2, 1711.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? HOR. 1 Od. xxiv. 1.

Such was his worth, our loſs is ſuch,
We cannot love too well, or grieve too much.
OLDISWORTH.

THERE is a ſort of delight, which is alternately mixed with terror and ſorrow, in the

[c] By Steele. Tranſcribed. See final note to N° 324, on ſignature T, uſed ſometimes perhaps by Mr. T. Tickell, &c.

contemplation of death. The ſoul has its curioſity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its thoughts upon the conduct of ſuch who have behaved themſelves with an equal, a reſigned, a cheerful, a generous or heroic temper in that extremity. We are affected with theſe reſpective manners of behaviour, as we ſecretly believe the part of the dying perſon imitable by ourſelves, or ſuch as we imagine ourſelves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted minds march before us like princes, and are, to the ordinary race of mankind, rather ſubjects for their admiration than example. However, there are no ideas ſtrike more forcibly upon our imaginations, than thoſe which are raiſed from reflections upon the exits of great and excellent men. Innocent men who have ſuffered as criminals, though they were benefactors to human ſociety, ſeem to be perſons of the higheſt diſtinction, among the vaſtly greater number of human race, the dead. When the iniquity of the times brought Socrates to his execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unſupported by any thing but the teſtimony of his own conſcience, and conjectures of hereafter, receive the poiſon with an air of mirth and good-humour, and as if going on an agreeable journey, beſpeak ſome deity to make it fortunate!

When Phocion's good actions had met with the like reward from his country, and he was led to death with many others of his friends, they bewailing their fate, he walking compoſedly towards the place of execution, how gracefully

does he ſupport his illuſtrious character to the very laſt inſtant! One of the rabble ſpitting at him as he paſſed, with his uſual authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this fellow how to behave himſelf. When a poor-ſpirited creature that died at the ſame time for his crimes bemoaned himſelf unmanfully, he rebuked him with this queſtion, 'Is it no conſolation to ſuch a man as thou art to die with Phocion?' At the inſtant when he was to die, they aſked what commands he had for his ſon: he anſwered, 'To forget this injury of the Athenians.' Niocles, his friend, under the ſame ſentence, deſired he might drink the potion before him: Phocion ſaid, 'becauſe he never had denied him any thing, he would not even this, the moſt difficult requeſt he had ever made.'

Theſe inſtances were very noble and great, and the reflections of thoſe ſublime ſpirits had made death to them what it is really intended to be by the Author of nature, a relief from a various being, ever ſubject to ſorrows and difficulties.

Epaminondas the Theban general, having received in fight a mortal ſtab with a ſword, which was left in his body, lay in that poſture until he had intelligence that his troops had obtained the victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at which inſtant he expreſſed himſelf in this manner: 'This is not the end of my life, my fellow-ſoldiers; it is now your Epaminondas is born, who dies in ſo much glory.'

It were an endleſs labour to collect the accounts with which all ages have filled the world

of noble and heroic minds that have reſigned this being, as if the termination of life were but an ordinary occurrence of it.

This common-place way of thinking I fell into from an aukward endeavour to throw off a real and freſh affliction, by turning over books in a melancholy mood; but it is not eaſy to remove griefs which touch the heart, by applying remedies which only entertain the imagination. As therefore this paper is to conſiſt of any thing which concerns human life, I cannot help letting the preſent ſubject regard what has been the laſt object of my eyes, though an entertainment of ſorrow.

I went this evening to viſit a friend, with a deſign to rally him, upon a ſtory I had heard of his intending to ſteal a marriage without the privity of us his intimate friends and acquaintance. I came into his apartment with that intimacy which I have done for very many years, and walked directly into his bed-chamber, where I found my friend [d] in the agonies of death.—What could I do? The innocent mirth in my thoughts ſtruck upon me like the moſt flagitious wickedneſs: I in vain called upon him; he was ſenſeleſs, and too far ſpent to have the leaſt knowledge of my ſorrow, or any pain in himſelf. Give me leave then to tranſcribe my ſoliloquy,

[d] The name of the friend here ſo pathetically lamented was Stephen Clay, ſon and heir of Edmund Clay, haberdaſher in London. This young gentleman was admitted of the hon. ſociety of the Inner-Temple, Nov. 16, 1693, and called to the bar, Nov. 24, 1700. The curious may ſee two poems of this ingenious lawyer, in Steele's Epiſtolary Correſpondence, Vol. II. page 315.

as I ſtood by his mother, dumb with the weight of grief for a ſon who was her honour and her comfort, and never until that hour ſince his birth had been an occaſion of a moment's ſorrow to her.

'How ſurpriſing is this change! from the poſſeſſion of vigorous life and ſtrength, to be reduced in a few hours to this fatal extremity! Thoſe lips which look ſo pale and livid, within theſe few days gave delight to all who heard their utterance: it was the buſineſs, the purpoſe of his being, next to obeying him to whom he is gone, to pleaſe and inſtruct, and that for no other end but to pleaſe and inſtruct. Kindneſs was the motive of his actions, and with all the capacity requiſite for making a figure in a contentious world, moderation, good-nature, affability, temperance and chaſtity, were the arts of his excellent life.—There as he lies in helpleſs agony, no wiſe man who knew him ſo well as I, but would reſign all the world can beſtow to be ſo near the end of ſuch a life. Why does my heart ſo little obey my reaſon as to lament thee, thou excellent man?—Heaven receive him or reſtore him!—Thy beloved mother, thy obliged friends, thy helpleſs ſervants, ſtand round thee without diſtinction.—How much wouldſt thou, hadſt thou thy ſenſes, ſay to each of us!

'But now that good heart burſts, and he is at reſt—With that breath expired a ſoul who never indulged a paſſion unfit for the place he is gone to. Where are now thy plans of juſtice, of truth, of honour? Of what uſe the volumes

thou haſt collated, the arguments thou haſt invented, the examples thou haſt followed? Poor were the expectations of the ſtudious, the modeſt, and the good, if the reward of their labours were only to be expected from man. No, my friend, thy intended pleadings, thy intended good offices to thy friends, thy intended ſervices to thy country, are already performed (as to thy concern in them) in his ſight, before whom, the paſt, preſent, and future appear at one view. While others with thy talents were tormented with ambition, with vain-glory, with envy, with emulation, how well didſt thou turn thy mind to its own improvement in things out of the power of fortune; in probity, in integrity, in the practice and ſtudy of juſtice! How ſilent thy paſſage, how private thy journey, how glorious thy end! 'Many have I known more famous, ſome more knowing, not one ſo innocent.' R[e].

[e] By Steele, the ſignature R, annexed to the original paper in folio, is ſuppoſed to ſignify that it was peculiarly his own. See note to N° 3, N° 4, or the firſt paper of the Spectator, diſtinguiſhed by the ſignature R.

N° 134. Friday, Auguſt 3, 1711.

———*Opiferque per orbem*
Dicor—— OVID. Met. i. 521.
And am the great phyſician call'd below. DRYDEN.

DURING my abſence in the country, ſeveral packets have been left for me, which were not forwarded to me, becauſe I was expected every day in town. The author of the following letter dated from Tower-hill, having ſometimes been entertained with ſome learned gentlemen in pluſh doublets [f], who have vended their wares from a ſtage in that place, has pleaſantly enough addreſſed to me, as no leſs a ſage in morality, than thoſe are in phyſic. To comply with his kind inclination to make my cures famous, I ſhall give you his teſtimonial of my great abilities at large in his own words.

'SIR, Tower-hill, July 5, 1711.

'YOUR ſaying the other day there is ſomething wonderful in the narrowneſs of thoſe minds which can be pleaſed, and be barren of bounty to thoſe who pleaſe them [g], makes me in pain that I am not a man of power. If I were, you ſhould ſoon ſee how much I approve your ſpeculations. In the mean time, I beg leave to ſupply that inability with the empty tribute of an honeſt mind, by telling you plainly

[f] Viz. Quack-doctors.
[g] See above, N° 107.

I love and thank you for your daily refreſhments. I conſtantly peruſe your paper as I ſmoke my morning's pipe (though I cannot forbear reading the motto before I fill and light,) and really it gives a grateful reliſh to every whiff; each paragraph is fraught either with uſeful or delightful notions, and I never fail of being highly diverted or improved. The variety of your ſubjects ſurpriſes me as much as a box of pictures did formerly, in which there was only one face, that by pulling ſome pieces of iſinglaſs over it, was changed into a grave ſenator or a Merry-Andrew, a patched lady or a nun, a beau or a black-a-moor, a prude or a coquette, a country eſquire or a conjurer, with many other different repreſentations very entertaining (as you are) though ſtill the ſame at the bottom. This was a childiſh amuſement, when I was carried away with outward appearance, but you make a deeper impreſſion, and affect the ſecret ſprings of the mind; you charm the fancy, ſooth the paſſions, and inſenſibly lead the reader to that ſweetneſs of temper that you ſo well deſcribe; you rouſe generoſity with that ſpirit, and inculcate humanity with that eaſe, that he muſt be miſerably ſtupid that is not affected by you. I cannot ſay indeed that you have put impertinence to ſilence, or vanity out of countenance; but methinks you have bid as fair for it, as any man that ever appeared upon a public ſtage; and offer an infallible cure for vice and folly, for the price of one penny. And ſince it is uſual for thoſe who receive benefit by ſuch famous operators, to publiſh an advertiſement,

that others may reap the ſame advantage, I think myſelf obliged to declare to all the world, that having for a long time been ſplenetic, ill-natured, froward, ſuſpicious, and unſociable, by the application of your medicines, taken only with half an ounce of right Virginia tobacco, for ſix ſucceſſive mornings, I am become open, obliging, officious, frank, and hoſpitable.

I am,
your humble ſervant,
and great admirer,
GEORGE TRUSTY.'

This careful father and the humble petitioner hereafter mentioned, who are under difficulties about the juſt management of fans, will ſoon receive the proper advertiſements relating to the profeſſors in that behalf, with their places of abode and methods of teaching.

'SIR, July 5, 1711.

'IN your Spectator of June the 27th [h] you tranſcribe a letter ſent to you from a new ſort of muſter-maſter, who teaches ladies the whole exerciſe of the fan; I have a daughter juſt come to town, who though ſhe has always held a fan in her hand at proper times, yet ſhe knows no more how to uſe it according to true diſcipline, than an aukward ſchool-boy does to make uſe of his new ſword. I have ſent for her on purpoſe to learn the exerciſe, ſhe being

[h] N° 102.

already very well accompliſhed in all other arts which are neceſſary for a young lady to underſtand; my requeſt is, that you will ſpeak to your correſpondent on my behalf, and in your next paper let me know what he expects, either by the month or the quarter, for teaching; and where he keeps his place of rendezvous. I have a ſon too, whom I would fain have taught to gallant fans, and ſhould be glad to know what the gentleman will have for teaching them both, I finding fans for practice at my own expence. This information will in the higheſt manner oblige,

Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM WISEACRE.

'As ſoon as my ſon is perfect in this art (which I hope will be in a year's time, for the boy is pretty apt), I deſign he ſhall learn to ride the great horſe, (although he is not yet above twenty years old) if his mother, whoſe darling he is, will venture him.'

TO THE SPECTATOR.

'*The humble Petition of Benjamin Eaſie, gent.*

'SHEWETH,

'THAT it was your petitioner's miſfortune to walk to Hackney church laſt Sunday, where to his great amazement he met with a ſoldier of your own training; ſhe furls a fan, recovers a fan, and goes through the whole exerciſe of it to admiration. This well-managed

officer of yours has, to my knowledge, been the ruin of above five young gentlemen beſides myſelf, and ſtill goes on laying waſte whereſoever ſhe comes, whereby the whole village is in great danger. Our humble requeſt is therefore, that this bold Amazon be ordered immediately to lay down her arms, or that you would iſſue forth an order, that we who have been thus injured may meet at the place of general rendezvous, and there be taught to manage our ſnuff-boxes in ſuch a manner as we may be an equal match for her;

And your petitioner ſhall ever pray, &c.'

R[i].

N° 135. Saturday, Auguſt 4, 1711.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia——

HOR. 1 Sat. x. 9.

Let brevity diſpatch the rapid thought.

I HAVE ſomewhere read of an eminent perſon, who uſed in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to Heaven that he was born a Frenchman: for my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar bleſſing that I was born an Engliſhman. Among many other reaſons, I think myſelf very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man

[i] By Steele, the paper having in the firſt publication in folio the ſignature R, ſuppoſed to denote originality; the T, at the end of many of his papers, is thought to be his editorial mark, and may generally be conſidered to ſignify tranſcribed. See final note to N° 324.

who is ſparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I ſhall communicate to the public my ſpeculations upon the Engliſh tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The Engliſh delight in ſilence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our diſcourſe is not kept up in converſation, but falls into more pauſes and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is obſerved, that the matter of our writings is thrown much cloſer together, and lies in a narrower compaſs than is uſual in the works of foreign authors: for, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the ſhorteſt way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as poſſible.

This humour ſhews itſelf in ſeveral remarks that we may make upon the Engliſh language[k]. As firſt of all by its abounding in monoſyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few ſounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the ſame time expreſſes our ideas in the readieſt manner, and conſequently anſwers the firſt deſign of ſpeech better than the multitude of ſyllables, which make the words of other languages more tuneable and ſonorous. The

[k] 'Is it,' ſays Swift to Stella, in one of his journal Letters, 'the Engliſh tongue, or the Engliſh language?' The words in queſtion, are uſed here indiſcriminately.

ſounds of our Engliſh words are commonly like thoſe of ſtring muſic, ſhort and tranſient, which riſe and periſh upon a ſingle touch; thoſe of other languages are like the notes of wind inſtruments, ſweet and ſwelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may obſerve, that where the words are not monoſyllables, we often make them ſo, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation; as it generally happens in moſt of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the ſyllables that gives them a grave and ſolemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for diſpatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as 'liberty, conſpiracy, theatre, orator,' &c.

The ſame natural averſion to loquacity has of late years made a very conſiderable alteration in our language, by cloſing in one ſyllable the termination of our præterperfect tenſe, as in the words, 'drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd,' for 'drowned, walked, arrived,' which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our ſmootheſt words into ſo many cluſters of conſonants. This is the more remarkable, becauſe the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politeſt authors, who nevertheleſs are the men that have made theſe retrenchments, and conſequently very much increaſed our former ſcarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in ED, I have heard in converſation from one of the

greateſt geniuſes this age has produced[1]. I think we may add to the foregoing obſervation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of ſeveral words that are terminated in 'eth,' by ſubſtituting an s in the room of the laſt ſyllable, as in 'drowns, walks, arrives,' and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were 'drowneth, walketh, arriveth.' This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the Engliſh tongue, and added to that hiſſing in our language, which is taken ſo much notice of by foreigners; but at the ſame time humours our taciturnity, and eaſes us of many ſuperfluous ſyllables.

I might here obſerve, that the ſame ſingle letter on many occaſions does the office of a whole word, and repreſents the 'his' and 'her' of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the beſt judge in this caſe, would very much diſapprove of ſuch innovations, which indeed we do ourſelves in ſome meaſure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the ſolemn offices of our religion.

As in the inſtances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, ſo on other occaſions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewiſe very much untuned our language, and clogged it with conſonants, as 'mayn't, can't,

[1] This was probably Dean Swift, who has made the ſame obſervation in his propoſal for correcting, improving, and aſcertaining the Engliſh Tongue, &c. See Swift's Works.

ſhan't, won't,' and the like, for 'may not, can not, ſhall not, will not,' &c.

It is perhaps this humour of ſpeaking no more than we needs muſt, which has ſo miſerably curtailed ſome of our words, that in familiar writings and converſations they often loſe all but their firſt ſyllables, as in mob. rep. pos. incog.' and the like; and as all ridiculous words make their firſt entry into a language by familiar phraſes, I dare not anſwer for theſe, that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We ſee ſome of our poets have been ſo indiſcreet as to imitate Hudibras's dog-grel expreſſions in their ſerious compoſitions, by throwing out the ſigns of our ſubſtantives which are eſſential to the Engliſh language. Nay, this humour of ſhortening our language had once run ſo far, that ſome of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon ſir Roger L'Eſtrange in particular, began to prune their words of all ſuperfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjuſt the ſpelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite deſtroyed our tongue.

We may here likewiſe obſerve that our proper names when familiarized in Engliſh, generally dwindle to monoſyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a ſofter turn on this occaſion, by the addition of a new ſyllable. —Nick in Italian is Nicolini; Jack in French Janot; and ſo of the reſt.

There is another particular in our language which is a great inſtance of our frugality of

words, and that is the ſuppreſſing of ſeveral particles which muſt be produced in other tongues to make a ſentence intelligible. This often perplexes the beſt writers, when they find the relatives, 'whom, which, or they,' at their mercy, whether they may have admiſſion or not; and will never be decided until we have ſomething like an academy, that by the beſt authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages ſhall ſettle all controverſies between grammar and idiom.

I have only conſidered our language as it ſhews the genius and natural temper of the Engliſh, which is modeſt, thoughtful, and ſincere, and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has ſpoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the ſame thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who ſpeak them. It is certain, the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be ſhewn by many inſtances; as the genius of the Italians, which is ſo much addicted to muſic and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phraſes to thoſe particular uſes. The ſtatelineſs and gravity of the Spaniards ſhews itſelf to perfection in the ſolemnity of their language; and the blunt honeſt humour of the Germans ſounds better in the roughneſs of the High-Dutch, than it would in a politer tongue. C[m].

[m] By Addiſon, dated, it ſeems, from Chelſea. See final note to N° 221, on Addiſon's ſignatures C, L, I, O.

*** In a few days will be publiſhed, The Trial of Dr.

N° 136. Monday, Auguſt 6, 1711.

——*Parthis Mendacior*—— Hor. 2 Ep. i. 112.

A greater liar Parthia never bred.

ACCORDING to the requeſt of this ſtrange fellow, I ſhall print the following letter.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I SHALL without any manner of apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my youth upward, one of the greateſt liars this iſland has produced. I have read all the moraliſts upon the ſubject, but could never find any effect their diſcourſes had upon me, but to add to my misfortune by new thoughts and ideas, and making me more ready in my language, and capable of ſometimes mixing ſeeming truths with my improbabilities. With this ſtrong paſſion towards falſehood in this kind, there does not live an honeſter man, or a ſincerer friend; but my imagination runs away with me, and whatever is ſtarted, I have ſuch a ſcene of adventures appears in an inſtant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, though to my immediate confuſion, I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the firſt man I meet.

Chriſtian Krumbholtz, for preaching ſeditious ſermons, and ſtirring up the people to rebellion againſt the magiſtrates and government of Hamburgh. Publiſhed by the order of the high Imperial Commiſſioners, and faithfully tranſlated into Engliſh. Printed in 8vo. to be bound up with Dr. Sacheverel's Trial. Printed for J. Phillips, at the Black Bull, in Cornhill. Spect. in folio.

'Upon occaſion of the mention of the battle of Pultowa[n], I could not forbear giving an account of a kinſman of mine, a young merchant who was bred at Moſcow, that had too much mettle to attend books of entries and accounts, when there was ſo active a ſcene in the country where he reſided, and followed the Czar as a volunteer. This warm youth (born at the inſtant the thing was ſpoke of) was the man who unhorſed the Swediſh general, he was the occaſion that the Muſcovites kept their fire in ſo ſoldier-like a manner, and brought up thoſe troops which were covered from the enemy at the beginning of the day; beſides this, he had at laſt the good fortune to be the man who took count Piper[o]. With all this fire I knew my couſin to be the civileſt creature in the world. He never made any impertinent ſhow of his valour, and then he had an excellent genius for the world in every other kind. I had letters from him (here I felt in my pockets) that exactly ſpoke the Czar's character, which I knew perfectly well; and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his imperial majeſty twice or thrice a week all the while he lodged at Deptford[p]. What is worſe than all this, it is impoſſible to ſpeak to me, but you give me ſome occaſion of coming out with one lie or other, that has neither wit,

[n] Fought July 8, 1709, between Charles XII. of Sweden and Peter I. emperor of Ruſſia: wherein Charles was entirely defeated.

[o] Prime Miniſter of Charles XII.

[p] In the ſpring of the year 1698.

humour, proſpect of intereſt, or any other motive that I can think of in nature. The other day, when one was commending an eminent and learned divine, what occaſion in the world had I to ſay, 'Methinks he would look more venerable if he were not ſo fair a man?' I remember the company ſmiled. I have ſeen the gentleman ſince, and he is coal-black. I have intimations every day in my life that no body believes me, yet I am never the better. I was ſaying ſomething the other day to an old friend at Wills's coffee-houſe, and he made me no manner of anſwer; but told me that an acquaintance of Tully the orator having two or three times together ſaid to him, without receiving any anſwer, "that upon his honour he was but that very month forty years of age;" Tully anſwered, "Surely you think me the moſt incredulous man in the world, if I do not believe what you have told me every day this ten years." The miſchief of it is, I find myſelf wonderfully inclined to have been preſent at every occurrence that is ſpoken of before me; this has led me into many inconveniencies, but indeed they have been the fewer, becauſe I am no ill-natured man, and never ſpeak things to any man's diſadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the conſequence, for I have often made a man ſay ſuch and ſuch a lively expreſſion, who was born a mere elder brother. When one has ſaid in my hearing, "Such a one is no wiſer than he ſhould be," I immediately have replied, "Now 'faith, I cannot ſee that, he ſaid a very good thing to my

lord ſuch-a-one, upon ſuch an occaſion, and the like." Such an honeſt dolt as this has been watched in every expreſſion he uttered, upon my recommendation of him, and conſequently been ſubject to the more ridicule. I once endeavoured to cure myſelf of this impertinent quality, and reſolved to hold my tongue for ſeven days together; I did ſo, but then I had ſo many winks and unneceſſary diſtortions of my face upon what any body elſe ſaid, that I found I only forebore the expreſſion, and that I ſtill lied in my heart to every man I met with. You are to know one thing (which I believe you will ſay is a pity, conſidering the uſe I ſhould have made of it) I never travelled in my life; but I do not know whether I could have ſpoken of any foreign country with more familiarity than I do at preſent, in company who are ſtrangers to me. I have curſed the inns in Germany; commended the brothels at Venice; the freedom of converſation in France; and though I never was out of this dear town, and fifty miles about it, have been three nights together dogged by bravoes, for an intrigue with a cardinal's miſtreſs at Rome.

'It were endleſs to give you particulars of this kind; but I can aſſure you, Mr. Spectator, there are about twenty or thirty of us in this town; I mean by this town the cities of London and Weſtminſter; I ſay there are in town a ſufficient number of us to make a ſociety among ourſelves; and ſince we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this my letter, that we may meet together, and be

under ſuch regulation as there may be no occaſion for belief or confidence among us. If you think fit, we may be called "the hiſtorians," for liar is become a very harſh word. And that a member of the ſociety may not hereafter be ill received by the reſt of the world, I deſire you would explain a little this ſort of men, and not let us hiſtorians be ranked, as we are in the imaginations of ordinary people, among common liars, make-bates, impoſtors, and incendiaries. For your inſtruction herein, you are to know that an hiſtorian in converſation is only a perſon of ſo pregnant a fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary occurrences. I know a man of quality of our order, who is of the wrong ſide of forty-three, and has been of that age, according to Tully's jeſt, for ſome years ſince, whoſe vein is upon the romantic. Give him the leaſt occaſion, and he will tell you ſomething ſo very particular that happened in ſuch a year, and in ſuch company, where by the by was preſent ſuch a one, who was afterwards made ſuch a thing—Out of all theſe circumſtances, in the beſt language in the world, he will join together with ſuch probable incidents an account that ſhews a perſon of the deepeſt penetration, the honeſteſt mind, and withal ſomething ſo humble when he ſpeaks of himſelf, that you would admire. Dear ſir, why ſhould this be lying! there is nothing ſo inſtructive. He has withal the graveſt aſpect; ſomething ſo very venerable and great! Another of theſe hiſtorians is a young man whom we would take in, though he extremely wants

parts; as people ſend children (before they can learn any thing) to ſchool, to keep them out of harm's way.——He tells things which have nothing at all in them, and can neither pleaſe nor diſpleaſe, but merely take up your time to no manner of purpoſe, no manner of delight; but he is good-natured, and does it becauſe he loves to be ſaying ſomething to you, and entertain you.

'I could name you a ſoldier that hath done very great things without ſlaughter; he is prodigiouſly dull and ſlow of head, but what he can ſay is for ever falſe, ſo that we muſt have him.

'Give me leave to tell you of one more who is a lover; he is the moſt afflicted creature in the world, leſt what happened between him and a great beauty ſhould ever be known. Yet again he comforts himſelf. "Hang the jade her woman. If money can keep the ſlut truſty I will do it, though I mortgage every acre; Anthony and Cleopatra for that; All for Love and the World well loſt."

'Then, ſir, there is my little merchant, honeſt Indigo of the 'Change, there is my man for loſs and gain; there is tare and tret, there is lying all round the globe; he has ſuch a prodigious intelligence, he knows all the French are doing, and what we intend or ought to intend, and has it from ſuch hands.—But, alas, whither am I running! while I complain, while I remonſtrate to you, even all this is a lie, and there is not one ſuch perſon of quality, lover, ſoldier, or merchant, as I have now deſcribed

in the whole world, that I know of. But I will catch myſelf once in my life, and in ſpite of nature ſpeak one truth, to wit, that I am,

T [q]. Your humble ſervant, &c.'

N° 137. Tueſday, Auguſt 7, 1711.

At hæc etiam ſervis ſemper libera fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent, ſuo potius quam alterius arbitrio.

TULL. Epiſt.

Even ſlaves were always at liberty to fear, rejoice, and grieve, at their own rather than another's pleaſure.

IT is no ſmall concern to me, that I find ſo many complaints from that part of mankind whoſe portion it is to live in ſervitude, that thoſe whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their condition will admit of. There are, as theſe unhappy correſpondents inform me, maſters who are offended at a cheerful countenance, and think a ſervant is broke looſe from them, if he does not preſerve the utmoſt awe in their preſence. There is one who ſays, if he looks ſatisfied, his maſter aſks him, 'what makes him ſo pert this morning;' if a little ſour, 'Hark ye, ſirrah, are not you paid your wages?' The poor creatures live in the moſt extreme miſery together: the maſter knows not how to preſerve reſpect, nor the ſervant how to give it. It ſeems this perſon is of ſo ſullen a nature, that he knows but little

[q] By Steele, probably compoſed or communicated from the letter-box. See final note to N° 324, on ſignature T.

ſatisfaction in the midſt of a plentiful fortune, and ſecretly frets to ſee any appearance of content in one that lives upon the hundredth part of his income, while he is unhappy in the poſſeſſion of the whole. Uneaſy perſons who cannot poſſeſs their own minds, vent their ſpleen upon all who depend upon them; which, I think, is expreſſed in a lively manner in the following letters.

'SIR, Auguſt 2, 1711.

'I HAVE read your Spectator of the third of the laſt month[r], and wiſh I had the happineſs of being preferred to ſerve ſo good a maſter as ſir Roger. The character of my maſter is the very reverſe of that good and gentle knight's. All his directions are given, and his mind revealed by way of contraries: as when any thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar caſt of face he cries "Be ſure to forget now." If I am to make haſte back, "Do not come theſe two hours; be ſure to call by the way upon ſome of your companions." Then another excellent way of his is, if he ſets me any thing to do, which he knows muſt neceſſarily take me up half a day, he calls ten times in a quarter of an hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his manner; and the ſame perverſeneſs runs through all his actions, according as the circumſtances vary. Beſides all this, he is ſo ſuſpicious, that he ſubmits himſelf to the drudgery of a ſpy. He is as unhappy himſelf as he makes his ſervants: he is conſtantly watching us, and we differ no more in pleaſure

[r] N° 107.

and liberty than as a gaoler, and as a priſoner. He lays traps for faults, and no ſooner makes a diſcovery, but falls into ſuch language, as I am more aſhamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, ſir, is a ſhort ſketch of a maſter I have ſerved upwards of nine years; and though I have never wronged him, I confeſs my deſpair of pleaſing him has very much abated my endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to ſteal a ſentence out of my maſter's Clarendon, I ſhall tell you my caſe in a word, "Being uſed worſe than I deſerved, I cared leſs to deſerve well than I had done."

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

RALPH VALET.'

'DEAR MR. SPECTER,

'I am the next thing to a lady's woman, and am under both my lady and her woman, and I am ſo uſed by them both, that I ſhould be very glad to ſee them in the Spectator. My lady herſelf is of no mind in the world, and for that reaſon her woman is of twenty minds in a moment. My lady is one that never knows what to do with herſelf; ſhe pulls on and puts off every thing ſhe wears, twenty times, before ſhe reſolves upon it for that day. I ſtand at one end of the room, and reach things to her woman. When my lady aſks for a thing, I hear, and have half brought it, when the woman meets me in the middle of the room to receive it, and at that inſtant ſhe ſays, "No, ſhe will not have it." Then I go back, and her woman comes up to her, and by this time ſhe

will have that, and two or three things more in an inſtant. The woman and I run to each other; I am loaded and delivering the things to her, when my lady ſays ſhe wants none of all theſe things, and we are the dulleſt creatures in the world, and ſhe the unhappieſt woman living, for ſhe ſhall not be dreſt in any time. Thus we ſtand not knowing what to do, when our good lady with all the patience in the world tells us as plain as ſhe can ſpeak, that ſhe will have temper becauſe we have no manner of underſtanding; and begins again to dreſs, and ſee if we can find out of ourſelves what we are to do. When ſhe is dreſſed ſhe goes to dinner, and after ſhe has diſliked every thing there, ſhe calls for her coach, then commands it in again, and then ſhe will not go out at all, and then will go too, and orders the chariot. Now, good Mr. Spectator, I deſire you would, in the behalf of all who ſerve froward ladies, give out in your paper, that nothing can be done without allowing time for it, and that one cannot be back again with what one was ſent for, if one is called back before one can go a ſtep for that they want. And if you pleaſe, let them know that all miſtreſſes are as like as all ſervants.

I am your loving friend,

PATIENCE GIDDY.'

Theſe are great calamities; but I met the other day in the Five-fields, towards Chelſea, a pleaſanter tyrant than either of the above repreſented. A fat fellow was puffing on in his open waiſtcoat; a boy of fourteen in a livery,

carrying after him his cloak, upper coat, hat, wig, and ſword. The poor lad was ready to ſink with the weight, and could not keep up with his maſter, who turned back every half furlong, and wondered what made the lazy young dog lag behind.

There is ſomething very unaccountable, that people cannot put themſelves in the condition of the perſons below them, when they conſider the commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to ſee a fellow (who if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any man living) lament that he is troubled with the moſt worthleſs dogs in nature.

It would perhaps be running too far out of common life to urge, that he who is not maſter of himſelf and his own paſſions, cannot be a proper maſter of another. Æquanimity in a man's own words and actions will eaſily diffuſe itſelf through his whole family. Pamphilio has the happieſt houſhold of any man I know, and that proceeds from the humane regard he has to them in their private perſons, as well as in reſpect that they are his ſervants. If there be any occaſion, wherein they may in themſelves be ſuppoſed to be unfit to attend their maſter's concerns by reaſon of any attention to their own, he is ſo good as to place himſelf in their condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at dinner the other day, he made an apology for want of more attendants. He ſaid, 'One of my footmen is gone to the wedding of his ſiſter, and the other I do not

expect to wait, because his father died but two days ago.' T[a].

N° 138. Wednesday, August 8, 1711.

Utitur in re non dubiâ testibus non necessariis. TULL.

He uses unnecessary proofs in an indisputable point.

ONE meets now and then with persons who are extremely learned and knotty in expounding clear cases. Tully tells us of an author that spent some pages to prove that generals could not perform the great enterprises which have made them so illustrious, if they had not had men. He asserted also, it seems, that a minister at home, no more than a commander abroad, could do any thing without other men were his instruments and assistants. On this occasion he produces the example of Themistocles, Pericles, Cyrus, and Alexander himself, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others. It is pleasant enough to see such persons contend without opponents, and triumph without victory.

The author above-mentioned by the orator is placed for ever in a very ridiculous light, and

[a] By Steele, transcribed from the letter box, or composed from hints dropt into it. See Spectator, N° 324, final note on the letter T, supposed to have been Steele's editorial mark, and at times the distinguishing signature of papers composed, or transcribed from the letter-box, by Mr. Thomas Tickell. See Spectator, N° 271, paragraph 1, and N° 410, and note on Mr. Tickell.

we meet every day in converſation ſuch as deſerve the ſame kind of renown, for troubling thoſe with whom they converſe with the like certainties. The perſons that I have always thought to deſerve the higheſt admiration in this kind are your ordinary ſtory-tellers, who are moſt religiouſly careful of keeping to the truth in every particular circumſtance of a narration, whether it concerns the main end or not. A gentleman whom I had the honour to be in company with the other day, upon ſome occaſion that he was pleaſed to take, ſaid, he remembered a very pretty repartee made by a very witty man in king Charles's time upon the like occaſion. 'I remember (ſaid he, upon entering into the tale) much about the time of Oates's plot, that a couſin-german of mine and I were at the Bear in Holborn. No, I am out, it was at the Croſs-keys; but Jack Thomſon was there, for he was very great with the gentleman who made the anſwer. But I am ſure it was ſpoken ſomewhere thereabouts, for we drank a bottle in that neighbourhood every evening: but no matter for all that, the thing is the ſame; but——'

He was going on to ſettle the geography of the jeſt when I left the room, wondering at this odd turn of head which can play away its words, with uttering nothing to the purpoſe, ſtill obſerving its own impertinencies, and yet proceeding in them. I do not queſtion but he informed the reſt of his audience, who had more patience than I, of the birth and parentage, as well as the collateral alliances of his family

who made the repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

It is no ſmall misfortune to any who have a juſt value for their time, when this quality of being ſo very circumſtantial, and careful to be exact, happens to ſhew itſelf in a man whoſe quality obliges them to attend his proofs, that it is now day, and the like. But this is augmented when the ſame genius gets into authority, as it often does. Nay, I have known it more than once aſcend the very pulpit. One of this ſort taking it in his head to be a great admirer of Dr. Tillotſon and Dr. Beveridge, never failed of proving out of theſe great authors, things which no man living would have denied him upon his own ſingle authority. One day reſolving to come to the point in hand, he ſaid, 'according to that excellent divine,' I will enter upon the matter, or in his words, in his fifteenth ſermon of the folio edition, page 160,

"I ſhall briefly explain the words, and then conſider the matter contained in them."

This honeſt gentleman need not, one would think, ſtrain his modeſty ſo far as to alter his deſign of 'entering upon the matter,' to that of 'briefly explaining.' But ſo it was, that he would not even be contented with that authority, but added alſo the other divine to ſtrengthen his method, and told us, 'With the pious and learned Dr. Beveridge, page 4th of his 9th volume, "I ſhall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the words which I have now read, wherein for that purpoſe we ſhall conſider ——"

This wiſeacre was reckoned by the pariſh, who did not underſtand him, a moſt excellent preacher; but that he read too much, and was ſo humble that he did not truſt enough to his own parts.

Next to theſe ingenious gentlemen, who argue for what no body can deny them, are to be ranked a ſort of people who do not indeed attempt to prove inſignificant things, but are ever labouring to raiſe arguments with you about matters you will give up to them without the leaſt controverſy. One of theſe people told a gentleman who ſaid he ſaw Mr. ſuch-a-one go this morning at nine of the clock towards the Gravel-pits; 'Sir, I muſt beg your pardon for that, for though I am very loth to have any diſpute with you, yet I muſt take the liberty to tell you it was nine when I ſaw him at St. James's.' When men of this genius are pretty far gone in learning they will put you to prove that ſnow is white, and when you are upon that topic can ſay that there is really no ſuch thing as colour in nature; in a word, they can turn what little knowledge they have into a ready capacity of raiſing doubts; into a capacity of being always frivolous, and always unanſwerable. It was of two diſputants of this impertinent and laborious kind that the Cynic ſaid, 'One of theſe fellows is milking a ram, and the other holds the pail.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

'The exerciſe of the Snuff-box, according to the moſt faſhionable airs and motions, in

oppoſition to the Exerciſe of the Fan, will be taught with the beſt plain or perfumed ſnuff, at Charles Lillie's, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings in the Strand, and attendance given for the benefit of the young merchants about the Exchange for two hours every day at noon, except Saturday, at a toy-ſhop near Garraway's coffee-houſe. There will be likewiſe taught the Ceremony of the Snuff-box, or rules for offering ſnuff to a ſtranger, a friend, or a miſtreſs, according to the degrees of familiarity or diſtance; with an explanation of the careleſs, the ſcornful, the politic, and the ſurly pinch, and the geſtures proper to each of them [t].

'N. B. The undertaker does not queſtion but in a ſhort time to have formed a body of regular ſnuff-boxes ready to meet and make head againſt all the regiment of fans which have been lately diſciplined, and are now in motion.' T [u].

[t] This advertiſement is ſaid to have brought Lillie into ſuch notice, that he ſoon raiſed a fortune from his trade. P.—This report does not perfectly agree with what may be naturally inferred from the preface and dedication to the Original Letters, &c. publiſhed by Charles Lillie, in 1713, 8vo. 2 volumes. His widow died a few years ago at Paddington, in eaſy circumſtances.

[u] By Steele; ſee the final note to the preceding paper.

N° 139. Thurſday, Auguſt 9, 1711.

Vera gloria radices agit, atque etiam propagatur; ficta omnia celeriter, tanquam floſculi, decidunt, nec ſimulatum poteſt quidquam diuturnum. TULL.

True glory takes root, and even ſpreads: all falſe pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit laſt long.

Of all the affections which attend human life, the love of glory is the moſt ardent. According as this is cultivated in princes, it produces the greateſt good or the greateſt evil. Where ſovereigns have it by impreſſions received from education only, it creates an ambitious rather than a noble mind: where it is the natural bent of the prince's inclination, it prompts him to the purſuit of things truly glorious. The two greateſt men now in Europe (according to the common acceptation of the word great) are Lewis king of France, and Peter emperor of Ruſſia. As it is certain that all fame does not ariſe from the practice of virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleaſing amuſement to examine the glory of theſe potentates, and diſtinguiſh that which is empty, periſhing, and frivolous, from what is ſolid, laſting, and important.

Lewis of France had his infancy attended by crafty and worldly men, who made extent of territory the moſt glorious inſtance of power, and miſtook the ſpreading of fame for the acquiſition of honour. The young monarch's heart was by ſuch converſation eaſily deluded into a

fondneſs for vain-glory, and upon theſe unjuſt principles to form or fall in with ſuitable projects of invaſion, rapine, murder, and all the guilts that attend war when it is unjuſt. At the ſame time this tyranny was laid, ſciences and arts were encouraged in the moſt generous manner, as if men of higher faculties were to be bribed to permit the maſſacre of the reſt of the world. Every ſuperſtructure which the court of France built upon their firſt deſigns, which were in themſelves vicious, was ſuitable to its falſe foundation. The oſtentation of riches, the vanity of equipage, ſhame of poverty, and ignorance of modeſty, were the common arts of life: the generous love of one woman was changed into gallantry for all the ſex, and friendſhips among men turned into commerces of intereſt, or mere profeſſions. 'While theſe were the rules of life, perjuries in the prince, and a general corruption of manners in the ſubject, were the ſnares in which France has intangled all her neighbours.' With ſuch falſe colours have the eyes of Lewis been inchanted, from the debauchery of his early youth, to the ſuperſtition of his preſent old age. Hence it is, that he has the patience to have ſtatues erected to his proweſs, his valour, his fortitude, and in the ſoftneſſes and luxury of a court to be applauded for magnanimity and enterpriſe in military achievements.

Peter Alexovitz of Ruſſia, when he came to years of manhood, though he found himſelf emperor of a vaſt and numerous people, maſter of an endleſs territory, abſolute commander of

the lives and fortunes of his ſubjects, in the midſt of this unbounded power and greatneſs, turned his thoughts upon himſelf and people with ſorrow. Sordid ignorance, and a brute manner of life this generous prince beheld and contemned, from the light of his own genius. His judgment ſuggeſted this to him, and his courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not ſend to the nation from whence the reſt of the world has borrowed its politeneſs, but himſelf left his diadem to learn the true way to glory and honour, and application to uſeful arts, wherein to employ the laborious, the ſimple, the honeſt part of his people. Mechanic employments and operations were very juſtly the firſt objects of his favour and obſervation. With this glorious intention he travelled into foreign nations in an obſcure manner, above receiving little honours where he ſojourned, but prying into what was of more conſequence, their arts of peace and of war. By this means has this great prince laid the foundation of a great and laſting fame, by perſonal labour, perſonal knowledge, perſonal valour. It would be injury to any of antiquity to name them with him [w]. Who, but himſelf, ever left a throne to learn to ſit in it with more grace? Who ever thought himſelf mean in abſolute power, until he had learned to uſe it?

If we conſider this wonderful perſon, it is perplexity to know where to begin his encomium. Others may in a metaphorical or phi-

[w] i.e. He ſo far outſhone all the heroes of antiquity, that to name them with him, would only remind us of their inferiority. P.

loſophic ſenſe be ſaid to command themſelves, but this emperor is alſo literally under his own command. How generous and how good was his entering his own name as a private man in the army he raiſed, that none in it might expect to outrun the ſteps with which he himſelf advanced! By ſuch meaſures this godlike prince learned to conquer, learned to uſe his conqueſts. How terrible has he appeared in battle, how gentle in victory! Shall then the baſe arts of the Frenchman be held polite, and the honeſt labours of the Ruſſian barbarous? No: barbarity is the ignorance of true honour, or placing any thing inſtead of it. The unjuſt prince is ignoble and barbarous, the good prince only renowned and glorious.

Though men may impoſe upon themſelves what they pleaſe by their corrupt imaginations, truth will ever keep its ſtation; and as glory is nothing elſe but the ſhadow of virtue, it will certainly diſappear at the departure of virtue. But how carefully ought the true notions of it to be preſerved, and how induſtrious ſhould we be to encourage any impulſes towards it! The Weſtminſter ſchool-boy that ſaid the other day he could not ſleep or play for the colours in the hall [x], ought to be free from receiving a blow for ever.

But let us conſider what is truly glorious according to the author I have to-day quoted in the front of my paper.

[x] The colours taken at Blenheim in 1704 were fixed up in Weſtminſter-hall, after having been carried in proceſſion through the city. P.

The perfection of glory, ſays Tully, conſiſts in theſe three particulars: 'That the people love us; that they have confidence in us; that being affected with a certain admiration towards us, they think we deſerve honour.' This was ſpoken of greatneſs in the commonwealth. But if one were to form a notion of conſummate glory under our conſtitution, one muſt add to the above-mentioned felicities a certain neceſſary inexiſtence, and diſreliſh of all the reſt, without the prince's favour[y]. He ſhould, methinks, have riches, power, honour, command, glory; but riches, power, honour, command, and glory ſhould have no charms, but as accompanied with the affection of his prince. He ſhould, methinks, be popular becauſe a favourite, and a favourite becauſe popular. Were it not to make the character too imaginary, I would give him ſovereignty over ſome foreign territory, and make him eſteem that an empty addition without the kind regards of his own prince. One may merely have an idea of a man thus compoſed and circumſtantiated, and if he were ſo made for power without an incapacity[z] of giving jealouſy, he would be alſo glorious without poſſibility of receiving diſgrace. This humility and this importance muſt make his glory immortal.

[y] He means, that all the other felicities ſhould not be reliſhed, or even perceived to exiſt, without the prince's favour. P.

[z] The ſenſe ſeems to require 'without a capacity,' but all the copies read as here. P.

Theſe thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the uſual length of this paper; but if I could ſuppoſe ſuch rhapſodies could outlive the common fate of ordinary things, I would ſay theſe ſketches and faint images of glory were drawn in Auguſt, 1711, when John duke of Marlborough made that memorable march wherein he took the French lines without bloodſhed [a].

T [b].

N° 140. Friday, Auguſt 10, 1711.

——Animum curis nunc huc, nunc dividit illuc.
VIRG. Æn. iv. 285.
This way and that the anxious mind is torn.

WHEN I acquaint my reader, that I have many other letters not yet acknowledged, I believe he will own, what I have a mind he ſhould believe, that I have no ſmall charge upon me, but am a perſon of ſome conſequence in this world. I ſhall therefore employ the preſent hour only in reading petitions in the order as follows.

[a] For an account of this memorable march, which was eſteemed one of the moſt refined pieces of generalſhip exhibited in that age, the reader is referred to lieutenant-general Kane's Memoirs, 8vo. P.

[b] By Steele, compoſed perhaps from hints dropt into the letter-box, though written throughout with an air of originality, and in the author's beſt manner. See Spectator N° 272, paragraph 1, on the uſe made of the papers in the letter-box; and Spectator N° 324, final note on the letter T, ſuppoſed to be Steele's editorial mark, commonly denoting that the paper was tranſcribed, though uſed perhaps at times by Mr. Tickell, as his diſtinguiſhing ſignature.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have loſt ſo much time already, that I deſire upon the receipt hereof, you will ſit down immediately, and give me your anſwer. I would know of you whether a pretender of mine really loves me. As well as I can I will deſcribe his manners. When he ſees me he is always talking of conſtancy, but vouchſafes to viſit me but once a fortnight, and then is always in haſte to be gone. When I am ſick, I hear he ſays he is mightily concerned, but neither comes nor ſends, becauſe, as he tells his acquaintance with a ſigh, he does not care to let me know all the power I have over him, and how impoſſible it is for him to live without me. When he leaves the town he writes once in ſix weeks, deſires to hear from me, complains of the torment of abſence, ſpeaks of flames, tortures, languiſhings, and ecſtaſies. He has the cant of an impatient lover, but keeps the pace of a lukewarm one. You know I muſt not go faſter than he does, and to move at this rate is as tedious as counting a great clock. But you are to know he is rich, and my mother ſays, as he is ſlow he is ſure; he will love me long, if he love me little; but I appeal to you whether he loves at all.

Your neglected humble ſervant,

LYDIA NOVELL.

'All theſe fellows who have money are extremely ſaucy and cold; pray, ſir, tell them of it.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have been delighted with nothing more through the whole courſe of your writings than the ſubſtantial account you lately gave of wit, and I could wiſh you would take ſome other opportunity to expreſs further the corrupt taſte the age is run into; which I am chiefly apt to attribute to the prevalency of a few popular authors, whoſe merit in ſome reſpects has given a ſanction to their faults in others. Thus the imitators of Milton ſeem to place all the excellency of that ſort of writing either in the uncouth or antique words, or ſomething elſe which was highly vicious, though pardonable, in that great man[c]. The admirers of what we call point, or turn, look upon it as the particular happineſs to which Cowley, Ovid, and others, owe their reputation, and therefore endeavour to imitate them only in ſuch inſtances. What is juſt, proper, and natural does not ſeem to be the queſtion with them, but by what means a quaint antitheſis may be brought about, how one word may be made to look two ways, and what will be the conſequence of a forced alluſion. Now though ſuch authors appear to me to reſemble thoſe who make themſelves fine, inſtead of being well-dreſſed, or graceful; yet the miſchief is, that theſe beauties in them, which I call blemiſhes, are thought to proceed from luxuriance of fancy, and overflowing of good ſenſe. In one word, they have the cha-

[c] So Philips in his Cyder is careful to miſ-ſpell the words *orchat*, *ſovran*, after Milton, &c. P.

racter of being too witty: but if you would acquaint the world they are not witty at all, you would, among many others, oblige,

ſir,

Your moſt benevolent reader, R. D.'

'SIR,

'I am a young woman, and reckoned pretty; therefore you will pardon me that I trouble you to decide a wager between me and a couſin of mine, who is always contradicting one becauſe he underſtands Latin: pray, ſir, is Dimple ſpelt with a ſingle or a double P?

I am, ſir,

Your very humble ſervant,

BETTY SAUNTER.

'Pray, ſir, direct thus, "To the kind Queriſt," and leave it at Mr. Lillie's, for I do not care to be known in the thing at all. I am, ſir, again, your humble ſervant.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I muſt needs tell you there are ſeveral of your papers I do not much like. You are often ſo nice there is no enduring you, and ſo learned there is no underſtanding you. What have you to do with our petticoats?

Your humble ſervant,

PARTHENOPE.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Laſt night as I was walking in the park, I met a couple of friends. "Pr'ythee,

Jack," ſays one of them, "let us go drink a glaſs of wine, for I am fit for nothing elſe." This put me upon reflecting on the many miſcarriages which happen in converſations over wine, when men go to the bottle to remove ſuch humours as it only ſtirs up and awakens. This I could not attribute more to any thing than to the humour of putting company upon others which men do not like themſelves. Pray, ſir, declare in your papers, that he who is a troubleſome companion to himſelf, will not be an agreeable one to others. Let people reaſon themſelves into good humour, before they impoſe themſelves upon their friends. Pray, ſir, be as eloquent as you can upon this ſubject, and do human life ſo much good, as to argue powerfully, that it is not every one that can ſwallow who is fit to drink a glaſs of wine.

Your moſt humble ſervant.

'SIR,

'I THIS morning caſt my eye upon your paper concerning the expence of time. You are very obliging to the women, eſpecially thoſe who are not young and paſt gallantry, by touching ſo gently upon gaming: therefore I hope you do not think it wrong to employ a little leiſure time in that diverſion; but I ſhould be glad to hear you ſay ſomething upon the behaviour of ſome of the female gameſters.

'I have obſerved ladies, who in all other reſpects are gentle, good-humoured, and the

very pinks of good-breeding: who as ſoon as the Ombre-table is called for, and ſet down to their buſineſs, are immediately tranſmigrated into the verieſt waſps in nature.

'You muſt know I keep my temper, and win their money; but am out of countenance to take it, it makes them ſo very uneaſy. Be pleaſed, dear ſir, to inſtruct them to loſe with a better grace, and you will oblige

Yours, RACHEL BASTO.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR kindneſs to Leonora, in one of your papers[d], has given me encouragement to do myſelf the honour of writing to you. The great regard you have ſo often expreſſed for the inſtruction and improvement of our ſex, will, I hope, in your own opinion, ſufficiently excuſe me from making any apology for the impertinence of this letter. The great deſire I have to embelliſh my mind with ſome of thoſe graces which you ſay are ſo becoming, and which you aſſert reading helps us to, has made me uneaſy until I am put in a capacity of attaining them. This, ſir, I ſhall never think myſelf in, until you ſhall be pleaſed to recommend ſome author or authors to my peruſal.

'I thought indeed, when I firſt caſt my eye on Leonora's letter, that I ſhould have had no occaſion for requeſting it of you; but to my very great concern, I found on the peruſal of

[d] See above, N° 92, where the letter ſigned Leonora was written by a Miſs Shephard, afterwards Mrs. Perry.

that Spectator, I was intirely disappointed, and am as much at a loss how to make use of my time for that end as ever. Pray, sir, oblige me at least with one scene, as you were pleased to entertain Leonora with your prologue. I write to you not only my own sentiments, but also those of several others of my acquaintance, who are as little pleased with the ordinary manner of spending one's time as myself. If a fervent desire after knowledge, and a great sense of our present ignorance, may be thought a good presage and earnest of improvement, you may look upon your time you shall bestow in answering this request not thrown away to no purpose. And I cannot but add, that unless you have a particular and more than ordinary regard for Leonora, I have a better title to your favour than she: since I do not content myself with tea-table reading of your papers, but it is my entertainment very often when alone in my closet. To shew you I am capable of improvement and hate flattery, I acknowledge I do not like some of your papers; but even there I am readier to call in question my own shallow understanding than Mr. Spectator's profound judgment.

I am, sir, your already (and in hopes of being more your) obliged servant,

PARTHENIA [e].'

This last letter is written with so urgent and serious an air, that I cannot but think it incum-

[e] This letter was written by Miss Shephard, a sister of Mrs. Perry. These ladies were collateral descendants of

bent upon me to comply with her commands, which I ſhall do very ſuddenly[f]. T[g].

N° 141. Saturday, Auguſt 11, 1711.

——— *Migravit ab aure voluptas*
Omnis——— Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 187.

Taſte, that eternal wanderer, that flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes. Pope.

In the preſent emptineſs of the town, I have ſeveral applications from the lower part of the players, to admit ſuffering to paſs for acting. They in very obliging terms deſire me to let a fall on the ground, a ſtumble, or a good ſlap on the back, be reckoned a jeſt. Theſe gambols I ſhall tolerate for a ſeaſon, becauſe I hope the evil cannot continue longer than until the people of condition and taſte return to town. The method ſome time ago was to entertain that part of the audience, who have no faculty above eye-ſight, with rope-dancers and tumblers; which was a way diſcreet enough, becauſe it prevented confuſion, and diſtinguiſhed ſuch as could ſhew all the poſtures which the body is capable of, from thoſe who were to repreſent all the paſſions to which the mind is ſubject.

ſir Fleetwood Shephard of facetious memory. See Spect. N° 163, where the letter ſigned Leonora was written by Mrs. Perry.

[f] Pity this promiſe was never fulfilled. P.—Perhaps it was thought to be fulfilled by Steele's publication of The Lady's Library. See Steele's Letters, Vol. II. p. 423, &c.

[g] The editorial mark of Steele. See N° 324, note on T.

But though this was prudently ſettled, corporeal and intellectual actors ought to be kept at a ſtill wider diſtance than to appear on the ſame ſtage at all: for which reaſon I muſt propoſe ſome methods for the improvement of the bear-garden, by diſmiſſing all bodily actors to that quarter.

In caſes of greater moment, where men appear in public, the conſequence and importance of the thing can bear them out. And though a pleader or preacher is hoarſe or aukward, the weight of their matter commands reſpect and attention; but in theatrical ſpeaking, if the performer is not exactly proper and graceful, he is utterly ridiculous. In caſes where there is little elſe expected, but the pleaſure of the eyes and ears, the leaſt diminution of that pleaſure is the higheſt offence. In acting, barely to perform the part is not commendable, but to be the leaſt out is contemptible. To avoid theſe difficulties and delicacies, I am informed, that while I was out of town, the actors have flown in the air, and played ſuch pranks, and run ſuch hazards, that none but the ſervants of the fire-office, tilers, and maſons, could have been able to perform the like[h]. The author of the following letter, it ſeems, has been of the audience at one of theſe entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I think he has been to the utmoſt degree

[h] Alluding to Shadwell's comedy of the Lancaſhire Witches, which had been lately acted ſeveral times, and was advertiſed for the very night in which this Spectator is dated.

ſevere againſt what is exceptionable in the play he mentions, without dwelling ſo much as he might have done on the author's moſt excellent talent of humour. The pleaſant pictures he has drawn of life, ſhould have been more kindly mentioned, at the ſame time that he baniſhes his witches, who are too dull devils to be attacked with ſo much warmth.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'UPON a report that Moll White had followed you to town, and was to act a part in the Lancaſhire Witches, I went laſt week to ſee that play. It was my fortune to ſit next to a country juſtice of the peace, a neighbour (as he ſaid) of ſir Roger's, who pretended to ſhew her to us in one of the dances. There was witchcraft enough in the entertainment almoſt to incline me to believe him; Ben Jonſon was almoſt lamed; young Bullock[1] narrowly ſaved his neck; the audience was aſtoniſhed, and an old acquaintance of mine, a perſon of worth, whom I would have bowed to in the pit, at two yards diſtance did not know me.

'If you were what the country people reported you, a White Witch, I could have wiſhed you had been there to have exorciſed that rabble of broomſticks, with which we were haunted for above three hours. I could have allowed them to ſet Clod in the tree, to have ſcared the Sportſmen, plagued the Juſtice, and employed honeſt Teague with his holy

[1] The names of two actors then upon the ſtage.

water[k]. This was the proper uſe of them in comedy, if the author had ſtopped here; but I cannot conceive what relation the ſacrifice of the black lamb, and the ceremonies of their worſhip to the devil[k], have to the buſineſs of mirth and humour.

'The gentleman who writ this play, and has drawn ſome characters in it very juſtly, appears to have been miſled in his witchcraft by an unwary following the inimitable Shakſpeare. The incantations in Macbeth have a ſolemnity admirably adapted to the occaſion of that tragedy, and fill the mind with a ſuitable horror; beſides, that the witches are a part of the ſtory itſelf, as we find it very particularly related in Hector Boetius, from whom he ſeems to have taken it. This therefore is a proper machine where the buſineſs is dark, horrid, and bloody; but is extremely foreign from the affair of comedy. Subjects of this kind, which are in themſelves diſagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, but by paſſing through an imagination like Shakſpeare's to form them; for which reaſon Mr. Dryden would not allow even Beaumont and Fletcher capable of imitating him.

'But Shakſpeare's magic cou'd not copied be:
Within that circle none durſt walk but he.'

'I ſhould not, however, have troubled you with theſe remarks, if there were not ſomething elſe in this comedy, which wants to be exor-

[k] Different incidents in the play of the Lancaſhire Witches.

ciſed more than the witches: I mean the freedom of ſome paſſages, which I ſhould have overlooked, if I had not obſerved that thoſe jeſts can raiſe the loudeſt mirth, though they are painful to right ſenſe, and an outrage upon modeſty.

'We muſt attribute ſuch liberties to the taſte of that age: but indeed by ſuch repreſentations a poet ſacrifices the beſt part of his audience to the worſt; and, as one would think, neglects the boxes, to write to the orange-wenches.

'I muſt not conclude till I have taken notice of the moral with which this comedy ends. The two young ladies having given a notable example of outwitting thoſe who had a right in the diſpoſal of them, and marrying without conſent of parents, one of the injured parties, who is eaſily reconciled, winds up all with this remark,

'——— Deſign whate'er we will,
There is a fate which over-rules us ſtill[l].'

'We are to ſuppoſe that the gallants are men of merit, but if they had been rakes the excuſe might have ſerved as well. Hans Carvel's wife[m] was of the ſame principle, but has expreſſed it with a delicacy which ſhews ſhe is not ſerious in her excuſe, but in a ſort of humorous philoſophy turns off the thought of her guilt, and ſays,

[l] The concluding diſtich of Shadwell's play.

[m] In Prior's Poems. Vol. I. p. 103. Ed. 1725. 2 vols. 12mo.

'That if weak women go aſtray,
Their ſtars are more in fault than they.'

'This no doubt is a full reparation, and diſmiſſes the audience with very edifying impreſſions.

'Theſe things fall under a province you have partly purſued already, and therefore demands your animadverſion, for the regulating ſo noble an entertainment as that of the ſtage. It were to be wiſhed, that all who write for it hereafter would raiſe their genius, by the ambition of pleaſing people of the beſt underſtanding; and leave others who ſhew nothing of the human ſpecies but riſibility, to ſeek their diverſion at the bear-garden, or ſome other privileged place, where reaſon and good-manners have no right to diſturb them.

Auguſt 8, 1711. I am, &c.[n]'

T°.

[n] This letter was written by Mr. John Hughes.

[o] By Steele, tranſcribed from the letter-box; this being commonly, it ſeems, his editorial mark; though ſometimes perhaps the ſignature of Mr. T. Tickell. See final note to N° 324.

N° 142. Monday, Auguſt 13, 1711.

Irrupta tenet copula—— Hor. 1 Od. xiii. 18.
Whom love's unbroken bond unites.

The following letters being genuine, and the images of a worthy paſſion, I am willing to give the old lady's admonition to myſelf, and the repreſentation of her own happineſs, a place in my writings.

'Mr. Spectator, Auguſt 9, 1711.

'I am now in the ſixty-ſeventh year of my age, and read you with approbation; but methinks you do not ſtrike at the root of the greateſt evil in life, which is the falſe notion of gallantry in love. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill foot; but I who have been a wife forty years, and was bred up in a way that has made me ever ſince very happy, ſee through the folly of it. In a word, ſir, when I was a young woman, all who avoided the vices of the age, were very carefully educated, and all fantaſtical objects were turned out of our ſight. The tapeſtry-hangings, with the great and venerable ſimplicity of the ſcripture ſtories, had better effects than now the loves of Venus and Adonis, or Bacchus and Ariadne, in your fine preſent prints. The gentleman I am married to, made love to me in rapture, but it was the rapture of a chriſtian and a man of honour, not of a romantic hero or a whining

coxcomb. This put our life upon a right baſis. To give you an idea of our regard one to another, I encloſe to you ſeveral of his letters, writ forty years ago, when my lover; and one writ the other day, after ſo many years cohabitation.

Your ſervant,

ANDROMACHE.'

"MADAM, Auguſt 7, 1671.

"IF my vigilance, and ten thouſand wiſhes for your welfare and repoſe, could have any force, you laſt night ſlept in ſecurity, and had every good angel in your attendance. To have my thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in conſtant fear of every accident to which human life is liable, and to ſend up my hourly prayers to avert them from you; I ſay, madam, thus to think, and thus to ſuffer, is what I do for Her who is in pain at my approach, and calls all my tender ſorrow impertinence. You are now before my eyes, my eyes that are ready to flow with tenderneſs, but cannot give relief to my guſhing heart, that dictates what I am now ſaying, and yearns to tell you all its achings. How art thou, oh my ſoul, ſtolen from thyſelf! how is all my attention broken! my books are blank paper, and my friends intruders. I have no hope of quiet but from your pity. To grant it would make more for your triumph. To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty. If you would conſider aright, you would find an agreeable change in diſmiſſing

the attendance of a ſlave, to receive the complaiſance of a companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter condition. As I live in chains without murmuring at the power which inflicts them, ſo I could enjoy freedom without forgetting the mercy that gave it.

I am, Madam,
Your moſt devoted,
moſt obedient ſervant."

'Though I made him no declarations in his favour, you ſee he had hopes of me when he writ this in the month following.'

"MADAM, September 3, 1671.

"BEFORE the light this morning dawn'd upon the earth I awak'd, and lay in expectation of its return, not that it could give any new ſenſe of joy to me, but as I hop'd it would bleſs you with its cheerful face, after a quiet which I wiſh'd you laſt night. If my prayers are heard, the day appeared with all the influence of a merciful Creator upon your perſon and actions. Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that diſpoſes their hearts, I contemn their low images of love. I have not a thought which relates to you, that I cannot with confidence beſeech the All-ſeeing Power to bleſs me in. May He direct you in all your ſteps, and reward your innocence, your ſanctity of manners, your prudent youth, and becoming piety, with the continuance of his grace and protection. This is an unuſual language to ladies; but you

have a mind elevated above the giddy notions of a ſex inſnared by flattery, and miſled by a falſe and ſhort adoration into a ſolid and long contempt. Beauty, my faireſt creature, palls in the poſſeſſion, but I love alſo your mind: your ſoul is as dear to me as my own; and if the advantages of a liberal education, ſome knowledge and as much contempt of the world, joined with the endeavours towards a life of ſtrict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raiſe new ideas in a breaſt ſo well diſpos'd as yours is, our days will paſs away with joy; and old age, inſtead of introducing melancholy proſpects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. I have but few minutes from the duty of my employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beſeech you to pardon the firſt hints of my mind, which I have expreſſed in ſo little order.

I am, deareſt creature,
Your moſt obedient,
moſt devoted ſervant.[p]"

'The two next were written after the day of our marriage was fixed.

"MADAM, September 25, 1671.

"IT is the hardeſt thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend buſineſs. As for me, all that ſpeak to me find me out, and I muſt lock myſelf up, or other people will do

[p RICHARD STEELE.]

it for me. A gentleman aſked me this morning, 'What news from Holland,' and I anſwered, 'She is exquiſitely handſome.' Another deſired to know when I had been laſt at Windſor, I replied, 'She deſigns to go with me.' Pr'ythee, allow me at leaſt to kiſs your hand before the appointed day, that my mind may be in ſome compoſure. Methinks I could write a volume to you, but all the language on earth would fail in ſaying how much, and with what diſintereſted paſſion,

I am ever yours.[q]"

[q Richard Steele.]

September 30, 1671.
ſeven in the morning.

"DEAR CREATURE,

"NEXT to the influence of heaven, I am to thank you that I ſee the returning day with pleaſure. To paſs my evenings in ſo ſweet a converſation, and have the eſteem of a woman of your merit, has in it a particularity of happineſs no more to be expreſſed than returned. But I am, my lovely creature, contented to be on the obliged ſide, and to employ all my days in new endeavours to convince you and all the world of the ſenſe I have of your condeſcenſion in chooſing,

Madam, your moſt faithful,
moſt obedient humble ſervant.[r]"

[r Richard Steele.]

'He was, when he writ the following letter, as agreeable and pleaſant a man as any in England.

"MADAM, October 20, 1671.

"I BEG pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a coffee-houſe where I am attending about buſineſs. There is a dirty crowd of buſy faces all around me talking of money, while all my ambition, all my wealth, is love: love, which animates my heart, ſweetens my humour, enlarges my ſoul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions: it is the natural effect of that generous paſſion to create in the admirers ſome ſimilitude of the object admired; thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from ſo ſweet a companion. Look up, my fair one, to that Heaven which made thee ſuch, and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beſeech the author of love to bleſs the rites he has ordained, and mingle with our happineſs a juſt ſenſe of our tranſient condition, and a reſignation to his will, which only can regulate our minds to a ſteady endeavour to pleaſe him and each other.

I am, for ever, your faithful ſervant."

[s Richard Steele.]

'I will not trouble you with more letters at this time, but if you ſaw the poor withered hand which ſends you theſe minutes, I am ſure you will ſmile to think that there is one who is ſo gallant as to ſpeak of it ſtill as ſo welcome a

a preſent, after forty years poſſeſſion of the woman whom he writes to.

" MADAM, June 23, 1711.

" I HEARTILY beg your pardon for my omiſſion to write yeſterday. It was no failure of my tender regard for you; but having been very much perplexed in my thoughts on the ſubject of my laſt, made me determine to ſuſpend ſpeaking of it until I came myſelf. But, my lovely creature, know it is not in the power of age, or misfortune, or any other accident which hangs over human life, to take from me the pleaſing eſteem I have for you, or the memory of the bright figure you appeared in, when you gave your hand and heart to,

Madam, your moſt grateful huſband,
T[u]. and obedient ſervant.[t]"

[t Richard Steele.]

N° 143. Tueſday, Auguſt 14, 1711.

Non eſt vivere, ſed valere vita. MARTIAL, Epig. lxx. 6.
For life is only life, when bleſt with health.

IT is an unreaſonable thing ſome men expect of their acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of order, or diſpleaſed,

[u] By Steele. See N° 324, *ad finem.* Note.

The letters in this N° 142, are all genuine, written originally by Steele, and actually ſent, with but little variation, to Mrs. Scurlock, afterwards Lady Steele. See Steele's Letters, Vol. I. p. 11 & ſeq. cr. 8vo. 1787, 2 vols.

or they know not how, and are ſo far from letting that be a reaſon for retiring to their own houſes, that they make it their argument for coming into company. What has any body to do with accounts of a man's being indiſpoſed but his phyſician? If a man laments in company, where the reſt are in humour enough to enjoy themſelves, he ſhould not take it ill if a ſervant is ordered to preſent him with a porringer of caudle or poſſet-drink, by way of admonition that he go home to bed. That part of life which we ordinarily underſtand by the word converſation, is an indulgence to the ſociable part of our make; and ſhould incline us to bring our proportion of good-will or good-humour among the friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with relations which muſt of neceſſity oblige them to a real or feigned affliction. Cares, diſtreſſes, diſeaſes, uneaſineſſes, and diſlikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends. If we would conſider how little of this viciſſitude of motion and reſt, which we call life, is ſpent with ſatisfaction, we ſhould be more tender of our friends, than to bring them little ſorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians ſhould be ſworn before they enter into company, not to ſay a word of themſelves until the meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we ſhould be always ſitting with chaplets of flowers round our heads, or be crowned with roſes in order to make our entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is uſually obſerved) they

who reſolve to be merry, ſeldom are ſo; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well-pleaſed, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are ſad. Whatever we do, we ſhould keep up the cheerfulneſs of our ſpirits, and never let them ſink below an inclination at leaſt to be well pleaſed. The way to this, is to keep our bodies in exerciſe, our minds at eaſe. That inſipid ſtate wherein neither are in vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our portion of Being. When we are in the ſatisfaction of ſome innocent pleaſure, or purſuit of ſome laudable deſign, we are in the poſſeſſion of life, of human life. Fortune will give us diſappointments enough[x], and nature is attended with infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy ſide of our account by our ſpleen or ill-humour. Poor Cottilus[y], among ſo many real evils, a chronical diſtemper and a narrow fortune, is never heard to complain. That equal ſpirit of his, which any man may have, that, like him, will conquer pride, vanity and affectation, and follow nature, is not to be broken, becauſe it has no points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what nature demands as neceſſary, if it is not the way to an eſtate, is the way to what men aim at by getting an

[x] Enough for enew; the ſingular for the plural number.

[y] N. B. There is juſt room here to ſay, that the perſon alluded to under the name of Cottilus in N° 143, was probably Mr. Hen. Martyn, who had a little habitation, perhaps called his Cot at Blackheath. This polite ſcholar was bred to the bar, but though an able lawyer, his ill ſtate of health prevented his attendance in the courts. See Spect. Vol. VII. N° 555, and note.

eſtate. This temper will preſerve health in the body, as well as tranquillity in the mind. Cottilus ſees the world in a hurry, with the ſame ſcorn that a ſober perſon ſees a man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, ſays he, ſuch a one have met with ſuch a diſappointment? If another had valued his miſtreſs for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her power. If her virtue had had a part of his paſſion, her levity had been his cure; ſhe could not then have been falſe and amiable at the ſame time.

Since we cannot promiſe ourſelves conſtant health, let us endeavour at ſuch a temper as may be our beſt ſupport in the decay of it. Uranius[z] has arrived at that compoſure of ſoul, and wrought himſelf up to ſuch a neglect of every thing with which the generality of mankind is inchanted, that nothing but acute pains can give him diſturbance, and againſt thoſe too he will tell his intimate friends he has a ſecret which gives him preſent eaſe. Uranius is ſo thoroughly perſuaded of another life, and endeavours ſo ſincerely to ſecure an intereſt in it, that he looks upon pain but as a quickening of his pace to a home, where he ſhall be better

[z] Uranius was probably Mr. John Hughes, who owns as his, the letter on riding-habits for ladies, N° 104 of this vol. and ſays to Mrs. Bridges, 'If there be any hereſy in this comment on Deut. xxii. 5. I ſhall be a perſiſting heretic, if Mrs. Sabet cannot convert me.' Hughes's Correſpondence, Vol. i. p. 106; ſee his Letters to Lord Cowper, Ibid. *paſſim*, and N° 146 *ad fin.* p. 254.

provided for than in his preſent apartment. Inſtead of the melancholy views which others are apt to give themſelves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himſelf as ſuch. He thinks at the time of his birth he entered into an eternal being; and the ſhort article of death he will not allow an interruption of life; ſince that moment is not of half the duration as is his ordinary ſleep. Thus is his Being one uniform and conſiſtent ſeries of cheerful diverſions and moderate cares, without fear or hope of futurity [a]. Health to him is more than pleaſure to another man, and ſickneſs leſs affecting to him than indiſpoſition is to others.

I muſt confeſs, if one does not regard life after this manner, none but idiots can paſs it away with any tolerable patience. Take a fine lady who is of a delicate frame, and you may obſerve, from the hour ſhe riſes, a certain wearineſs of all that paſſes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are ſick of ſuch ſtrange frightful people that they meet; one is ſo aukward, and another is ſo diſagreeable, that it looks like a penance to breathe the ſame air with them. You ſee this is ſo very true, that a great part of ceremony and good-breeding among the ladies turns upon their uneaſineſs; and I will undertake, if the how-do-ye-ſervants of our women were to make a weekly bill of ſickneſs, as the pariſh-clerks do

[a] Meaning, I ſuppoſe, that as he looks upon himſelf to be in a ſtate of eternity, he no longer fears or hopes for what he is already, as it were, poſſeſſed of. P.

of mortality, you would not find, in an account of ſeven days, one in thirty that was not downright ſick or indiſpoſed, or but a very little better than ſhe was, and ſo forth.

It is certain that to enjoy life and health as a conſtant feaſt, we ſhould not think pleaſure neceſſary, but if poſſible, to arrive at an equality of mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon occaſions of good fortune, as to be dejected in circumſtances of diſtreſs. Laughter in one condition is as unmanly as weeping in the other. We ſhould not form our minds to expect tranſport on every occaſion, but know how to make it enjoyment to be out of pain. Ambition, envy, vagrant deſire, or impertinent mirth will take up our minds, without we can poſſeſs ourſelves in that ſobriety of heart which is above all pleaſures, and can be felt much better than deſcribed. But the ready way, I believe, to the right enjoyment of life, is by a proſpect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of it. A great author of our time [b] has ſet this in an excellent light, when with a philoſophic pity of human life, he ſpoke of it in his Theory of the Earth in the following manner:

'For what is this life but a circulation of little mean actions? We lie down and riſe again, dreſs and undreſs, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the circle returns. We ſpend the day in trifles, and when the night comes

[b] Dr Thomas Burnet, Maſter of the Charter-houſe. Theoria Telluris, 4to. Amſt. 1699, p. 241. See Spect. N° 146.

we throw ourſelves into the bed of folly, amongſt dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations. Our reaſon lies aſleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant brutes as thoſe that ſleep in the ſtalls, or in the field. Are not the capacities of man higher than theſe? And ought not his ambition and expectations to be greater? Let us be adventurers for another world. It is at leaſt a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our paſſions. If we ſhould be diſappointed, we are ſtill no worſe than the reſt of our fellow-mortals; and if we ſucceed in our expectations, we are eternally happy.' T[c].

*** At Drury-lane, this preſent evening. The Lancaſhire Witches, by Mr. Shadwell, late poet-laureat. The principal parts by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnſon, Mr. Bullock, ſen. Mr. Norris, Mr. Pack, Mr. Bullock, jun. Mr. Elrington, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Bradſhaw, Mrs. Cox; The Witches, by Mr. Burkhead, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Willis. With the original ſcenes, ſongs, and dances. Spect. in folio.

[c] By Steele. See final note to N° 324.

N° 144. Wednesday, August 15, 1711.

Nôris quàm elegans formarum Spectator *fiem.*
TER. Eun. Act iii. Sc. 5.

You shall see how nice a judge of beauty I am.

BEAUTY has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. The philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some saying or other, which intimated that he too well knew the power of it. One [d] has told us, that a graceful person is a more powerful recommendation than the best letter that can be writ in your favour. Another [e] desires the possessor of it to consider it as a mere gift of nature, and not any perfection of his own. A third [f] calls it a 'short-lived tyranny;' a fourth [g] a 'silent fraud,' because it imposes upon us without the help of language; but I think Carneades spoke as much like a philosopher as any of them, though more like a lover, when he calls it 'royalty without force [h].' It is not indeed to be denied, but there is something irresistible in a beauteous form; the most severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favour of the handsome. No one

[d] Aristotle [e] Plato. [f] Socrates. [g] Theophrastus.
[h] Rather, "A sovereignty that needs no military force:" this is the proper meaning of the original. See Diogenes Laertius's Lives of the Philosophers, Lib. v. cap. i. n. 11. Whence the foregoing apophthegms are taken. P.

denies them the privilege of being firſt heard, and being regarded before others in matters of ordinary conſideration. At the ſame time the handſome ſhould conſider that it is a poſſeſſion, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himſelf, or preſerve it when they have it. Yet ſo it is, that people can bear any quality in the world better than beauty. It is the conſolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the force of it, that a little attention, if a man can attend with judgment, will cure them. Handſome people uſually are ſo fantaſtically pleaſed with themſelves, that if they do not kill at firſt ſight, as the phraſe is, a ſecond interview diſarms them of all their power. But I ſhall make this paper rather a warning-piece to give notice where the danger is, than to propoſe inſtructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the way of it. Handſome men ſhall be the ſubject of another chapter, the women ſhall take up the preſent diſcourſe.

Amaryllis, who has been in town but one winter, is extremely improved with the arts of good-breeding, without leaving nature. She has not loſt the native ſimplicity of her aſpect, to ſubſtitute that patience of being ſtared at, which is the uſual triumph and diſtinction of a town lady. In public aſſemblies you meet her careleſs eye diverting itſelf with the objects around her, inſenſible that ſhe herſelf is one of the brighteſt in the place.

Dulciſſa is of quite another make, ſhe is almoſt a beauty by nature, but more than one by art. If it were poſſible for her to let her fan

or any limb about her reſt, ſhe would do ſome part of the execution ſhe meditates; but though ſhe deſigns herſelf a prey, ſhe will not ſtay to be taken. No painter can give you words for the different aſpects of Dulciſſa in half a moment, wherever ſhe appears: ſo little does ſhe accompliſh what ſhe takes ſo much pains for, to be gay and careleſs.

Merab is attended with all the charms of woman and accompliſhments of man. It is not to be doubted but ſhe has a great deal of wit, if ſhe were not ſuch a beauty; and ſhe would have more beauty had ſhe not ſo much wit. Affectation prevents her excellencies from walking together. If ſhe has a mind to ſpeak ſuch a thing, it muſt be done with ſuch an air of her body; and if ſhe has an inclination to look very careleſs, there is ſuch a ſmart thing to be ſaid at the ſame time, that the deſign of being admired deſtroys itſelf. Thus the unhappy Merab, though a wit and beauty, is allowed to be neither, becauſe ſhe will always be both.

Albacinda has the ſkill as well as power of pleaſing. Her form is majeſtic, but her aſpect humble. All good men ſhould beware of the deſtroyer. She will ſpeak to you like your ſiſter, until ſhe has you ſure; but is the moſt vexatious of tyrants when you are ſo. Her familiarity of behaviour, her indifferent queſtions, and general converſation, make the ſilly part of her votaries full of hopes, while the wiſe fly from her power. She well knows ſhe is too beautiful and too witty to be indifferent to any who converſe with her, and therefore knows ſhe does not leſſen herſelf

by familiarity, but gains occaſions of admiration by ſeeming ignorance of her perfections.

Eudoſia adds to the height of her ſtature a nobility of ſpirit which ſtill diſtinguiſhes her above the reſt of her ſex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in Eudoſia it is commanding. Love towards Eudoſia is a ſentiment like the love of glory. The lovers of other women are ſoftened into fondneſs, the admirers of Eudoſia exalted into ambition.

Eucratia preſents herſelf to the imagination with a more kindly pleaſure, and as ſhe is woman, her praiſe is wholly feminine. If we were to form an image of dignity in a man, we ſhould give him wiſdom and valour, as being eſſential to the character of manhood. In like manner, if you deſcribe a right woman in a laudable ſenſe, ſhe ſhould have gentle ſoftneſs, tender fear, and all thoſe parts of life, which diſtinguiſh her from the other ſex; with ſome ſubordination to it, but ſuch an inferiority that makes her ſtill more lovely. Eucratia is that creature, ſhe is all over woman, kindneſs is all her art, and beauty all her arms. Her look, her voice, her geſture, and whole behaviour is truly feminine. A goodneſs mixed with fear gives a tincture to all her behaviour. It would be ſavage to offend her, and cruelty to uſe art to gain her. Others are beautiful, but Eucratia thou art beauty!

Omniamante is made for deceit, ſhe has an aſpect as innocent as the famed Lucrece, but a mind as wild as the more famed Cleopatra.

Her face ſpeaks a veſtal, but her heart a Meſſalina. Who that beheld Omniamante's negligent unobſerving air, would believe that ſhe hid under that regardleſs manner the witty proſtitute, the rapacious wench, the prodigal courteſan? She can, when ſhe pleaſes, adorn thoſe eyes with tears like an infant that is chid; ſhe can caſt down that pretty face in confuſion, while you rage with jealouſy, and ſtorm at her perfidiouſneſs; ſhe can wipe her eyes, tremble and look frighted, until you think yourſelf a brute for your rage, own yourſelf an offender, beg pardon, and make her new preſents.

But I go too far in reporting only the dangers in beholding the beauteous, which I deſign for the inſtruction of the fair as well as their beholders; and ſhall end this rhapſody with mentioning what I thought was well enough ſaid of an ancient ſage[i] to a beautiful youth, whom he ſaw admiring his own figure in braſs. What, ſaid the philoſopher, could that image of yours ſay for itſelf if it could ſpeak? It might ſay, (anſwered the youth) 'that it is very beautiful.' 'And are not you aſhamed,' replied the cynic, 'to value yourſelf upon that only of which a piece of braſs is capable?' T[k].

[i] Antiſthenes, the founder of the ſect of Cynic Philoſophers. See Diogenes Laertius, Lib. vi. Cap. I. n. 4.

[k] By Steele. See N° 324; n.

N° 145. Thurſday, Auguſt 16, 1711.

Stultitiam patiuntur opes—— Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 29.

Their folly pleads the privilege of wealth.

If the following enormities are not amended upon the firſt mention, I deſire farther notice from my correſpondents.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I am obliged to you for your diſcourſe the other day[1] upon frivolous diſputants, who with great warmth and enumeration of many circumſtances and authorities, undertake to prove matters which no body living denies. You cannot employ yourſelf more uſefully than in adjuſting the laws of diſputation in coffee-houſes and accidental companies, as well as in more formal debates. Among many other things which your own experience muſt ſuggeſt to you, it will be very obliging if you pleaſe to take notice of wagerers. I will not here repeat what Hudibras ſays of ſuch diſputants, which is ſo true, that it is almoſt proverbial[m]; but ſhall only acquaint you with a ſet of young fellows of the inns of court, whoſe fathers have provided for them ſo plentifully that they need not

[1] See N° 138.

[m] "——I have heard old cunning ſtagers
Say, Fools for arguments lay wagers."
Hud. P. 2. C. 1. v. 297.

be very anxious to get law in their heads for the ſervice of their country at the bar; but are of thoſe who are ſent (as the phraſe of parents is) to the Temple to know how 'to keep their own.' One of theſe gentlemen is very loud and captious at a coffee-houſe which I frequent, and being in his nature troubled with a humour of contradiction, though withal exceſſively ignorant, he has found a way to indulge this temper, go on in idleneſs and ignorance, and yet ſtill give himſelf the air of a very learned and knowing man, by the ſtrength of his pocket. The misfortune of the thing is, I have as it happens ſometimes, a greater ſtock of learning than of money. The gentleman I am ſpeaking of, takes advantage of the narrowneſs of my circumſtances in ſuch a manner, that he has read all that I can pretend to, and runs me down with ſuch a poſitive air, and with ſuch powerful arguments, that from a very learned perſon I am thought a mere pretender. Not long ago I was relating that I had read ſuch a paſſage in Tacitus, up ſtarts my young gentleman in a full company, and pulling out his purſe offered to lay me ten guineas, to be ſtaked immediately in that gentleman's hands (pointing to one ſmoking at another table) that I was utterly miſtaken. I was dumb for want of ten guineas; he went on unmercifully to triumph over my ignorance how to take him up, and told the whole room he had read Tacitus twenty times over, and ſuch a remarkable incident as that could not eſcape him. He has at this time three conſiderable wagers depending

between him and ſome of his companions, who are rich enough to hold an argument with him. He has five guineas upon queſtions in geography, two that the Iſle of Wight is a peninſula, and three guineas to one that the world is round. We have a gentleman comes to our coffee-houſe, who deals mightily in antique ſcandal; my diſputant has laid him twenty pieces upon a point of hiſtory, to wit, that Cæſar never lay with Cato's ſiſter, as is ſcandalouſly reported by ſome people.

'There are ſeveral of this ſort of fellows in town, who wager themſelves into ſtateſmen, hiſtorians, geographers, mathematicians, and every other art, when the perſons with whom they talk have not wealth equal to their learning. I beg of you to prevent in theſe youngſters, this compendious way to wiſdom, which coſts other people ſo much time and pains; and you will oblige

Your humble ſervant.'

MR. SPECTATOR, Coffee-houſe near the Temple, Aug. 12, 1711.

'HERE's a young gentleman that ſings opera-tunes or whiſtles in a full houſe. Pray let him know that he has no right to act here as if he were in an empty room. Be pleaſed to divide the ſpaces of a public room, and certify whiſtlers, ſingers, and common orators, that are heard farther than their portion of the room comes to, that the law is open, and that there is an equity which will relieve us from

ſuch as interrupt us in our lawful diſcourſe, as much as againſt ſuch who ſtop us on the road. I take theſe perſons, Mr. Spectator, to be ſuch treſpaſſers as the officer in your ſtage-coach, and am of the ſame ſentiment with counſellor Ephraim[n]. It is true the young man is rich, and, as the vulgar ſay, needs not care for any body; but ſure that is no authority for him to go whiſtle where he pleaſes.

I am, ſir, your moſt humble ſervant.

'P. S. I have chambers in the Temple, and here are ſtudents that learn upon the hautboy; pray deſire the Benchers, that all lawyers who are proficients in wind-muſic may lodge to the Thames.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'We are a company of young women who paſs our time very much together, and obliged by the mercenary humour of the men to be as mercenarily inclined as they are. There viſits among us an old bachelor whom each of us has a mind to. The fellow is rich, and knows he may have any of us, therefore is particular to none, but exceſſively ill-bred. His pleaſantry conſiſts in romping, he ſnatches kiſſes by ſurpriſe, puts his hands in our necks, tears our fans, robs us of ribbands, forces letters out of our hands, looks into any of our papers, and a thouſand other rudeneſſes. Now what I will

[n] See above, N° 132.

deſire of you is, to acquaint him, by printing this, that if he does not marry one of us very ſuddenly, we have all agreed, the next time he pretends to be merry, to affront him, and uſe him like a clown as he is. In the name of the ſiſterhood I take my leave of you, and am, as they all are,

Your conſtant reader and well-wiſher.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AND ſeveral others of your female readers have conformed ourſelves to your rules, even to our very dreſs. There is not one of us but has reduced our outward petticoat to its ancient ſizeable circumference, though indeed we retain ſtill a quilted one underneath; which makes us not altogether unconformable to the faſhion; but it is on condition, Mr. Spectator extends not his cenſure ſo far. But we find you men ſecretly approve our practice, by imitating our pyramidical form. The ſkirt of your faſhionable coats forms as large a circumference as our petticoats; as theſe are ſet out with whalebone, ſo are thoſe with wire [o], to increaſe and ſuſtain the bunch of fold that hangs down on each ſide; and the hat, I perceive, is decreaſed in juſt proportion to our head-dreſſes. We make a regular figure, but I defy your mathematics to give name to the form you appear in. Your architecture is mere gothic, and betrays a worſe genius than ours; therefore

[o] It is in remembrance that buckram and haircloth were uſed for the ſame purpoſe. A.

if you are partial to your own ſex, I ſhall be leſs than I am now

T[p]. Your humble ſervant.'

*** At Drury-lane, on Friday Aug. 17, will be preſented a comedy never acted before, called The City Ramble, or a Play-houſe Wedding. The principal parts by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnſon, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Norris, Mr. Pack, Mr. Bullock, jun. Mr. Elrington, Mr. Burkhead, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Bradſhaw, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Willis, and Mrs. Sherborn. Spect. in folio.

N° 146. Friday, Auguſt 17, 1711.

Nemo vir magnus ſine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.
TULL.

No man was ever great without ſome degree of inſpiration.

WE know the higheſt pleaſure our minds are capable of enjoying with compoſure, when we read ſublime thoughts communicated to us by men of great genius and eloquence. Such is the entertainment we meet with in the philoſophic parts of Cicero's writings. Truth and good ſenſe have there ſo charming a dreſs, that they could hardly be more agreeably repreſented with the addition of poetical fiction, and the power of numbers. This ancient author, and a modern one, have fallen into my hands within theſe few days; and the impreſſions they have left upon me, have at the preſent quite ſpoiled me for a merry fellow. The modern is that

[p] By Steele, from the letter-box probably. See final note to N° 324, on letter T.

admirable writer the author of The Theory of the Earth. The ſubjects with which I have lately been entertained in them both bear a near affinity; they are upon inquiries into hereafter, and the thoughts of the latter ſeem to me to be raiſed above thoſe of the former, in proportion to his advantages of ſcripture and revelation. If I had a mind to it, I could not at preſent talk of any thing elſe; therefore I ſhall tranſlate a paſſage in the one, and tranſcribe a paragraph out of the other, for the ſpeculation of this day. Cicero tells us [q], that Plato reports Socrates, upon receiving his ſentence, to have ſpoken to his judges in the following manner:

'I HAVE great hopes O my judges, that it is infinitely to my advantage that I am ſent to death: for it muſt of neceſſity be, that one of theſe two things muſt be the conſequence. Death muſt take away all theſe ſenſes, or convey me to another life. If all ſenſe is to be taken away, and death is no more than that profound ſleep without dreams, in which we are ſometimes buried, oh, heavens! how deſirable is it to die! How many days do we know in life preferable to ſuch a ſtate? But if it be true that death is but a paſſage to places which they who lived before us do now inhabit, how much ſtill happier is it to go from thoſe who call themſelves judges to appear before thoſe that really are ſuch; before Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Triptolemus, and

[q] Tuſculan. Quæſtion. Lib. 1.

to meet men who have lived with juſtice and truth? Is this, do you think, no happy journey? Do you think it nothing to ſpeak with Orpheus, Muſæus, Homer, and Heſiod? I would, indeed, ſuffer many deaths to enjoy theſe things. With what particular delight ſhould I talk to Palamedes, Ajax, and others, who like me have ſuffered by the iniquity of their judges. I ſhould examine the wiſdom of that great prince, who carried ſuch mighty forces againſt Troy; and argue with Ulyſſes and Siſyphus, upon difficult points, as I have in converſation here, without being in danger of being condemned. But let not thoſe among you who have pronounced me an innocent man be afraid of death. No harm can arrive at a good man, whether dead or living; his affairs are always under the direction of the gods; nor will I believe the fate which is allotted to me myſelf this day to have arrived by chance; nor have I aught to ſay either againſt my judges or accuſers, but that they thought they did me an injury.——But I detain you too long, it is time that I retire to death, and you to your affairs of life; which of us has the better is known to the gods, but to no mortal man.'

The divine Socrates is here repreſented in a figure worthy his great wiſdom and philoſophy, worthy the greateſt mere man that ever breathed. But the modern diſcourſe is written upon a ſubject no leſs than the diſſolution of nature itſelf. Oh how glorious is the old age of that great man, who has ſpent his time in ſuch contempla-

tions as has made this being, what only it ſhould be, an education for heaven! He has, according to the lights of reaſon and revelation, which ſeemed to him cleareſt, traced the ſteps of Omnipotence. He has, with a celeſtial ambition, as far as it is conſiſtent with humility and devotion, examined the ways of Providence, from the creation to the diſſolution of the viſible world. How pleaſing muſt have been the ſpeculation, to obſerve Nature and Providence move together, the phyſical and moral world march the ſame pace: to obſerve paradiſe and eternal ſpring the ſeat of innocence, troubled ſeaſons and angry ſkies the portion of wickedneſs and vice. When this admirable author has reviewed all that has paſt, or is to come, which relates to the habitable world, and run through the whole fate of it, how could a guardian angel, that had attended it through all its courſes or changes, ſpeak more emphatically at the end of his charge, than does our author when he makes, as it were, a funeral oration over this globe, looking to the point where it once ſtood?

'Let us only, if you pleaſe, to take leave of this ſubject, reflect upon this occaſion on the vanity and tranſient glory of this habitable world. How by the force of one element breaking looſe upon the reſt, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men are reduced to nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vaniſhed; and another form and face of things, plain, ſimple, and

every where the ſame, overſpreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Shew me where they ſtood, read the inſcription, tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impreſſions, what difference, or diſtinction, do you ſee in this maſs of fire? Rome itſelf, eternal Rome, the great city, the empreſs of the world, whoſe domination and ſuperſtition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the hiſtory of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were ſtrong and ſumptuous; "She glorified herſelf, and lived deliciouſly, and ſaid in her heart, I ſit a queen, and ſhall ſee no ſorrow:" But her hour is come, ſhe is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in everlaſting oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlaſting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax before the ſun, and "their place is no where found." Here ſtood the Alps, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black ſea; this huge maſs of ſtone is ſoftened and diſſolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here ſtood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds; there was frozen Caucaſus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Aſia; and yonder towards the north, ſtood the Riphæan hills, clothed in ice and ſnow. All theſe are vaniſhed, dropt away as the ſnow upon their heads.

" Great and marvellous are thy works, juſt and true are thy ways, thou king of ſaints! hallelujah [r]." T [s].

N° 147. Saturday, Auguſt 18, 1711.

Pronunciatio eſt vocis, et vultûs et geſtûs moderatio cum venuſtate. TULL.

Good delivery is a graceful management of the voice, countenance, and geſture.

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' THE well reading of the Common-Prayer is of great importance, and ſo much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your conſideration ſome particulars on that ſubject. And what more worthy your obſervation than this? A thing ſo public, and of ſo high conſequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exerciſe of it ſhould not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their reading, while boys, and at ſchool, where when they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above Engliſh, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at leaſt read to very little purpoſe, without any due obſervations made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading; by this means they have acquired ſuch ill habits as will not

[r] Burnet's Theory of the Earth, 1684, fol. Book III. Chap. 12. p. 110, 111.

[s] By Steele. See final note to N° 324, on T.

eaſily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propoſe ſome perſon of great ability that way as a pattern for them; example being moſt effectual to convince the learned, as well as inſtruct the ignorant.

'You muſt know, ſir, I have been a conſtant frequenter of the ſervice of the church of England for above theſe four years laſt paſt, and until Sunday was ſeven-night never diſcovered, to ſo great a degree, the excellency of the Common-Prayer. When, being at St. James's Garlick-Hill [t] church, I heard the ſervice read ſo diſtinctly, ſo emphatically, and ſo fervently, that it was next to an impoſſibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as uſual, but were confined to my prayers. I then conſidered I addreſſed myſelf to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful face. And when I reflected on my former performances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of form, in compariſon to the manner in which I then diſcharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wiſhes accompanied my words. The Confeſſion was read with ſuch reſigned humility, the Abſolution with ſuch a comfortable authority, the Thankſgivings with ſuch a religious joy, as made me feel thoſe affections of the mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the grievance above complained of, I

[t] Or Garlick-hithe. The rector of this pariſh at that time was Mr. Philip Stubbs, afterwards archdeacon of St. Albans, whoſe excellent manner of performing the ſervice was long remembered by the pariſhioners. P.

humbly propoſe, that this excellent reader, upon the next and every annual aſſembly of the clergy of Sion-college, and all other conventions, ſhould read prayers before them. For then thoſe that are afraid of ſtretching their mouths, and ſpoiling their ſoft voices, will learn to read with clearneſs, loudneſs, and ſtrength. Others that affect a rakiſh negligent air by folding their arms and lolling on their books, will be taught a decent behaviour, and comely erection of body. Thoſe that read ſo faſt as if impatient of their work, may learn to ſpeak deliberately. There is another ſort of perſons whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to no ſet meaſure; theſe pronounce five or ſix words with great deliberation, and the five or ſix ſubſequent ones with as great celerity: the firſt part of a ſentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter part with a ſubmiſſive one: ſometimes again, with one ſort of a tone, and immediately after with a very different one. Theſe gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenneſs of voice and delivery, and all who are innocent of theſe affectations, but read with ſuch an indifferency as if they did not underſtand the language, may then be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently, how to place the emphaſis, and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the ſentence. There is certainly a very great difference between the reading a prayer and a gazette, which I beg of you to inform a ſet of readers, who affect, forſooth, a certain gentleman-like familiarity of tone, and

mend the language as they go on, crying inſtead of 'pardoneth and abſolveth,' 'pardons and abſolves.' Theſe are often pretty claſſical ſcholars, and would think it an unpardonable ſin to read Virgil or Martial with ſo little taſte as they do divine ſervice.

'This indifferency ſeems to me to ariſe from the endeavour of avoiding the imputation of cant, and the falſe notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the original and ſignification of this word. 'Cant' is, by ſome people, derived from one Andrew Cant, who, they ſay, was a preſbyterian miniſter in ſome illiterate part of Scotland, who by exerciſe and uſe had obtained the faculty, alias gift, of talking in the pulpit in ſuch a dialect, that it is ſaid he was underſtood by none but his own congregation, and not by all of them. Since maſter Cant's time, it has been underſtood in a larger ſenſe, and ſignifies all ſudden exclamations, whinings, unuſual tones, and in fine all praying and preaching, like the unlearned of the Preſbyterians. But I hope a proper elevation of voice, a due emphaſis and accent are not to come within this deſcription. So that our readers may ſtill be as unlike the Preſbyterians as they pleaſe. The diſſenters (I mean ſuch as I have heard) do indeed elevate their voices, but it is with ſudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of them; and that with ſo little ſenſe or ſkill, that their elevation and cadence is bawling and muttering. They make uſe of an emphaſis, but ſo improperly, that it is often placed on ſome very inſignificant particle, as

upon 'if' or 'and.' Now if theſe impropriеties have ſo great an effect on the people, as we ſee they have, how great an influence would the ſervice of our church, containing the beſt prayers that ever were compoſed, and that in terms moſt affecting, moſt humble, and moſt expreſſive of our wants, and dependence on the Object [u] of our worſhip, diſpoſed in moſt proper order, and void of all confuſion; what influence, I ſay, would theſe prayers have, were they delivered with a due emphaſis, and appoſite riſing and variation of voice, the ſentence concluded with a gentle cadence, and in a word, with ſuch an accent and turn of ſpeech as is peculiar to prayer.

'As the matter of worſhip is now managed, in diſſenting congregations, you find inſignificant words and phraſes raiſed by a lively vehemence; in our own churches, the moſt exalted ſenſe depreciated, by a diſpaſſionate indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. S———e [w] ſay in his pulpit, of the Common-Prayer, that, at leaſt, it was as perfect as any thing of human inſtitution. If the gentlemen who err in this kind would pleaſe to recollect the many pleaſantries they have read upon thoſe who recite good things with an ill grace, they would go on to think that what in that caſe is only ridiculous, in themſelves is impious. But leaving this to their own reflections, I ſhall

[u] If the word here in the 'ſingular' ought to have been in the 'plural' number, there is a very ſerious objection to the 'ſervice,' which the writer of this paper entirely overlooks.

[w] Probably Dr. Smalridge.

conclude this trouble with what Cæſar ſaid upon the irregularity of tone in one who read before him, 'Do you read or ſing? If you ſing, you ſing very ill[x].'

T[y]. Your moſt humble ſervant.'

N° 148. Monday, Auguſt 20, 1711.

——Exempta juvat ſpinis è pluribus una.
HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 212.

Better one thorn pluck'd out, than all remain.

MY correſpondents aſſure me that the enormities which they lately complained of, and I publiſhed an account of, are ſo far from being amended, that new evils ariſe every day to interrupt their converſation, in contempt of my reproofs. My friend who writes from the coffee-houſe near the Temple informs me, that the gentleman who conſtantly ſings a voluntary in ſpite of the whole company, was more muſical than ordinary after reading my paper[z]; and has not been contented with that, but has danced up to the glaſs in the middle of the room, and practiſed minuet-ſteps to his own humming. The incorrigible creature has gone ſtill farther, and in

[x] *Si legis cantas: ſi cantas, male cantas.*

[y] By Steele, from the letter-box. See N° 324, final note on the ſignature T, which is thought to have been uſed at times as the mark of Mr. Tickell. See N° 410, final note.

[z] See N° 145. Letter 2.

the open coffe-houſe, with one hand extended as leading a lady in it, he has danced both French and country-dances, and admoniſhed his ſuppoſed partner by ſmiles and nods to hold up her head and fall back, according to the reſpective facings and evolutions of the dance. Before this gentleman began this his exerciſe, he was pleaſed to clear his throat by coughing and ſpitting a full half hour; and as ſoon as he ſtruck up, he appealed to an attorney's clerk in the room, whether he hit as he ought, 'Since you from death have ſaved me?' and then aſked the young fellow (pointing to a chancery-bill under his arm) whether that was an opera-ſcore he carried or not? Without ſtaying for an anſwer, he fell into the exerciſe above-mentioned, and practiſed his airs to the full houſe who were turned upon him, without the leaſt ſhame or repentance for his former tranſgreſſions.

I am to the laſt degree at a loſs what to do with this young fellow, except I declare him an outlaw, and pronounce it penal for any one to ſpeak to him in the ſaid houſe which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his tea and coffee without ſugar, and not receive from any perſon whatſoever any thing above mere neceſſaries.

As we in England are a ſober people, and generally inclined rather to a certain baſhfulneſs of behaviour in public, it is amazing whence ſome fellows come whom one meets with in this town; they do not at all ſeem to be the growth of our iſland; the pert, the talkative,

all ſuch as have no ſenſe of the obſervation of others, are certainly of foreign extraction. As for my part I am as much ſurpriſed when I ſee a talkative Engliſhman, as I ſhould be to ſee the Indian pine growing on one of our quick-ſet hedges. Where theſe creatures get ſun enough, to make them ſuch lively animals and dull men, is above my philoſophy.

There are another kind of impertinents which a man is perplexed with in mixed company, and thoſe are your loud ſpeakers. Theſe treat mankind as if we were all deaf; they do not expreſs but declare themſelves. Many of theſe are guilty of this outrage out of vanity, becauſe they think all they ſay is well; or that they have their own perſons in ſuch veneration, that they believe nothing which concerns them can be inſignificant to any body elſe. For theſe people's ſake, I have often lamented that we cannot cloſe our ears with as much eaſe as we can our eyes. It is very uneaſy that we muſt neceſſarily be under perſecution. Next to theſe bawlers, is a troubleſome creature who comes with the air of your friend and your intimate, and that is your whiſperer. There is one of them at a coffee-houſe which I myſelf frequent, who obſerving me to be a man pretty well made for ſecrets, gets by me, and with a whiſper tells me things which all the town knows. It is no very hard matter to gueſs at the ſource of this impertinence, which is nothing elſe but a method or mechanic art of being wiſe. You never ſee any frequent in it, whom you can ſuppoſe to have any thing in the

world to do. Theſe perſons are worſe than bawlers, as much as a ſecret enemy is more dangerous than a declared one. I wiſh this my coffee-houſe friend would take this for an intimation, that I have not heard one word he has told me for theſe ſeveral years; whereas he now thinks me the moſt truſty repoſitory of his ſecrets. The whiſperers have a pleaſant way of ending the cloſe converſation, with ſaying aloud, 'Do not you think ſo?' Then whiſper again, and then aloud, 'but you know that perſon:' then whiſper again. The thing would be well enough, if they whiſpered to keep the folly of what they ſay among friends; but alas, they do it to preſerve the importance of their thoughts. I am ſure I could name you more than one perſon whom no man living ever heard talk upon any ſubject in nature, or ever ſaw in his whole life with a book in his hand, that I know not how can whiſper ſomething like knowledge of what has and does paſs in the world; which you would think he learned from ſome familiar ſpirit that did not think him worthy to receive the whole ſtory. But in truth whiſperers deal only in half accounts of what they entertain you with. A great help to their diſcourſe is, 'That the town ſays, and people begin to talk very freely, and they had it from perſons too conſiderable to be named what they will tell you when things are riper.' My friend has winked upon me any day ſince I came to town laſt, and has communicated to me as a ſecret, that he deſigned in a very ſhort time to tell me a ſecret;

but I ſhall know what he means, he now aſſures me, in leſs than a fortnight's time.

But I muſt not omit the dearer part of mankind, I mean the ladies, to take up a whole paper upon grievances which concern the men only; but ſhall humbly propoſe, that we change fools for an experiment only. A certain ſet of ladies complain they are frequently perplexed with a viſitant, who affects to be wiſer than they are; which character he hopes to preſerve by an obſtinate gravity, and great guard againſt diſcovering his opinion upon any occaſion whatſoever. A painful ſilence has hitherto gained him no farther advantage, than that as he might, if he had behaved himſelf with freedom, been excepted againſt, but as to this and that particular, he now offends in the whole. To relieve theſe ladies, my good friends and correſpondents, I ſhall exchange my dancing outlaw for their dumb viſitant, and aſſign the ſilent gentleman all the haunts of the dancer; in order to which, I have ſent them by the penny-poſt the following letters for their conduct in their new converſations.

'SIR,

'I HAVE, you may be ſure, heard of your irregularities without regard to my obſervations upon you; but ſhall not treat you with ſo much rigour as you deſerve. If you will give yourſelf the trouble to repair to the place mentioned in the poſtſcript[a] to this letter

[a] No poſtſcript in the Spect. in f.

at ſeven this evening, you will be conducted into a ſpacious room well-lighted, where there are ladies and muſic. You will ſee a young lady laughing next the window to the ſtreet; you may take her out, for ſhe loves you as well as ſhe does any man, though ſhe never ſaw you before. She never thought in her life, any more than yourſelf. She will not be ſurprized when you accoſt her, nor concerned when you leave her. Haſten from a place where you are laughed at, to one where you will be admired. You are of no conſequence, therefore go where you will be welcome for being ſo.

Your humble ſervant.'

'SIR,

'THE ladies whom you viſit, think a wiſe man the moſt impertinent creature living, therefore you cannot be offended that they are diſpleaſed with you. Why will you take pains to appear wiſe, where you would not be the more eſteemed for being really ſo? Come to us; forget the gigglers; let your inclination go along with you whether you ſpeak or are ſilent; and let all ſuch women as are in a clan or ſiſterhood go their own way; there is no room for you in that company who are of the common taſte of the ſex.

'For women born to be controul'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud[b].'

T[c].

[b] Waller. [c] By Steele. See N° 324, *ad finem*.

N° 149. Tuesday, August 21, 1711.

Cui in manu sit quem esse dementem velit,
Quem sapere, quem sanari, quem in morbum injici,
Quem contrà amari, quem accersiri, quem expeti.
CÆCIL. apud TULL.

Who has it in her pow'r to make men mad
Or wise; or sick, or well: and who can chuse
The object of her appetite at pleasure.

THE following letter, and my answer, shall take up the present speculation.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the young widow of a country gentleman who has left me entire mistress of a large fortune, which he agreed to as an equivalent for the difference in our years. In these circumstances it is not extraordinary to have a crowd of admirers; which I have abridged in my own thoughts, and reduced to a couple of candidates only, both young, and neither of them disagreeable in their persons: according to the common way of computing, in one the estate more than deserves my fortune, in the other my fortune more than deserves the estate. When I consider the first, I own I am so far a woman I cannot avoid being delighted with the thoughts of living great; but then he seems to receive such a degree of courage from the knowledge of what he has, he looks as if he was going to confer an obligation on me; and the readiness he accosts me with, makes me jealous I am

only hearing a repetition of the ſame things he has ſaid to a hundred women before. When I conſider the other, I ſee myſelf approached with ſo much modeſty and reſpect, and ſuch a doubt of himſelf, as betrays methinks an affection within, and a belief at the ſame time that he himſelf would be the only gainer by my conſent. What an unexceptionable huſband could I make out of both! but ſince that is impoſſible, I beg to be concluded by your opinion. It is abſolutely in your power to diſpoſe of

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

SYLVIA.'

'MADAM,

'YOU do me great honour in your application to me on this important occaſion; I ſhall therefore talk to you with the tenderneſs of a father, in gratitude for your giving me the authority of one. You do not ſeem to make any great diſtinction between theſe gentlemen as to their perſons; the whole queſtion lies upon their circumſtances and behaviour. If the one is leſs reſpectful becauſe he is rich, and the other more obſequious becauſe he is not ſo, they are in that point moved by the ſame principle, the conſideration of fortune, and you muſt place them in each other's circumſtances before you can judge of their inclination. To avoid confuſion in diſcuſſing this point, I will call the richer man Strephon, and the other Florio. If you believe Florio with Strephon's eſtate would behave himſelf as he does now,

Florio is certainly your man; but if you think Strephon, were he in Florio's condition, would be as obſequious as Florio is now, you ought for your own ſake to chooſe Strephon; for where the men are equal, there is no doubt riches ought to be a reaſon for preference. After this manner, my dear child, I would have you abſtract them from their circumſtances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only becauſe he is poor, is the very ſame man in nature, with him who is haughty becauſe he is rich.

'When you have gone thus far, as to conſider the figure they make towards you; you will pleaſe, my dear, next to conſider the appearance you make towards them. If they are men of diſcerning, they can obſerve the motives of your heart; and Florio can ſee when he is diſregarded only upon account of fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary creature; and you are ſtill the ſame thing to Strephon, in taking him for his wealth only: you are therefore to conſider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an obligation.

'The marriage-life is always an inſipid, a vexatious, or a happy condition. The firſt is, when two people of no genius or taſte for themſelves meet together, upon ſuch a ſettlement as has been thought reaſonable by parents and conveyancers from an exact valuation of the land and caſh of both parties. In this caſe the young lady's perſon is no more regarded, than the houſe and improvements in purchaſe of an eſtate; but ſhe goes with her fortune, rather than her

fortune with her. Theſe make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of human race, without beneficence towards thoſe below them, or reſpect towards thoſe above them; and lead a deſpicable, independent, and uſeleſs life, without ſenſe of the laws of kindneſs, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant ſatisfactions which flow from reaſon and virtue.

'The vexatious life ariſes from a conjunction of two people of quick taſte and reſentment, put together for reaſons well known to their friends, in which eſpecial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty, and inſure to them riches, with every evil beſides. Theſe good people live in a conſtant conſtraint before company, and too great familiarity alone. When they are within obſervation they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour; when alone they revile each other's perſon and conduct. In company they are in a purgatory, when only together in a hell.

The happy marriage is, where two perſons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumſtances of fortune or beauty. Theſe may ſtill love in ſpite of adverſity or ſickneſs: the former we may in ſome meaſure defend ourſelves from, the other is the portion of our very make. When you have a true notion of this ſort of paſſion, your humour of living great will vaniſh out of your imagination, and you will find love has nothing to do with ſtate. Solitude, with the perſon beloved, has a pleaſure, even in a

woman's mind, beyond ſhow or pomp. You are therefore to conſider which of your lovers will like you beſt undreſſed, which will bear with you moſt when out of humour; and your way to this is to aſk of yourſelf, which of them you value moſt for his own ſake? And by that judge which gives the greater inſtances of his valuing you for yourſelf only.

After you have expreſſed ſome ſenſe of the humble approach of Florio, and a little diſdain at Strephon's aſſurance in his addreſs, you cry out, 'What an unexceptionable huſband could I make out of both!' It would therefore methinks be a good way to determine yourſelf. Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you chooſe otherwiſe, there is no hopes your huſband will ever have what you liked in his rival; but intrinſic qualities in one man may very probably purchaſe every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer terms: he whom you take for his perſonal perfections will ſooner arrive at the gifts of fortune, than he whom you take for the ſake of his fortune attain to perſonal perfections. If Strephon is not as accompliſhed and agreeable as Florio, marriage to you will never make him ſo; but marriage to you may make Florio as rich as Strephon. Therefore to make a ſure purchaſe, employ fortune upon certainties, but do not ſacrifice certainties to fortune.

T[d]. I am, your moſt obedient,
humble ſervant.'

[d] By Steele. See final note to N° 324.

N° 150. Wedneſday, Auguſt 22, 1711.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe
Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit——

Juv. Sat. iii. 152.

Want is the ſcorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule. Dryden.

As I was walking in my chamber the morning before I went laſt into the country, I heard the hawkers with great vehemence crying about a paper, intitled, The ninety-nine plagues of an empty purſe. I had indeed ſome time before obſerved, that the orators of Grub-ſtreet had dealt very much in plagues. They have already publiſhed in the ſame month, The plagues of matrimony, The plagues of a ſingle life, The nineteen plagues of a chambermaid, The plagues of a coachman, The plagues of a footman, and 'The plague of plagues.' The ſucceſs theſe ſeveral plagues met with, probably gave occaſion to the above-mentioned poem on an empty purſe. However that be, the ſame noiſe ſo frequently repeated under my window, drew me inſenſibly to think on ſome of thoſe inconveniencies and mortifications which uſually attend on poverty, and in ſhort, gave birth to the preſent ſpeculation: for after my fancy had run over the moſt obvious and common calamities which mean fortunes are liable to, it deſcended to thoſe little inſults and contempts, which though they may ſeem to dwindle into nothing when a man offers to deſcribe them,

are perhaps in themſelves more cutting and inſupportable than the former. Juvenal with a great deal of humour and reaſon tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor man in his time, than the continual ridicule which his habit and dreſs afforded to the beaus of Rome:

'Quid, quòd materiam præbet cauſaſque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem; ſi fœda & ſciſſa lacerna,
Si toga ſordidula eſt, & ruptâ calceus alter
Pelle patet, vel ſi conſuto vulnere craſſum
Linique recens linum oſtendit non una cicatrix.'

Juv. Sat. iii. 147.

'Add that the rich have ſtill a gibe in ſtore,
And will be monſtrous witty on the poor;
For the torn ſurtout and the tatter'd veſt,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jeſt;
The greaſy gown ſully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint to ſay the man's in mourning;
Or if the ſhoe be ript, or patch is put,
He's wounded, ſee the plaiſter on his foot.'

DRYDEN.

It is on this occaſion that he afterwards adds the reflection which I have choſen for my motto.

'Want is the ſcorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.' DRYDEN.

It muſt be confeſſed that few things make a man appear more deſpicable, or more prejudice his hearers againſt what he is going to offer, than an awkward or pitiful dreſs; inſomuch that I fancy, had Tully himſelf pronounced one of his orations with a blanket about his ſhoulders, more people would have laughed at

his dreſs than have admired his eloquence. This laſt reflection made me wonder at a ſet of men, who, without being ſubjected to it by the unkindneſs of their fortunes, are contented to draw upon themſelves the ridicule of the world in this particular. I mean ſuch as take it into their heads, that the firſt regular ſtep to be a wit is to commence a ſlovен. It is certain nothing has ſo much debaſed that, which muſt have been otherwiſe ſo great a character; I know not how to account for it, unleſs it may poſſibly be in complaiſance to theſe narrow minds who can have no notion of the ſame perſon's poſſeſſing different accompliſhments; or that it is a ſort of ſacrifice which ſome men are contented to make to calumny, by allowing it to faſten on one part of their character, while they are endeavouring to eſtabliſh another. Yet however unaccountable this fooliſh cuſtom is, I am afraid it could plead a long preſcription; and probably gave too much occaſion for the vulgar definition ſtill remaining among us of an heathen philoſopher.

I have ſeen the ſpeech of a *Terræ filius*, ſpoke in king Charles the Second's reign; in which he deſcribes two very eminent men, who were perhaps the greateſt ſcholars of their age; and after having mentioned the intire friendſhip between them, concludes, that 'they had but one mind, one purſe, one chamber, and one hat.' The men of buſineſs were alſo infected with a ſort of ſingularity little better than this. I have heard my father ſay, that a broad brimmed hat, ſhort hair, and unfolded hand-

kerchief, were in his time abſolutely neceſſary to denote a 'notable man;' and that he had known two or three, who aſpired to the character of 'very notable,' wear ſhoe-ſtrings with great ſucceſs.

To the honour of our preſent age it muſt be allowed, that ſome of our greateſt geniuſes for wit and buſineſs have almoſt intirely broke the neck of theſe abſurdities.

Victor, after having diſpatched the moſt important affairs of the commonwealth, has appeared at an aſſembly, where all the ladies have declared him the genteeleſt man in the company; and in Atticus[e], though every way one of the greateſt geniuſes the age has produced, one ſees nothing particular in his dreſs or carriage to denote his pretenſions to wit and learning: ſo that at preſent a man may venture to cock up his hat, and wear a faſhionable wig, without being taken for a rake or a fool.

The medium between a fop and a ſloven is what a man of ſenſe would endeavour to keep; yet I remember Mr. Oſborn adviſes his ſon to appear in his habit rather above than below his fortune; and tells him that he will find an handſome ſuit of clothes always procure ſome additional reſpect[f]. I have indeed myſelf obſerved that my banker ever bows loweſt to me when I wear my full-bottomed wig; and writes me 'Mr.' or 'Eſq.' according as he ſees me dreſſed.

[e] Probably Mr. Addiſon.

[f] Advice to a Son, by Francis Oſborn, Eſq. Part 1. Sect. 23.

I ſhall conclude this paper with an adventure which I was myſelf an eye-witneſs of very lately.

I happened the other day to call in at a celebrated coffee-houſe near the Temple. I had not been there long when there came in an elderly man very meanly dreſſed and ſat down by me; he had a thread-bare looſe coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himſelf warm, and not to favour his under ſuit, which ſeemed to have been at leaſt its contemporary: his ſhort wig and hat were both anſwerable to the reſt of his apparel. He was no ſooner ſeated than he called for a diſh of tea; but as ſeveral gentlemen in the room wanted other things, the boys of the houſe did not think themſelves at leiſure to mind him. I could obſerve the old fellow was very uneaſy at the affront, and at his being obliged to repeat his commands ſeveral times to no purpoſe; until at laſt one of the lads preſented him with ſome ſtale tea in a broken diſh, accompanied with a plate of brown ſugar; which ſo raiſed his indignation, that after ſeveral obliging appellations of dog and raſcal, he aſked him aloud before the whole company, 'why he muſt be uſed with leſs reſpect than that fop there?' pointing to a well-dreſſed young gentleman who was drinking tea at the oppoſite table. The boy of the houſe replied with a good deal of pertneſs, 'that his maſter had two ſorts of cuſtomers, and that the gentleman at the other table had given him many a ſixpence for wiping his ſhoes.'

By this time the young Templar, who found his honour concerned in the diſpute, and that the eyes of the whole coffee-houſe were upon him, had thrown aſide a paper he had in his hand, and was coming towards us, while we at the table made what haſte we could to get away from the impending quarrel, but were all of us ſurpriſed to ſee him as he approached nearer put on an air of deference and reſpect. To whom the old man ſaid, 'Hark you, ſirrah, I will pay off your extravagant bills once more, but will take effectual care for the future, that your prodigality ſhall not ſpirit up a parcel of raſcals to inſult your father.'

Though I by no means approve either the impudence of the ſervants or the extravagance of the ſon, I cannot but think the old gentleman was in ſome meaſure juſtly ſerved for walking in maſquerade, I mean appearing in a dreſs ſo much beneath his quality and eſtate.

X 5,

* By Mr. E. Budgell. See Spect. Vol. VII. N° 555.

N° 151. Thurſday, Auguſt 23, 1711.

Maximas virtutes jacere omnes neceſſe eſt voluptate dominante. TULL. de Fin.

Where pleaſure prevails, all the greateſt virtues will loſe their power.

I KNOW no one character that gives reaſon a greater ſhock, at the ſame time that it preſents a good ridiculous image to the imagination, than that of a man of wit and pleaſure about the town. This deſcription of a man of faſhion, ſpoken by ſome with a mixture of ſcorn and ridicule, by others with great gravity as a laudable diſtinction, is in every body's mouth that ſpends any time in converſation. My friend Will Honeycomb has this expreſſion very frequently; and I never could underſtand by the ſtory which follows, upon his mention of ſuch a one, but that his man of wit and pleaſure was either a drunkard too old for wenching, or a young lewd fellow with ſome livelineſs, who would converſe with you, receive kind offices of you, and at the ſame time debauch your ſiſter, or lie with your wife. According to his deſcription, a man of wit, when he could have wenches for crowns apiece which he liked quite as well, would be ſo extravagant as to bribe ſervants, make falſe friendſhips, fight relations: I ſay, according to him, plain and ſimple vice was too little for a man of wit and pleaſure; but he would leave an eaſy and acceſſible wickedneſs, to come at the ſame thing with

only the addition of certain falſehood and poſſible murder. Will thinks the town grown very dull, in that we do not hear ſo much as we uſed to do of thoſe coxcombs, whom (without obſerving it) he deſcribes as the moſt infamous rogues in nature, with relation to friendſhip, love, or converſation.

When pleaſure is made the chief purſuit of life, it will neceſſarily follow that ſuch monſters as theſe will ariſe from a conſtant application to ſuch blandiſhments as naturally root out the force of reaſon and reflection, and ſubſtitute in their place a general impatience of thought, and a conſtant pruriency of inordinate deſire.

Pleaſure, when it is a man's chief purpoſe, diſappoints itſelf; and the conſtant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves the ſenſe of our inability for that we wiſh, with a diſreliſh of every thing elſe. Thus the intermediate ſeaſons of the man of pleaſure are more heavy than one would impoſe upon the vileſt criminal. Take him when he is awaked too ſoon after a debauch, or diſappointed in following a worthleſs woman without truth, and there is no man living whoſe being is ſuch a weight or vexation as his is. He is an utter ſtranger to the pleaſing reflections in the evening of a well-ſpent day, or the gladneſs of heart or quickneſs of ſpirit in the morning after profound ſleep or indolent ſlumbers. He is not to be at eaſe any longer than he can keep reaſon and good ſenſe without his curtains; otherwiſe he will be haunted with the reflection, that he could not believe ſuch

a one, the woman that upon trial he found her. What has he got by his conqueſt, but to think meanly of her for whom a day or two before he had the higheſt honour? And of himſelf, for perhaps wronging the man whom of all men living he himſelf would leaſt willingly have injured?

Pleaſure ſeizes the whole man who addicts himſelf to it, and will not give him leiſure for any good office in life which contradicts the gaiety of the preſent hour. You may indeed obſerve in people of pleaſure a certain complacency and abſence of all ſeverity, which the habit of a looſe unconcerned life gives them: but tell the man of pleaſure your ſecret wants, cares, or ſorrows, and you will find he has given up the delicacy of his paſſions to the cravings of his appetites. He little knows the perfect joy he loſes, for the diſappointing gratifications which he purſues. He looks at Pleaſure as ſhe approaches, and comes to him with the recommendation of warm wiſhes, gay looks, and graceful motion; but he does not obſerve how ſhe leaves his preſence with diſorder, impotence, down-caſt ſhame, and conſcious imperfection. She makes our youth inglorious, our age ſhameful.

Will Honeycomb gives us twenty intimations in an evening of ſeveral hags whoſe bloom was given up to his arms; and would raiſe a value to himſelf for having had, as the phraſe is, 'very good women.' Will's good women are the comfort of his heart, and ſupport him, I warrant, by the memory of paſt interviews

with perſons of their condition. No, there is not in the world an occaſion wherein vice makes ſo fantaſtical a figure, as at the meeting of two old people who have been partners in unwarrantable pleaſure. To tell a toothleſs old lady that ſhe once had a good ſet, or a defunct wencher that he once was the admired thing of the town, are ſatires inſtead of applauſes; but on the other ſide, conſider the old age of thoſe who have paſſed their days in labour, induſtry, and virtue, their decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the imperfections of their bodies are beheld as a misfortune to human ſociety that their make is ſo little durable.

But to return more directly to my man of wit and pleaſure. In all orders of men, wherever this is the chief character, the perſon who wears it is a negligent friend, father, and huſband, and entails poverty on his unhappy deſcendants. Mortgages, diſeaſes, and ſettlements, are the legacies a man of wit and pleaſure leaves to his family. All the poor rogues that make ſuch lamentable ſpeeches after every ſeſſions at Tyburn, were, in their way, men of wit and pleaſure before they fell into the adventures which brought them thither.

Irreſolution and procraſtination in all a man's affairs, are the natural effects of being addicted to pleaſure. Diſhonour to the gentleman and bankruptcy to the trader are the portion of either whoſe chief purpoſe of life is delight. The chief cauſe that this purſuit has been in all ages received with ſo much quarter from

the ſoberer part of mankind has been, that ſome men of great talents have ſacrificed themſelves to it. The ſhining qualities of ſuch people have given a beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a mixture of wit has recommended madneſs. For let any man who knows what it is to have paſſed much time in a ſeries of jollity, mirth, wit, or humorous entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one inſtant ſharp to ſome man he is ſorry to have offended, impertinent to ſome one it was cruelty to treat with ſuch freedom, ungracefully noiſy at ſuch a time, unſkilfully open at ſuch a time, unmercifully calumnious at ſuch a time; and from the whole courſe of his applauded ſatisfactions, unable in the end to recollect any circumſtance which can add to the enjoyment of his own mind alone, or which he would put his character upon, with other men. Thus it is with thoſe who are beſt made for becoming pleaſures; but how monſtrous is it in the generality of mankind who pretend this way, without genius or inclination towards it! The ſcene then is wild to an extravagance: this is, as if fools ſhould mimic madmen. Pleaſure of this kind is the intemperate meals and loud jollities of the common rate of country gentlemen, whoſe practice and way of enjoyment is to put an end as faſt as they can to that little particle of reaſon they have when they are ſober. Theſe men of wit and pleaſure diſpatch their ſenſes as faſt as poſſible by drinking until they

cannot taſte, ſmoking until they cannot ſee, and roaring until they cannot hear. T[h].

*** At Drury-lane, on Aug. 23, never acted but twice, a comedy called The City Ramble, or A Play-houſe Wedding. The principal parts by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnſon, Mr. Bullock, ſen. Mr. Norris, Mr. Pack, Mr. Bullock, jun. Mr. Elrington, Mr. Burkhead, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Bradſhaw, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Willis, and Miſs Sherbon. Spect. in folio.

Aug. 24, Bartholomew Fair. Cokes, by Mr. Bullock; Waſp, Mr. Johnſon; Little-wit, Mr. Norris; Quarlous, Mr. Mills; Winwife, Mr. Elrington; Edgworth, Mr. Bullock, jun.; Rabby-buſy, Mr. Pack; Nightingale, Mr. Burkhead; Wen-little-wit, Mrs. Saunders; Puercraft, Mrs. Powell; Grace, Miſs Willis; and Urſula, Mr. Croſs. *Ibidem.*

N° 152. Friday, Auguſt 24, 1711.

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίηδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν. Hom. Il. vi. 146.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found. Pope.

There is no ſort of people whoſe converſation is ſo pleaſant as that of military men, who derive their courage and magnanimity from thought and reflection. The many adventures which attend their way of life makes their converſation ſo full of incidents, and gives them ſo frank an air in ſpeaking of what they have been witneſſes of, that no company can be more amiable than that of men of ſenſe who are ſoldiers. There is a certain irregular way in

[h] By Steele. See final note to N° 324, on ſignature T, uſed at times perhaps by Mr. Thomas Tickell. See note to N° 410, *et paſſim.*

their narrations or diſcourſe, which has ſomething more warm and pleaſing than we meet with among men, who are uſed to adjuſt and methodize their thoughts.

I was this evening walking in the fields with my friend captain Sentry, and I could not, from the many relations which I drew him into of what paſſed when he was in the ſervice, forbear expreſſing my wonder, that the 'fear of death,' which we, the reſt of mankind, arm ourſelves againſt with ſo much contemplation, reaſon and philoſophy, ſhould appear ſo little in camps, that common men march into open breaches, meet oppoſite battalions, not only without reluctance but with alacrity. My friend anſwered what I ſaid in the following manner, 'What you wonder at may very naturally be the ſubject of admiration to all who are not converſant in camps; but when a man has ſpent ſome time in that way of life, he obſerves a certain mechanic courage which the ordinary race of men become maſters of from acting always in a crowd. They ſee indeed many drop, but then they ſee many more alive; they obſerve themſelves eſcape very narrowly, and they do not know why they ſhould not again. Beſides which general way of looſe thinking, they uſually ſpend the other part of their time in pleaſures upon which their minds are ſo entirely bent, that ſhort labours or dangers are but a cheap purchaſe of jollity, triumph, victory, freſh quarters, new ſcenes, and uncommon adventures. Such are the thoughts of the executive part of an army, and indeed of the

groſs of mankind in general; but none of theſe men of mechanical courage have ever made any great figure in the profeſſion of arms. Thoſe who are formed for command, are ſuch as have reaſoned themſelves, out of a conſideration of greater good than length of days, into ſuch a negligence of their being, as to make it their firſt poſition, That it is one day to be reſigned; and ſince it is, in the proſecution of worthy actions and ſervice of mankind, they can put it to habitual hazard. The event of our deſigns, ſay they, as it relates to others, is uncertain; but as it relates to ourſelves it muſt be proſperous, while we are in the purſuit of our duty, and within the terms upon which Providence has inſured our happineſs, whether we die or live. All that nature has preſcribed muſt be good; and as death is natural to us, it is abſurdity to fear it. Fear loſes its purpoſe when we are ſure it cannot preſerve us, and we ſhould draw reſolution to meet it from the impoſſibility to eſcape it. Without a reſignation to the neceſſity of dying, there can be no capacity in man to attempt any thing that is glorious: but when they have once attained to that perfection, the pleaſures of a life ſpent in martial adventures, are as great as any of which the human mind is capable. The force of reaſon gives a certain beauty, mixed with the conſcience of well-doing and thirſt of glory, to all which before was terrible and ghaſtly to the imagination. Add to this, that the fellowſhip of danger, the common good of mankind, the general cauſe, and the manifeſt virtue you may obſerve in ſo

many men, who made no figure until that day, are ſo many incentives to deſtroy the little conſiderations of their own perſons. Such are the heroic part of ſoldiers who are qualified for leaders. As to the reſt whom I before ſpoke of, I know not how it is, but they arrive at a certain habit of being void of thought, inſomuch that on occaſions of the moſt imminent danger they are ſtill in the ſame indifference. Nay I remember an inſtance of a gay Frenchman[1], who was led on in battle by a ſuperior officer, (whoſe conduct it was his cuſtom to ſpeak of always with contempt and raillery) and in the beginning of the action received a wound he was ſenſible was mortal; his reflection on this occaſion was, 'I wiſh I could live another hour, to ſee how this blundering coxcomb will get clear of this buſineſs.'

'I remember two young fellows who rid in the ſame ſquadron of a troop of horſe, who were ever together; they eat, they drank, they intrigued; in a word, all their paſſions and affections ſeemed to tend the ſame way, and they appeared ſerviceable to each other in them. We were in the duſk of the evening to march over a river, and the troop theſe gentlemen belonged to were to be tranſported in a ferry-boat, as faſt as they could. One of the friends

[1] The Frenchman here alluded to was the chevalier de Flourilles, a lieutenant-general under the prince of Conde, at the battle of Senelf, in 1674. See the hiſtory of this prince in French, 2d edit. Cologne, an. 1692, p. 483, where the dying words of the chevalier are related ſomewhat differently, but amount to the ſenſe expreſſed here with conciſeneſs and elegance.

was now in the boat, while the other was drawn up with others by the water-side, waiting the return of the boat. A disorder happened in the passage by an unruly horse; and a gentleman who had the rein of his horse negligently under his arm, was forced into the water by his horse's jumping over. The friend on the shore cried out, 'Who is that is drowned, trow?' He was immediately answered, 'Your friend Harry Thompson.' He very gravely replied, 'Ay, he had a mad horse.' This short epitaph from such a familiar, without more words, gave me, at that time under twenty, a very moderate opinion of the friendship of companions. Thus is affection and every other motive of life in the generality rooted out by the present busy scene about them: they lament no man whose capacity can be supplied by another; and where men converse without delicacy, the next man you meet will serve as well as he whom you have lived with half your life. To such the devastation of countries, the misery of inhabitants, the cries of the pillaged, and the silent sorrow of the great unfortunate, are ordinary objects; their minds are bent upon the little gratifications of their own senses and appetites, forgetful of compassion, insensible of glory, avoiding only shame; their whole hearts taken up with the trivial hope of meeting and being merry. These are the people who make up the gross of the soldiery. But the fine gentleman[k]

[k] Steele has been supposed here to pay a compliment to lord Cutts, to whom he dedicated his Christian Hero; but lord Cutts died in Jan. 1706. P.

in that band of men is ſuch a one as I have now in my eye, who is foremoſt in all danger to which he is ordered. His officers are his friends and companions, as they are men of honour and gentlemen; the private men his brethren, as they are of his ſpecies. He is beloved of all that behold him. They wiſh him in danger as he views their ranks, that they may have occaſions to ſave him at their own hazard. Mutual love is the order of the files where he commands; every man afraid for himſelf and his neighbour, not leſt their commander ſhould puniſh them, but leſt he ſhould be offended. Such is his regiment who knows mankind, and feels their diſtreſſes ſo far as to prevent them. Juſt in diſtributing what is their due, he would think himſelf below their taylor to wear a ſnip of their clothes in lace upon his own; and below the moſt rapacious agent ſhould he enjoy a farthing above his own pay. Go on, brave man, immortal glory is thy fortune, and immortal happineſs thy reward[1]. T.

[1] The editor has heard the foregoing character applied to lieutenant-general Cornelius Wood: how truly is beſt known to ſuch gentlemen of the army as remember the military characters of queen Anne's time. General Wood is celebrated for his generoſity and probity by Prior, in his letter to M. Boileau on the victory of Blenheim, in 1704, under the name of Sylvius. P.

Lieutenant-gen. Corn. Wood was at this time in the 74th year of his age, and in a languiſhing condition; he died on the 17th of May 1712. See Tatler with Notes, Vol. IV. N° 144, p. 200, and note. See Ibidem, Vol. VI. N° 271, and note p. 449.

N° 153. Saturday, Auguſt 25, 1711.

Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum ſic vivendi modum; ſenectus autem peractio ætatis eſt tanquam fabulæ. Cujus defatigationem fugere debemus præſertim adjunctâ ſatietate.
TULL. de Senect.

Life, as well as all other things, hath its bounds aſſigned by nature; and its concluſion, like the laſt act of a play, is old age, the fatigue of which we ought to ſhun, eſpecially when our appetites are fully ſatisfied.

OF all the impertinent wiſhes which we hear expreſſed in converſation, there is not one more unworthy a gentleman or a man of liberal education, than that of wiſhing one's ſelf younger. I have obſerved this wiſh is uſually made upon ſight of ſome object which gives the idea of a paſt action, that it is no diſhonour to us that we cannot now repeat; or elſe on what was in itſelf ſhameful when we performed it. It is a certain ſign of a fooliſh or a diſſolute mind if we want our youth again only for the ſtrength of bones and ſinews which we once were maſters of. It is (as my author has it) as abſurd in an old man to wiſh for the ſtrength of a youth, as it would be in a young man to wiſh for the ſtrength of a bull or a horſe. Theſe wiſhes are both equally out of nature, which ſhould direct in all things that are not contradictory to juſtice, law, and reaſon. But though every old man has been young, and every young one hopes to be old, there ſeems to be a moſt unnatural miſunderſtanding between thoſe two

ſtages of life. The unhappy want of commerce ariſes from the inſolent arrogance or exultation in youth, and the irrational deſpondence or ſelf-pity in age. A young man whoſe paſſion and ambition is to be good and wiſe, and an old one who has no inclination to be lewd or debauched, are quite unconcerned in this ſpeculation; but the cocking young fellow who treads upon the toes of his elders, and the old fool who envies the ſaucy pride he ſees in him, are the objects of our preſent contempt and deriſion. Contempt and deriſion are harſh words; but in what manner can one give advice to a youth in the purſuit and poſſeſſion of ſenſual pleaſures, or afford pity to an old man in the impotence and deſire of enjoying them? When young men in public places betray in their deportment an abandoned reſignation to their appetites, they give to ſober minds a proſpect of a deſpicable age, which, if not interrupted by death in the midſt of their follies, muſt certainly come. When an old man bewails the loſs of ſuch gratifications which are paſſed, he diſcovers a monſtrous inclination to that which it is not in the courſe of Providence to recal. The ſtate of an old man, who is diſſatisfied merely for his being ſuch, is the moſt out of all meaſures of reaſon and good ſenſe of any being we have any account of from the higheſt angel to the loweſt worm. How miſerable is the contemplation to conſider a libidinous old man (while all created beings, beſides himſelf and devils, are following the order of Providence) fretting at the courſe of things, and being almoſt the ſole malecontent in the crea-

tion. But let us a little reflect upon what he has loſt by the number of years. The paſſions which he had in youth are not to be obeyed as they were then, but reaſon is more powerful now without the diſturbance of them. An old gentleman the other day in diſcourſe with a friend of his (reflecting upon ſome adventures they had in youth together) cried out, 'Oh Jack, theſe were happy days!' 'That is true,' replied his friend, 'but methinks we go about our buſineſs more quietly than we did then.' One would think it ſhould be no ſmall ſatisfaction to have gone ſo far in our journey that the heat of the day is over with us. When life itſelf is a fever, as it is in licentious youth, the pleaſures of it are no other than the dreams of a man in that diſtemper; and it is as abſurd to wiſh the return of that ſeaſon of life, as for a man in health to be ſorry for the loſs of gilded palaces, fairy walks, and flowry paſtures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled ſlumbers of a fit of ſickneſs.

As to all the rational and worthy pleaſures of our being, the conſcience of a good frame, the contemplation of another life, the reſpect and commerce of honeſt men, our capacities of our enjoyments are enlarged by years. While health endures, the latter part of life, in the eye of reaſon, is certainly the more eligible. The memory of a well-ſpent youth gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant pleaſure to the mind; and to ſuch who are ſo unfortunate as not to be able to look back on youth with ſatisfaction, they may give themſelves no little conſolation

that they are under no temptation to repeat their follies, and that they at preſent deſpiſe them. It was prettily ſaid, 'He that would be long an old man, muſt begin early to be one:' It is too late to reſign a thing after a man is robbed of it; therefore it is neceſſary that before the arrival of age we bid adieu to the purſuits of youth, otherwiſe ſenſual habits will live in our imaginations, when our limbs cannot be ſubſervient to them. The poor fellow who loſt his arm laſt ſiege, will tell you, he feels the fingers that are buried in Flanders ach every cold morning at Chelſea.

The fond humour of appearing in the gay and faſhionable world, and being applauded for trivial excellencies, is what makes youth have age in contempt, and makes age reſign with ſo ill a grace the qualifications of youth: but this in both ſexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural courſe of our minds, which ſhould build their approbations and diſlikes upon what nature and reaſon dictate, into chimera and confuſion.

Age in a virtuous perſon, of either ſex, carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleaſures of youth. If to be ſaluted, attended, and conſulted with deference, are inſtances of pleaſure, they are ſuch as never fail a virtuous old age. In the enumeration of the imperfections and advantages of the younger and later years of man, they are ſo near in their condition, that methinks, it ſhould be incredible we ſee ſo little commerce of kindneſs between them. If we conſider youth and age with Tully, regarding the affinity to death, youth has many

more chances to be near it than age; what youth can ſay more than an old man, 'He ſhall live until night?' Youth catches diſtempers more eaſily, its ſickneſs is more violent, and its recovery more doubtful. The youth indeed hopes for many more days, ſo cannot the old man. The youth's hopes are ill-grounded; for what is more fooliſh than to place any confidence upon an uncertainty? But the old man has not room ſo much as to hope; he is ſtill happier than the youth, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for. One wiſhes to live long, the other has lived long. But alas, is there any thing in human life, the duration of which can be called long? There is nothing which muſt end, to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months, and years paſs away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year we die. The applauſe of a good actor is due to him at whatever ſcene of the play he makes his *exit*. It is thus in the life of a man of ſenſe, a ſhort life is ſufficient to manifeſt himſelf a man of honour and virtue; when he ceaſes to be ſuch he has lived too long, and while he is ſuch, it is of no conſequence to him how long he ſhall be ſo, provided he is ſo to his life's end. T[m].

[m] By Steele. See final note to N° 324.

N° 154. Monday, Auguſt 27, 1711.

Nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus—— Juv. Sat. ii. 83.
No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at firſt.
TATE [n].

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' You are frequent in the mention of matters which concern the feminine world, and take upon you to be very ſevere againſt men upon all thoſe occaſions: but all this while I am afraid you have been very little converſant with women, or you would know the generality of them are not ſo angry as you imagine at the general vices among us. I am apt to believe (begging your pardon) that you are ſtill what I myſelf was once, a queer modeſt fellow; and therefore, for your information, ſhall give you a ſhort account of myſelf, and the reaſons why I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every thing which are neceſſary to the character of a man of wit and pleaſure [o], to be well with the ladies.

' You are to know then that I was bred a gentleman, and had the finiſhing part of my education under a man of great probity, wit,

[n] In the courſe of the publication of the Spect. in folio, the paper, as it came, was commonly hung up within the bars of the coffee-houſes at Oxford and Cambridge. A wag at the univerſity, who ſtole in to read this number at a prohibited time, wrote the following tranſlation under the motto, ' It is a long while ere one becomes a ſenior fellow.'

[o] See N° 151.

and learning, in one of our univerſities. I will not deny but this made my behaviour and mien bear in it a figure of thought rather than action; and a man of a quite contrary character, who never thought in his life, rallied me one day upon it, and ſaid, 'he believed I was ſtill a virgin.' There was a young lady of virtue preſent, and I was not diſpleaſed to favour the inſinuation; but it had a quite contrary effect from what I expected. I was ever after treated with great coldneſs both by that lady and all the reſt of my acquaintance. In a very little time I never came into a room but I could hear a whiſper, 'Here comes the maid.' A girl of humour would on ſome occaſion ſay, 'Why, how do you know more than any of us?' An expreſſion of that kind was generally followed by a loud laugh. In a word, for no other fault in the world than that they really thought me as innocent as themſelves, I became of no conſequence among them, and was received always upon the foot of a jeſt. This made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon me, that I reſolved to be as agreeable as the beſt of the men who laughed at me; but I obſerved it was nonſenſe for me to be impudent at firſt among thoſe who knew me. My character for modeſty was ſo notorious wherever I had hitherto appeared, that I reſolved to ſhew my new face in new quarters of the world. My firſt ſtep I choſe with judgment; for I went to Aſtrop [p], and came down among

[p] Aſtrop wells in Oxfordſhire; into which doctor Radcliffe 'put a toad.' See B. B. Art. Radcliffe.

a crowd of academics, at one dash, the impudentest fellow they had ever seen in their lives. Flushed with this success, I made love and was happy. Upon this conquest I thought it would be unlike a gentleman to stay long with my mistress, and crossed the country to Bury[q]. I could give you a very good account of myself at that place also. At these two ended my first summer of gallantry. The winter following, you would wonder at it, but I relapsed into modesty upon coming among people of figure in London, yet not so much but that the ladies who had formerly laughed at me, said, 'Bless us! how wonderfully that gentleman is improved!' Some familiarities about the playhouses towards the end of the ensuing winter, made me conceive new hopes of adventures. And instead of returning the next summer to Astrop or Bury, I thought myself qualified to go to Epsom, and followed a young woman, whose relations were jealous of my place in her favour, to Scarborough. I carried my point, and in my third year aspired to go to Tunbridge, and in the autumn of the same year made my appearance at Bath. I was now got into the way of talk proper for ladies, and was run into a vast acquaintance among them, which I always improved to the best advantage. In all this course of time, and some years following, I found a sober modest man was always looked upon by both sexes as a precise unfashioned fellow of no life or spirit. It was ordinary for

[q] Bury-fair. A place of fashionable resort.

a man who had been drunk in good company, or paſſed a night with a wench, to ſpeak of it next day before women for whom he had the greateſt reſpect. He was reproved, perhaps, with a blow of the fan, or with an 'oh fy!' but the angry lady ſtill preſerved an apparent approbation in her countenance. He was called a ſtrange wicked fellow, a ſad wretch; he ſhrugs his ſhoulders, ſwears, receives another blow, ſwears again he did not know he ſwore, and all was well. You might often ſee men game in the preſence of women, and throw at once for more than they were worth, to recommend themſelves as men of ſpirit. I found by long experience, that the looſeſt principles and moſt abandoned behaviour carried all before them in pretenſions to women of fortune. The encouragement given to people of this ſtamp made me ſoon throw off the remaining impreſſions of a ſober education. In the above-mentioned places, as well as in town, I always kept company with thoſe who lived moſt at large; and in due proceſs of time I was a very pretty rake among the men, and a very pretty fellow among the women. I muſt confeſs, I had ſome melancholy hours upon the account of the narrowneſs of my fortune, but my conſcience at the ſame time gave me the comfort that I had qualified myſelf for marrying a fortune.

'When I had lived in this manner ſome time, and became thus accompliſhed, I was now in the twenty-ſeventh year of my age, and about the forty-ſeventh of my conſtitution, my

health and eſtate waſting very faſt; when I happened to fall into the company of a very pretty young lady in her own diſpoſal. I entertained the company, as we men of gallantry generally do, with the many haps and diſaſters, watchings under windows, eſcapes from jealous huſbands, and ſeveral other perils. The young thing was wonderfully charmed with one that knew the world ſo well, and talked ſo fine; with Deſdemona, all her lover ſaid affected her; 'it was ſtrange, it was wondrous ſtrange.' In a word, I ſaw the impreſſion I had made upon her, and with a very little application the pretty thing has married me. There is ſo much charm in her innocence and beauty, that I do now as much deteſt the courſe I have been in for many years, as I ever did before I entered into it.

'What I intend, Mr. Spectator, by writing all this to you, is that you would, before you go any further with your panegyrics on the fair ſex, give them ſome lectures upon their ſilly approbations. It is that I am weary of vice, and that it was not my natural way, that I am now ſo far recovered as not to bring this believing dear creature to contempt and poverty for her generoſity to me. At the ſame time tell the youth of good education of our ſex, that they take too little care of improving themſelves in little things. A good air at entering into a room, a proper audacity in expreſſing himſelf with gaiety and gracefulneſs, would make a young gentleman of virtue and ſenſe

capable of diſcountenancing the ſhallow impudent rogues, that ſhine among the women.

'Mr. Spectator, I do not doubt but you are a very ſagacious perſon, but you are ſo great with Tully of late, that I fear you will contemn theſe things as matters of no conſequence: but believe me, ſir, they are of the higheſt importance to human life; and if you can do any thing towards opening fair eyes, you will lay an obligation upon all your contemporaries who are fathers, huſbands, or brothers to females.

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

T[r]. SIMON HONEYCOMB.'

N° 155. Tueſday, Auguſt 28, 1711.

——*Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent*
In mala—— HOR. Ars Poet. v. 451.

Theſe things which now ſeem frivolous and ſlight,
Will prove of ſerious conſequence. ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE more than once taken notice of an indecent licence taken in diſcourſe, wherein the converſation on one part is involuntary, and the effect of ſome neceſſary circumſtance. This happens in travelling together in the ſame hired coach, ſitting near each other in any public aſſembly, or the like. I have, upon making obſervations of this ſort, received innumerable meſſages from that part of the fair ſex whoſe

[r] By Steele. See N° 324, *ad finem*.

lot in life it is to be of any trade or public way of life. They are all, to a woman, urgent with me to lay before the world the unhappy circumſtances they are under, from the unreaſonable liberty which is taken in their preſence, to talk on what ſubject it is thought fit by every coxcomb who wants underſtanding or breeding. One or two of theſe complaints I ſhall ſet down.

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I KEEP a coffee-houſe, and am one of thoſe whom you have thought fit to mention as an Idol ſome time ago *. I ſuffered a good deal of raillery upon that occaſion; but ſhall heartily forgive you, who are the cauſe of it, if you will do me juſtice in another point. What I aſk of you, is, to acquaint my cuſtomers (who are otherwiſe very good ones) that I am unavoidably haſped in my bar, and cannot help hearing the improper diſcourſes they are pleaſed to entertain me with. They ſtrive who ſhall ſay the moſt immodeſt things in my hearing. At the ſame time half a dozen of them loll at the bar ſtaring juſt in my face, ready to interpret my looks and geſtures according to their own imaginations. In this paſſive condition I know not where to caſt my eyes, place my hands, or what to employ myſelf in. But this confuſion is to be a jeſt, and I hear them ſay in the end, with an inſipid air of mirth and ſubtlety, Let her alone, ſhe knows as well as we, for all ſhe

* N° 87. Letter 2.

looks ſo. Good Mr. Spectator, perſuade gentlemen that it is out of all decency. Say it is poſſible a woman may be modeſt and yet keep a public-houſe. Be pleaſed to argue, that in truth the affront is the more unpardonable becauſe I am obliged to ſuffer it, and cannot fly from it. I do aſſure you, ſir, the cheerfulneſs of life which would ariſe from the honeſt gain I have, is utterly loſt to me, from the endleſs, flat, impertinent pleaſantries which I hear from morning to night. In a word, it is too much for me to bear; and I deſire you to acquaint them, that I will keep pen and ink at the bar, and write down all they ſay to me, and ſend it to you for the preſs. It is poſſible when they ſee how empty what they ſpeak, without the advantage of an impudent countenance and geſture, will appear, they may come to ſome ſenſe of themſelves, and the inſults they are guilty of towards me.

I am, Sir,
Your moſt humble ſervant,
THE IDOL.

This repreſentation is ſo juſt, that it is hard to ſpeak of it without an indignation which perhaps would appear too elevated to ſuch as can be guilty of this inhuman treatment, where they ſee they affront a modeſt, plain, and ingenuous behaviour. This correſpondent is not the only ſufferer in this kind, for I have long letters both from the Royal and New-Exchange on the ſame ſubject. They tell me that a young fop cannot buy a pair of gloves, but he is at

the ſame time ſtraining for ſome ingenious ribaldry, to ſay to the young woman who helps them on. It is no ſmall addition to the calamity, that the rogues buy as hard as the plaineſt and modeſteſt cuſtomers they have; beſides which, they loll upon their counters half an hour longer than they need, to drive away other cuſtomers, who are to ſhare their impertinencies with the milliner, or go to another ſhop. Letters from Change-alley are full of the ſame evil; and the girls tell me, except I can chaſe ſome eminent merchants from their ſhops they ſhall in a ſhort time fail. It is very unaccountable, that men can have ſo little deference to all mankind who paſs by them, as to bear being ſeen toying by twos and threes at a time, with no other purpoſe but to appear gay enough to keep up a light converſation of common-place jeſts, to the injury of her whoſe credit is certainly hurt by it, though their own may be ſtrong enough to bear it. When we come to have exact accounts of theſe converſations, it is not to be doubted, but that their diſcourſes will raiſe the uſual ſtyle of buying and ſelling. Inſtead of the plain downright lying, and aſking and bidding ſo unequally to what they will really give and take, we may hope to have from theſe fine folks an exchange of compliments. There muſt certainly be a great deal of pleaſant difference between the commerce of lovers, and that of all other dealers, who are, in a kind, adverſaries. A ſealed bond, or a bank-note, would be a pretty gallantry to convey unſeen into the hands of one whom a

director is charmed with; otherwiſe the city-loiterers are ſtill more unreaſonable than thoſe at the other end of the town. At the New-exchange they are eloquent for want of caſh, but in the city they ought with caſh to ſupply their want of eloquence.

If one might be ſerious on this prevailing folly, one might obſerve, that it is a melancholy thing, when the world is mercenary even to the buying and ſelling our very perſons; that young women, though they have 'never ſo great' attractions from nature, are never the nearer being happily diſpoſed of in marriage; I ſay, it is very hard under this neceſſity, it ſhall not be poſſible for them to go into a way of trade for their maintenance, but their very excellencies and perſonal perfections ſhall be a diſadvantage to them, and ſubject them to be treated as if they ſtood there to ſell their perſons to proſtitution. There cannot be a more melancholy circumſtance to one who has made any obſervation in the world, than one of thoſe erring creatures expoſed to bankruptcy. When that happens, none of theſe toying fools will do any more than any other man they meet, to preſerve her from infamy, inſult, and diſtemper. A woman is naturally more helpleſs than the other ſex; and a man of honour and ſenſe ſhould have this in his view in all manner of commerce with her. Were this well weighed, inconſideration, ribaldry, and nonſenſe, would not be more natural to entertain women with than men; and it would be as much impertinence to go into a ſhop of one of theſe young women without

buying, as into that of any other trader. I ſhall end this ſpeculation with a letter I have received from a pretty milliner in the city.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE read your account of beauties[t], and was not a little ſurpriſed to find no character of myſelf in it. I do aſſure you I have little elſe to do but to give audiences as I am ſuch. Here are merchants of no ſmall conſideration, who call in as certainly as they go to 'Change, to ſay ſomething of my roguiſh eye. And here is one who makes me once or twice a week tumble over all my goods, and then owns it was only a gallantry to ſee me act with theſe pretty hands; then lays out threepence in a little ribband for his wriſtbands, and thinks he is a man of great vivacity. There is an ugly thing not far off me, whoſe ſhop is frequented only by people of buſineſs, that is all day long as buſy as poſſible. Muſt I that am a beauty be treated with for nothing but my beauty? Be pleaſed to aſſign rates to my kind glances, or make all pay who come to ſee me, or I ſhall be undone by my admirers for want of cuſtomers. Albacinda, Eudocia, and all the reſt would be uſed juſt as we are, if they were in our condition; therefore pray conſider the diſtreſs of us the lower order of beauties, and I ſhall be

T[u]. Your obliged humble ſervant.'

[t] N° 144. [u] By Steele. See N° 324, final note.

N° 156. Wednesday, August 29, 1711.

——— *Sed tu simul obligâsti*
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo——— Hor. 2 Od. viii. 5.

——— But thou,
When once thou hast broke some tender vow,
All perjur'd, dost more charming grow?

I do not think any thing could make a pleasanter entertainment, than the history of the reigning favourites among the women from time to time about this town. In such an account we ought to have a faithful confession of each lady for what she liked such and such a man, and he ought to tell us by what particular action or dress he believed he would be most successful. As for my part, I have always made as easy a judgment when a man dresses for the ladies, as when he is equipped for hunting or coursing. The woman's man is a person in his air and behaviour quite different from the rest of our species. His garb is more loose and negligent, his manner more soft and indolent; that is to say, in both these cases there is an apparent endeavour to appear unconcerned and careless. In catching birds the fowlers have a method of imitating their voices, to bring them to the snare; and your women's men have always a similitude of the creature they hope to betray, in their own conversation. A woman's man is very knowing in all that passes from one family to another, has pretty little officious-

neſſes, is not at a loſs what is good for a cold, and it is not amiſs if he has a bottle of ſpirits in his pocket in caſe of any ſudden indiſpoſition.

Curioſity having been my prevailing paſſion, and indeed the ſole entertainment of my life, I have ſometimes made it my buſineſs to examine the courſe of intrigues as well as the manners and accompliſhments of ſuch as have been moſt ſucceſsful that way. In all my obſervation, I never knew a man of good underſtanding a general favourite; ſome ſingularity in his behaviour, ſome whim in his way of life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the men, has recommended him to the other ſex. I ſhould be very ſorry to offend a people ſo fortunate as thoſe of whom I am ſpeaking; but let any one look over the old beaux, and he will find the man of ſucceſs was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their ſakes, for dreſſing unlike the reſt of the world, or paſſing his days in an inſipid aſſiduity about the fair ſex to gain the figure he made amongſt them. Add to this that he muſt have the reputation of being well with other women, to pleaſe any one woman of gallantry; for you are to know, that there is a mighty ambition among the light part of the ſex to gain ſlaves from the dominion of others. My friend Will Honeycomb[w] ſays it was a common bite with him,

[w] The very favourable repreſentation of Will Honeycomb and the contemptuous account of Will Wimble in theſe papers, appears to be reprehenſible; for to the former, the latter ſeems to have had in principal reſpects the pre-eminence.

to lay ſuſpicions that he was favoured by a lady's enemy, that is, ſome rival beauty, to be well with herſelf. A little ſpite is natural to a great beauty: and it is ordinary to ſnap up a diſagreeable fellow leſt another ſhould have him. That impudent toad Bareface fares well among all the ladies he converſes with, for no other reaſon in the world but that he has the ſkill to keep them from explanation with one another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her heart, each would declare her ſcorn of him the next moment; but he is well received by them becauſe it is the faſhion, and oppoſition to each other brings them inſenſibly into an imitation of each other. What adds to him the greateſt grace is, that the pleaſant thief, as they call him, is the moſt inconſtant creature living, has a wonderful deal of wit and humour, and never wants ſomething to ſay; beſides all which, he has a moſt ſpiteful dangerous tongue if you ſhould provoke him.

To make a woman's man, he muſt not be a man of ſenſe, or a fool; the buſineſs is to entertain, and it is much better to have a faculty of arguing, than a capacity of judging right. But the pleaſanteſt of all the women's equipage are your regular viſitants; theſe are volunteers in their ſervice, without hopes of pay or preferment. It is enough that they can lead out from a public place, that they are admitted on a public day, and can be allowed to paſs away part of that heavy load, their time, in the company of the fair. But commend me above all others to thoſe who are known for your

ruiners of ladies; theſe are the choiceſt ſpirits which our age produces. We have ſeveral of theſe irreſiſtible gentlemen among us when the company is in town. Theſe fellows are accompliſhed with the knowledge of the ordinary occurrences about court and town, have that ſort of good-breeding which is excluſive of all morality, and conſiſts only in being publicly decent, privately diſſolute.

It is wonderful how far a fond opinion of herſelf can carry a woman, to make her have the leaſt regard to a profeſſed known woman's man; but as ſcarce one of all the women who are in the tour of gallantries ever hears any thing of what is the common ſenſe of ſober minds, but are entertained with a continual round of flatteries, they cannot be miſtreſſes of themſelves enough to make arguments for their own conduct from the behaviour of theſe men to others. It is ſo far otherwiſe, that a general fame for falſehood in this kind is a recommendation; and the coxcomb, loaded with the favours of many others, is received like a victor that diſdains his trophies, to be a victim to the preſent charmer.

If you ſee a man more full of geſture than ordinary in a public aſſembly, if loud upon no occaſion, if negligent of the company round him, and yet laying wait for deſtroying by that negligence, you may take it for granted that he has ruined many a fair one. The woman's man expreſſes himſelf wholly in that motion which we call ſtrutting. An elevated cheſt, a pinched hat, a meaſurcable ſtep, and a fly

ſurveying eye, are the marks of him. Now and then you ſee a gentleman with all theſe accompliſhments; but alas, any one of them is enough to undo thouſands: when a gentleman with ſuch perfections adds to it ſuitable learning, there ſhould be public warning of his reſidence in town, that we may remove our wives and daughters. It happens ſometimes that ſuch a fine man has read all the miſcellany poems, a few of our comedies, and has the tranſlation of Ovid's epiſtles by heart. 'Oh if it were poſſible that ſuch a one could be as true as he is charming! but that is too much, the women will ſhare ſuch a dear falſe man: a little gallantry to hear him talk one would indulge one's ſelf in, let him reckon the ſticks of one's fan, ſay ſomething of the Cupids in it; and then call one ſo many ſoft names which a man of his learning has at his fingers-ends. There ſure is ſome excuſe for frailty, when attacked by force againſt a weak woman.' Such is the ſoliloquy of many a lady one might name, at the ſight of one of theſe who makes it no iniquity to go on from day to day in the ſin of woman-ſlaughter[x].

It is certain that people are got into a way of affectation, with a manner of overlooking the moſt ſolid virtues, and admiring the moſt trivial excellencies. The woman is ſo far from expecting to be contemned for being a very injudicious ſilly animal, that while ſhe can preſerve her features and her mien, ſhe knows ſhe is ſtill the object of deſire; and there is a

[x] Thelypthora. A.

ſort of ſecret ambition, from reading frivolous books, and keeping as frivolous company, each ſide to be amiable in imperfection, and arrive at the characters of the Dear Deceiver and the Perjured Fair. T[y].

*** Mr. Spectator gives his moſt humble ſervice to Mr. R. M. of Chippenham in Wilts, and hath received the partridges. Spect. in folio, Aug. 29, 1711.

N° 157. Thurſday, Auguſt 30, 1711.

——— *Genius, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum,*
Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis in unumquodque
caput—— HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 187.

IMITATED.

——— That directing pow'r,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour:
That God of nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will. POPE.

I AM very much at a loſs to expreſs by any word that occurs to me in our language that which is underſtood by *Indoles* in Latin. The natural diſpoſition to any particular art, ſcience, profeſſion, or trade, is very much to be conſulted in the care of youth, and ſtudied by men for their own conduct when they form to themſelves any ſcheme of life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a man to judge of his own capacity impartially. That may look great to me which may appear little to another; and I may

[y] By Steele. See N° 324, *ad fin.* Note on letter T, which was it ſeems ſometimes the ſignature of Mr. Thomas Tickell. See N° 410, note.

be carried by fondneſs towards myſelf ſo far, as to attempt things too high for my talents and accompliſhments. But it is not methinks ſo very difficult a matter to make a judgment of the abilities of others, eſpecially of thoſe who are in their infancy. My common-place book directs me on this occaſion to mention the dawning of greatneſs in Alexander, who being aſked in his youth to contend for a prize in the Olympic games, anſwered he would, if he had kings to run againſt him. Caſſius, who was one of the conſpirators againſt Cæſar, gave as great a proof of his temper, when in his childhood he ſtruck a play-fellow, the ſon of Sylla, for ſaying his father was maſter of the Roman people. Scipio is reported to have anſwered (when ſome flatterers at ſupper were aſking him what the Romans ſhould do for a general after his death) 'Take Marius.' Marius was then a very boy, and had given no inſtances of his valour; but it was viſible to Scipio from the manners of the youth, that he had a ſoul formed for the attempt and execution of great undertakings. I muſt confeſs I have very often with much ſorrow bewailed the miſfortune of the children of Great Britain, when I conſider the ignorance and undiſcerning of the generality of ſchoolmaſters. The boaſted liberty we talk of is but a mean reward for the long ſervitude, the many heart-aches and terrors, to which our childhood is expoſed in going through a grammar-ſchool. Many of theſe ſtupid tyrants exerciſe their cruelty without any manner of diſtinction of the capacities of children,

or the intention of parents in their behalf. There are many excellent tempers which are worthy to be nouriſhed and cultivated with all poſſible diligence and care, that were never deſigned to be acquainted with Ariſtotle, Tully, or Virgil; and there are as many who have capacities for underſtanding every word thoſe great perſons have writ, and yet were not born to have any reliſh of their writings. For want of this common and obvious diſcerning in thoſe who have the care of youth, we have ſo many hundred unaccountable creatures every age whipped up into great ſcholars, that are for ever near a right underſtanding, and will never arrive at it. Theſe are the ſcandal of letters, and theſe are generally the men who are to teach others. The ſenſe of ſhame and honour is enough to keep the world itſelf in order without corporal puniſhment, much more to train the minds of uncorrupted and innocent children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a year, that a lad is chaſtiſed for a blockhead, when it is good apprehenſion that makes him incapable of knowing what his teacher means. A briſk imagination very often may ſuggeſt an error, which a lad could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his maſter in explaining. But there is no mercy even towards a wrong interpretation of his meaning, the ſufferings of the ſcholar's body are to rectify the miſtakes of his mind[z].

I am confident, that no boy who will not be allured to letters without blows will ever be

[z] See Roger Aſcham.

brought to any thing with them. A great or good mind muſt neceſſarily be the worſe for ſuch indignities; and it is a ſad change, to loſe of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great ſchool, but muſt remember to have ſeen children of excellent and ingenuous natures (as has afterwards appeared in their manhood); I ſay no man has paſſed through this way of education, but muſt have ſeen an ingenuous creature expiring with ſhame, with pale looks, beſeeching ſorrow, and ſilent tears, throw up its honeſt eyes, and kneel on its tender knees to an inexorable blockhead to be forgiven the falſe quantity of a word in making a Latin verſe. The child is puniſhed, and the next day he commits a like crime, and ſo a third with the ſame conſequence. I would fain aſk any reaſonable man, whether this lad, in the ſimplicity of his native innocence, full of ſhame, and capable of any impreſſion from that grace of ſoul, was not fitter for any purpoſe in this life, than after that ſpark of virtue is extinguiſhed in him, though he is able to write twenty verſes in an evening?

Seneca ſays, after his exalted way of talking, 'As the immortal Gods never learnt any virtue, though they are endued with all that is good; ſo there are ſome men who have ſo natural a propenſity to what they ſhould follow, that they learn it almoſt as ſoon as they hear it.' Plants and vegetables are cultivated into the production of finer fruits than they would yield without that care: and yet we cannot entertain

hopes of producing a tender conſcious ſpirit into acts of virtue, without the ſame methods as are uſed to cut timber, or give new ſhape to a piece of ſtone.

It is wholly to this dreadful practice that we may attribute a certain hardineſs and ferocity which ſome men, though liberally educated, carry about them in all their behaviour. To be bred like a gentleman, and puniſhed like a malefactor, muſt, as we ſee it does, produce that illiberal ſaucineſs which we ſee ſometimes in men of letters.

The Spartan boy who ſuffered the fox (which he had ſtolen and hid under his coat) to eat into his bowels, I dare ſay had not half the wit or petulance which we learn at great ſchools among us: but the glorious ſenſe of honour, or rather fear of ſhame, which he demonſtrated in that action, was worth all the learning in the world without it.

It is methinks a very melancholy conſideration, that a little negligence can ſpoil us, but great induſtry is neceſſary to improve us; the moſt excellent natures are ſoon depreciated, but evil tempers are long before they are exalted into good habits. To help this by puniſhments, is the ſame thing as killing a man to cure him of a diſtemper; when he comes to ſuffer puniſhment in that one circumſtance, he is brought below the exiſtence of a rational creature, and is in the ſtate of a brute that moves only by the admonition of ſtripes. But ſince this cuſtom of educating by the laſh is ſuffered by the gentry

of Great-Britain, I would prevail only that honeſt heavy lads may be diſmiſſed from ſlavery ſooner than they are at preſent, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth year, whether they expect any progreſs from them or not. Let the child's capacity be forthwith examined, and he ſent to ſome mechanic way of life, without reſpect to his birth, if nature deſigned him for nothing higher: let him go before he has innocently ſuffered, and is debaſed into a dereliction of mind for being what it is no guilt to be, a plain man. I would not here be ſuppoſed to have ſaid, that our learned men of either robe who have been whipped at ſchool, are not ſtill men of noble and liberal minds; but I am ſure they had been much more ſo than they are, had they never ſuffered that infamy.

But though there is ſo little care, as I have obſerved, taken, or obſervation made of the natural ſtrain of men, it is no ſmall comfort to me, as a Spectator, that there is any right value ſet upon the *bona Indoles* of other animals; as appears by the following advertiſement handed about the county of Lincoln, and ſubſcribed by Enos Thomas, a perſon whom I have not the honour to know, but ſuppoſe to be profoundly learned in horſe-fleſh:

'A Cheſnut Horſe called Cæſar, bred by James Darcy, eſquire, at Sedbury, near Richmond in the county of York; his grandam was his old Royal Mare, and got by Blunderbuſs, which was got by Hemſly-Turk, and he got

Mr. Courant's Arabian, which got Mr. Minſhul's Jews-Trump. Mr. Cæſar ſold him to a nobleman (coming five years old, when he had but one ſweat) for three hundred guineas. A guinea a leap and trial, and a ſhilling the man.

T[a]. ENOS THOMAS.'

N° 158. Friday, Auguſt 31, 1711.

——— *Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.* MARTIAL, xiii. 2.

We know theſe things to be mere trifles.

OUT of a firm regard to impartiality, I print theſe letters, let them make for me or not.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE obſerved through the whole courſe of your rhapſodies (as you once very well called them) you are very induſtrious to overthrow all that many your ſuperiors, who have gone before you, have made their rule of writing. I am now between fifty and ſixty, and had the honour to be well with the firſt men of taſte and gallantry in the joyous reign of Charles the Second. We then had, I humbly preſume, as good underſtandings among us as any now can pretend to. As for yourſelf, Mr. Spectator, you ſeem with the utmoſt arrogance to undermine the very fundamentals upon which we conducted ourſelves. It is monſtrous to ſet up

[a] By Steele. See final note to N° 324.

for a man of wit, and yet deny that honour in a woman is any thing elſe but peeviſhneſs, that inclination is 'not'[b] the beſt rule of life, or virtue and vice any thing elſe but health and diſeaſe. We had no more to do but to put a lady in a good-humour, and all we could wiſh followed of courſe. Then, again, your Tully, and your diſcourſes of another life, are the very bane of mirth and good-humour. Pr'ythee do not value thyſelf on thy reaſon at that exorbitant rate, and the dignity of human nature; take my word for it, a ſetting-dog has as good reaſon as any man in England. Had you (as by your diurnals one would think you do) ſet up for being in vogue in town, you ſhould have fallen in with the bent of paſſion and appetite; your ſongs had then been in every pretty mouth in England, and your little diſtichs had been the maxims of the fair and witty to walk by: but alas, ſir, what can you hope for, from entertaining people with what muſt needs make them like themſelves worſe than they did before they read you? Had you made it your buſineſs to deſcribe Corinna charming, though inconſtant, to find ſomething in human nature itſelf to make Zoilus excuſe himſelf for being fond of her; and to make every man in good commerce with his own reflections, you had done ſomething worthy our applauſe; but indeed, ſir, we ſhall not commend you for diſapproving us. I have a great deal more to ſay to you, but I

[b] Spect. in folio. Altered in the 8vo. of 1712, when 'not' was left out.

ſhall ſum it all up in this one remark. In ſhort, ſir, you do not write like a gentleman.'

I am, ſir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE other day we were ſeveral of us at a tea-table, and according to cuſtom and your own advice had the Spectator read among us. It was that paper wherein you are pleaſed to treat with great freedom that character which you call a woman's man[*]. We gave up all the kinds you have mentioned, except thoſe who, you ſay, are our conſtant viſitants. I was upon the occaſion commiſſioned by the company to write to you and tell you, 'that we ſhall not part with the men we have at preſent, until the men of ſenſe think fit to relieve them, and give us their company in their ſtead.' You cannot imagine but that we love to hear reaſon and good ſenſe better than the ribaldry we are at preſent entertained with, but we muſt have company, and among us very inconſiderable is better than none at all. We are made for the cements of ſociety, and came into the world to create relations amongſt mankind; and ſolitude is an unnatural being to us. If the men of good underſtanding would forget a little of their ſeverity, they would find their account in it; and their wiſdom would have a pleaſure in it, to which they are now ſtrangers. It is natural among us when men have a true reliſh of our

[*] N° 156.

company and our value, to ſay every thing with a better grace: and there is without deſigning it ſomething ornamental in what men utter before women, which is loſt or neglected in converſations of men only. Give me leave to tell you, ſir, it would do you no great harm if you yourſelf came a little more into our company: it would certainly cure you of a certain poſitive and determining manner in which you talk ſometimes. In hopes of your amendment,

I am, ſir, your gentle reader.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR profeſſed regard to the fair ſex, may perhaps make them value your admonitions when they will not thoſe of other men. I deſire you, ſir, to repeat ſome lectures upon ſubjects which you have now and then in a curſory manner only juſt touched. I would have a Spectator wholly writ upon good-breeding; and after you have aſſerted that time and place are to be very much conſidered in all our actions, it will be proper to dwell upon behaviour at church. On Sunday laſt a grave and reverend man preached at our church. There was ſomething particular in his accent, but without any manner of affectation. This particularity a ſet of gigglers thought the moſt neceſſary thing to be taken notice of in his whole diſcourſe, and made it an occaſion of mirth during the whole time of ſermon. You ſhould ſee one of them ready to burſt behind a fan, another pointing to a companion

in another ſeat, and a fourth with an arch compoſure, as if ſhe would if poſſible ſtifle her laughter. There were many gentlemen who looked at them ſtedfaſtly, but this they took for ogling and admiring them. There was one of the merry ones in particular, that found out but juſt then that ſhe had but five fingers, for ſhe fell a reckoning the pretty pieces of ivory over and over again, to find herſelf employment and not laugh out. Would it not be expedient, Mr. Spectator, that the churchwarden ſhould hold up his wand on theſe occaſions, and keep the decency of the place as a magiſtrate does the peace in a tumult elſewhere?'

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM a woman's man, and read with a very fine lady your paper [d], wherein you fall upon us whom you envy: what do you think I did? You muſt know ſhe was dreſſing, I read the Spectator to her, and ſhe laughed at the places where ſhe thought I was touched; I threw away your moral, and taking up her girdle cried out,

'Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the reſt the 'ſun [e]' goes round [f].'

'She ſmiled, ſir, and ſaid you were a pedant; ſo ſay of me what you pleaſe, read

[d] N° 156.
[e] 'World.'
[f] From Waller's verſes on a lady's girdle.

Seneca and quote him againſt me if you think fit.

T[g]. I am, ſir, your humble ſervant.'

*** At Drury-lane, on Friday, Aug. 31, the comedy called Love's a Jeſt. Railmore, by Mr. Mills; Lovewell, by Mr. Elrington; Airy, by Mr. Bowman; Sir Topwell Clowniſh, Mr. Johnſon; 'Squire Illbred, Mr. Bullock; Sir Thomas Gaymood, Mr. Croſs; Sam. Gaymood, Mr. Pack; Plot, Mr. Norris; H. Doddipole, Mr. Burkhead; Frankly, Mr. Bullock, jun.; Lady Single, Mrs. Porter; Francelia, Mrs. Bradſhaw; Chriſtiana, Miſs Willis; Kitty, Miſs Sherborn; Dol Hoyden, Mrs. Willis. This being the laſt time of acting till winter. Spect. in folio, N° 158.

N° 159. Saturday, September 1, 1711.

——*Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti*
Mortales hebetat viſus tibi, & humida circùm
Caligat, nubem eripiam —— VIRG. Æn. ii. 604.

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal ſight,
I will remove——

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo[h], I picked up ſeveral oriental manuſcripts, which I have ſtill by me. Among others I met with one intitled, The Viſions of Mirza, which I have read over

[g] By Steele. See notes to N° 4, &c. on Steele's ſignatures R and T. The papers marked as this is with T at the ends of them, are generally ſuppoſed, though with ſeveral exceptions, to have been tranſcribed. The letter T is likewiſe thought to have been ſometimes the ſignature of Mr. Thomas Tickell. See N° 410 final note, and note to 324, on ſignature T.

[h] See Spect. Vol. I. N° 1.

with great pleaſure. I intend to give it to the Public when I have no other entertainment for them; and ſhall begin with the firſt viſion, which I have tranſlated word for word as follows:

'ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the cuſtom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered up my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to paſs the reſt of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myſelf on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and paſſing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' ſaid I, 'man is but a ſhadow, and life a dream.' Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards the ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, where I diſcovered one in the habit of a ſhepherd, with a little muſical inſtrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The ſound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of thoſe heavenly airs that are played to the departed ſouls of good men upon their firſt arrival in Paradiſe, to wear out the impreſſions of the laſt agonies, and qualify them for the pleaſures of that happy place. My heart melted away in ſecret raptures.

'I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that ſeveral had been entertained with muſick who had

paſſed by it, but never heard that the muſician had before made himſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my thoughts by thoſe tranſporting airs which he played, to taſte the pleaſures of his converſation, as I looked upon him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he ſat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a ſuperior nature; and as my heart was entirely ſubdued by the captivating ſtrains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius ſmiled upon me with a look of compaſſion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once diſpelled all the fears and apprehenſions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' ſaid he, 'I have heard thee in thy ſoliloquies; follow me.'

'He then led me to the higheſt pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Caſt thy eyes eaſtward,' ſaid he, 'and tell me what thou ſeeſt.' 'I ſee,' ſaid I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou ſeeſt,' ſaid he, 'is the Vale of Miſery, and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt is part of the great Tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reaſon' ſaid I, 'that the tide I ſee riſes out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the other?' 'What thou ſeeſt,' ſaid he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, meaſured out by the ſun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its conſum-

mation.' 'Examine now,' ſaid he, 'this ſea that is bounded with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it.' 'I ſee a bridge,' ſaid I, 'ſtanding in the midſt of the tide.' 'The bridge thou ſeeſt,' ſaid he, 'is Human Life, conſider it attentively.' Upon a more leiſurely ſurvey of it, I found that it conſiſted of threeſcore and ten entire arches, with ſeveral broken arches, which added to thoſe that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge conſiſted at firſt of a thouſand arches: but that a great flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' ſaid he, 'what thou diſcovereſt on it.' 'I ſee multitudes of people paſſing over it,' ſaid I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the paſſengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the paſſengers no ſooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden pit-falls were ſet very thick at the entrance of the bridge, ſo that throngs of people no ſooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

'There were indeed ſome perſons, but their number was very ſmall, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo long a walk.

'I paſſed ſome time in the contemplation of this wonderful ſtructure, and the great variety of objects which it preſented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in the midſt of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that ſtood by them to ſave themſelves. Some were looking up towards heaven in a thoughtful poſture, and in the midſt of a ſpeculation ſtumbled and fell out of ſight. Multitudes were very buſy in the purſuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themſelves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they ſunk. In this confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome with ſcymitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thruſting ſeveral perſons on trap-doors which did not ſeem to lie in their way, and which they might have eſcaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

'The Genius ſeeing me indulge myſelf on this melancholy proſpect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' ſaid he, 'and tell me if thou yet ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'what mean,' ſaid I, 'thoſe great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering

about the bridge, and ſettling upon it from time to time? I ſee vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures ſeveral little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'Theſe,' ſaid the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superſtition, Deſpair, Love, with the like cares and paſſions that infeſt human life.

'I here fetched a deep ſigh. 'Alas,' ſaid I, 'Man was made in vain! how is he given away to miſery and mortality! tortured in life, and ſwallowed up in death!' The Genius being moved with compaſſion towards me, bid me quit ſo uncomfortable a proſpect. 'Look no more,' ſaid he, 'on man in the firſt ſtage of his exiſtence, in his ſetting out for eternity; but caſt thine eye on that thick miſt into which the tide bears the ſeveral generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my ſight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius ſtrengthened it with any ſupernatural force, or diſſipated part of the miſt that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I ſaw the valley opening at the farther end, and ſpreading forth into an immenſe ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midſt of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds ſtill reſted on one half of it, inſomuch that I could diſcover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vaſt ocean planted with innumerable iſlands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thouſand little ſhining ſeas that ran among them. I

could ſee perſons dreſſed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, paſſing among the trees, lying down by the ſides of fountains, or reſting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confuſed harmony of ſinging birds, falling waters, human voices, and muſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon the diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to thoſe happy ſeats; but the Genius told me there was no paſſage to them, except through the gates of death that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The iſlands,' ſaid he, 'that lie ſo freſh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in number than the ſands on the ſea-ſhore; there are myriads of iſlands behind thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itſelf. Theſe are the manſions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral iſlands, which abound with pleaſures of different kinds and degrees, ſuitable to the reliſhes and perfections of thoſe who are ſettled in them; every iſland is a paradiſe accommodated to its reſpective inhabitants. Are not theſe, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miſerable, that gives thee opportunities of earning ſuch a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to ſo happy an exiſtence?

Think not man was made in vain, who has ſuch an eternity reſerved for him.' I gazed with inexpreſſible pleaſure on theſe happy iſlands. At length, ſaid I, ſhew me now, I beſeech thee, the ſecrets that lie hid under thoſe dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other ſide of the rock of adamant. The Genius making me no anſwer, I turned me about to addreſs myſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the viſion which I had been ſo long contemplating; but inſtead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy iſlands, I ſaw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, ſheep, and camels, grazing upon the ſides of it.'

The end of the firſt viſion of Mirza. C[k].

[k] By Addiſon, dated, as it ſeems, from Chelſea.

The following errata, announced in the Spect. in folio, N° 162, afford a ſtrong preſumption to this annotator, that this paper, to which they refer, was written by Addiſon, or if not committed to his particular care by Dr. Parnelle.—"In Saturday's Spectator, col. 3, line 31, for 'which did not ſeem to have been laid for them,' read, 'which did not ſeem to lie in their way.' Col. 4, line 1, for 'halfs,' read 'parts.'"

N° 160. Monday, September 3, 1711.

——Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna ſonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.
HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 43.

On him confer the Poet's ſacred name,
Whoſe lofty voice declares the heavenly flame.

THERE is no character more frequently given to a writer, than that of being a genius. I have heard many a little ſonnetteer called a fine genius. There is not an heroic ſcribbler in the nation, that has not his admirers who think him a great genius; and as for your ſmatterers in tragedy, there is ſcarce a man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a prodigious genius.

My deſign in this paper is to conſider what is properly a great genius, and to throw ſome thoughts together on ſo uncommon a ſubject.

Among great geniuſes thoſe few draw the admiration of all the world upon them, and ſtand up as the prodigies of mankind, who by the mere ſtrength of natural parts, and without any aſſiſtance of art or learning, have produced works that were the delight of their own times, and the wonder of poſterity. There appears ſomething nobly wild and extravagant in theſe great natural geniuſes that is infinitely more beautiful than all the turn and poliſhing of what the French call a *bel eſprit*, by which they would expreſs a genius refined by converſation, reflection, and the reading of the moſt polite

authors. The greateſt genius which runs through the Arts and Sciences, takes a kind of tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into imitation.

Many of theſe great natural geniuſes that were never diſciplined and broken by rules of art, are to be found among the ancients, and in particular among thoſe of the more eaſtern parts of the world. Homer has innumerable flights that Virgil was not able to reach, and in the Old Teſtament we find ſeveral paſſages more elevated and ſublime than any in Homer. At the ſame time that we allow a greater and more daring genius to the ancients, we muſt own that the greateſt of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were much above the nicety and correctneſs of the moderns. In their ſimilitudes and alluſions, provided there was a likeneſs, they did not much trouble themſelves about the decency of the compariſon: thus Solomon reſembles the noſe of his beloved to the tower of Lebanon which looketh towards Damaſcus; as the coming of a thief in the night, is a ſimilitude of the ſame kind in the New Teſtament[1]. It would be endleſs to make collections of this nature; Homer illuſtrates one of his heroes encompaſſed with the enemy, by an aſs in a field of corn that has his ſides belaboured by all the boys of the village without

[1] Song of Solomon vii. 4.—Matt. xxiv. 43, & ſeq.—1 Theſſ. v. 2. What indecency is there in an alluſion to the ſurpriſal and miſchief occaſioned by the unexpected coming of a dark-night felon, in order to illuſtrate the condition of an inconſiderate man ſurprized by death, in the midſt of his thoughtleſſneſs and irregularities?

ſtirring a foot for it: and another of them toſſing to and fro in his bed and burning with reſentment, to a piece of fleſh broiled on the coals. This particular failure in the ancients opens a large field of raillery to the little wits, who can laugh at an indecency, but not reliſh the ſublime in theſe ſort of writings. The preſent emperor of Perſia, conformable to this eaſtern way of thinking, amidſt a great many pompous titles, denominates himſelf 'the ſun of glory,' and 'the nutmeg of delight.' In ſhort, to cut off all cavilling againſt the ancients, and particularly thoſe of the warmer climates, who had moſt heat and life in their imaginations, we are to conſider that the rule of obſerving what the French call the *bienſeance* in an alluſion, has been found out of later years, and in the colder regions of the world; where we would make ſome amends for our want of force and ſpirit, by a ſcrupulous nicety and exactneſs in our compoſitions. Our countryman Shakſpeare was a remarkable inſtance of this firſt kind of great geniuſes.

I cannot quit this head without obſerving that Pindar was a great genius of the firſt claſs, who was hurried on by a natural fire and impetuoſity to vaſt conceptions of things and noble ſallies of imagination. At the ſame time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for men of a ſober and moderate fancy to imitate this poet's way of writing in thoſe monſtrous compoſitions which go among us under the name of Pindarics? When I ſee people copying works, which as Horace has repreſented them, are ſingular in

their kind, and inimitable; when I ſee men following irregularities by rule, and by the little tricks of art ſtraining after the moſt unbounded flights of nature, I cannot but apply to them that paſſage in Terence:

'———*Incerta hæc ſi tu poſtules*
Ratione certâ facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quam ſi des operam, ut cum ratione inſanias.'
EUN. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

'You may as well pretend to be mad and in your ſenſes at the ſame time, as to think of reducing theſe uncertain things to any certainty by reaſon.'

In ſhort, a modern Pindaric writer, compared with Pindar, is like a ſiſter among the Camiſars [m]

[m] More commonly known by the name of the French Prophets, a ſet of enthuſiaſts originally of the Cevennes in France, who came into England about the year 1707, and had at firſt a conſiderable number of votaries. They worked themſelves into ſtrange agitations and convulſions of body, would be ſeized with violent throbs, hiccups, and throw themſelves into the moſt ſurpriſing diſtortions, imagining the wild ravings they then uttered were the dictates of the Holy Spirit. They pretended to the gifts of miracles and prophecy: and went ſo far as to predict, that one Dr. Emes, a convert of theirs, ſhould riſe from the grave after having been dead five months, fixing the day and hour of his reſurrection; which afterwards expoſed them to great deriſion. A fuller account of the riſe and progreſs of this ſtrange ſect may be gained from two pamphlets, one in French intitled, 'Le Theatre ſacre de Cevennes, ou Recit de diverſes Merveilles nouvellement operees dans cette Partie de la Province de Languedoc. Lond. 1707, 12mo.' The other in Engliſh, viz. 'A Brand plucked from the Burning; exemplify'd in the unparalleled caſe of Samuel Keimer, &c. London, 1718. 12mo.' P.

See Tat. with notes, Vol. I. N° 11. and note; and Vol. VI. N° 267. note *ad finem*.

compared with Virgil's Sibyl: There is the diſtortion, grimace, and outward figure, but nothing of that divine impulſe which raiſes the mind above itſelf, and makes the ſounds more than human.

There is another kind of great geniuſes which I ſhall place in a ſecond claſs, not as I think them inferior to the firſt, but only for diſtinction's ſake, as they are of a different kind. This ſecond claſs of great geniuſes are thoſe that have formed themſelves by rules, and ſubmitted the greatneſs of their natural talents to the corrections and reſtraints of art. Such among the Greeks were Plato and Ariſtotle; among the Romans, Virgil and Tully; among the Engliſh, Milton and ſir Francis Bacon.

The genius in both theſe claſſes of authors may be equally great, but ſhews itſelf after a different manner. In the firſt it is like a rich ſoil in a happy climate, that produces a whole wilderneſs of noble plants riſing in a thouſand beautiful landſcapes, without any certain order or regularity. In the other it is the ſame rich ſoil under the ſame happy climate, that has been laid out in walks and parterres, and cut into ſhape and beauty by the ſkill of the gardener.

The great danger in the latter kind of geniuſes is, leſt they cramp their own abilities too much by imitation, and form themſelves altogether upon models, without giving the full play to their own natural parts. An imitation of the beſt authors is not to compare with a good original; and I believe we may obſerve that very few writers make an extraordinary

figure in the world, who have not ſomething in their way of thinking or expreſſing themſelves, that is peculiar to them, and intirely their own.

It is odd to conſider what great geniuſes are ſometimes thrown away upon trifles.

'I once ſaw a ſhepherd,' ſays a famous Italian author, 'who uſed to divert himſelf in his ſolitudes with toſſing up eggs and catching them again without breaking them: in which he had arrived to ſo great a degree of perfection, that he would keep up four at a time for ſeveral minutes together playing in the air, and falling into his hands by turns. I think,' ſays the author, 'I never ſaw a greater ſeverity than in this man's face; for by his wonderful perſeverance and application, he had contracted the ſerioufneſs and gravity of a privy-counſellor; and I could not but reflect with myſelf, that the ſame aſſiduity and attention, had they been rightly applied, 'might[n]' have made him a greater mathematician than Archimedes.' C°.

[n] 'Would.' Spect. in folio.
° By Addiſon. Chelſea. See final note to N° 5.

N° 161. Tuesday, September 4, 1711.

Ipse dies agitat festos: Fususque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio et socii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenæe, vocat: pecorisque magistris
Velocis jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,
Corporaque agresti nudat prædura palæstra.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus et frater. Sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

VIRG. Georg. ii. 527.

Himself, in rustic pomp, on holy-days,
To rural powers a just oblation pays;
And on the green his careless limbs displays:
The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen round,
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize,
The groom his fellow-groom at buts defies,
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes:
Or stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother king were bred:
From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose;
And this rude life our homely fathers chose;
Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth.

DRYDEN.

I AM glad that my late going into the country has increased the number of my correspondents, one of whom sends me the following letter:

'SIR,

'THOUGH you are pleased to retire from us so soon into the city, I hope you will not think the affairs of the country altogether unworthy of your inspection for the future.

I had the honour of ſeeing your ſhort face at ſir Roger de Coverley's, and have ever ſince thought your perſon and writings both extraordinary. Had you ſtaid there a few days longer you would have ſeen a country wake, which you know in moſt parts of England is the eve-feaſt of the dedication of our churches. I was laſt week at one of theſe aſſemblies which was held in a neighbouring pariſh; where I found their Green covered with a promiſcuous multitude of all ages and both ſexes, who eſteem one another more or leſs the following part of the year according as they diſtinguiſh themſelves at this time. The whole company were in their holiday clothes, and divided into ſeveral parties, all of them endeavouring to ſhew themſelves in thoſe exerciſes wherein they excelled, and to gain the approbation of the lookers on.

'I found a ring of cudgel-players, who were breaking one another's heads in order to make ſome impreſſion on their miſtreſſes' hearts. I obſerved a luſty young fellow, who had the misfortune of a broken pate; but what conſiderably added to the anguiſh of the wound, was his overhearing an old man, who ſhook his head and ſaid, "That he queſtioned now if Black Kate would marry him theſe three years." I was diverted from a farther obſervation of theſe combatants by a foot-ball match, which was on the other ſide of the Green: where Tom Short behaved himſelf ſo well, that moſt people ſeemed to agree, "it was impoſſible that he ſhould remain a bachelor until the next wake." Having played many a match myſelf, I could have

looked longer on this ſport, had I not obſerved a country girl, who was poſted on an eminence at ſome diſtance from me, and was making ſo many odd grimaces, and writhing and diſtorting her whole body in ſo ſtrange a manner, as made me very deſirous to know the meaning of it. Upon my coming up to her, I found that ſhe was over-looking a ring of wreſtlers, and that her ſweetheart, a perſon of ſmall ſtature, was contending with a huge brawny fellow, who twirled him about, and ſhook the little man ſo violently, that by a ſecret ſympathy of hearts it produced all thoſe agitations in the perſon of his miſtreſs, who I dare ſay, like Cælia in Shakſpeare on the ſame occaſion, could have "wiſhed herſelf inviſible to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg[p]." The 'ſquire of the pariſh treats the whole company every year with a hogſhead of ale; and propoſes a beaver hat as a recompence to him who gives moſt falls. This has raiſed ſuch a ſpirit of emulation in the youth of the place, that ſome of them have rendered themſelves very expert at this exerciſe; and I was often ſurpriſed to ſee a fellow's heels fly up, by a trip which was given him ſo ſmartly that I could ſcarce diſcern it. I found that the old wreſtlers ſeldom entered the ring until ſome one was grown formidable by having thrown two or three of his opponents; but kept themſelves as it were in a reſerved body to defend the hat, which is always hung up by the perſon who gets it in one of the moſt conſpicuous parts

[p] As you like it. Act i. Sc. 6. Shakſ.

of the houſe, and looked upon by the whole family as ſomething redounding much more to their honour than a coat of arms. There was a fellow who was ſo buſy in regulating all the ceremonies, and ſeemed to carry ſuch an air of importance in his looks, that I could not help inquiring who he was, and was immediately anſwered, "That he did not value himſelf upon nothing, for that he and his anceſtors had won ſo many hats, that his parlour looked like a haberdaſher's ſhop." However this thirſt of glory in them all, was the reaſon that no one man ſtood 'lord of the ring' for above three falls while I was among them.

'The young maids, who were not lookers-on at theſe exerciſes, were themſelves engaged in ſome diverſion; and upon my aſking a farmer's ſon of my own pariſh what he was gazing at with ſo much attention, he told me, "That he was ſeeing Betty Welch," whom I knew to be his ſweetheart, "pitch a bar."

'In ſhort, I found the men endeavoured to ſhew the women they were no cowards, and that the whole company ſtrived to recommend themſelves to each other, by making it appear that they were all in a perfect ſtate of health, and fit to undergo any fatigues of bodily labour.

'Your judgment upon this method of love and gallantry, as it is at preſent practiſed among us in the country, will very much oblige,

Sir, your's, &c.'

If I would here put on the ſcholar and politician, I might inform my readers how theſe

bodily exercises or games were formerly encouraged in all the commonwealths of Greece; from whence the Romans afterwards borrowed their *pentathlum*, which was composed of running wrestling, leaping, throwing, and boxing, though the prizes were generally nothing but a crown of cypress or parsley, hats not being in fashion in those days: that there is an old statute, which obliges every man in England, having such an estate, to keep and exercise the long-bow; by which means our ancestors excelled all other nations in the use of that weapon, and we had all the real advantages, without the inconvenience of a standing army: and that I once met with a book of projects, in which the author considering to what noble ends that spirit of emulation, which so remarkably shews itself among our common people in these wakes, might be directed, proposes that for the improvement of all our handicraft trades there should be annual prizes set up for such persons as were most excellent in their several arts. But laying aside all these political considerations, which might tempt me to pass the limits of my paper, I confess the greatest benefit and convenience that I can observe in these country festivals, is the bringing young people together, and giving them an opportunity of shewing themselves in the most advantageous light. A country fellow that throws his rival upon his back, has generally as good success with their common mistress; as nothing is more usual than for a nimble-footed wench to get a husband at the same time she wins a smock.

Love and marriages are the natural effects of theſe anniverſary aſſemblies. I muſt therefore very much approve the method by which my correſpondent tells me each ſex endeavours to recommend itſelf to the other, ſince nothing ſeems more likely to promiſe a healthy off-ſpring, or a happy cohabitation.—And I believe I may aſſure my country friend, that there has been many a court lady who would be contented to exchange her crazy young huſband for Tom Short, and ſeveral men of quality who would have parted with a tender yoke-fellow for Black Kate.

I am the more pleaſed with having love made the principal end and deſign of theſe meetings, as it ſeems to be moſt agreeable to the intent for which they were at firſt inſtituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. Kennet[q], with whoſe words I ſhall conclude my preſent paper.

'Theſe wakes, ſays he, were in imitation of the ancient ἀγάπαι, or love-feaſts; and were firſt eſtabliſhed in England by pope Gregory the great, who, in an epiſtle to Melitus the abbot, gave orders that they ſhould be kept in ſheds or arbories made up with branches or boughs of trees round the church.'

He adds, 'that this laudable cuſtom of wakes prevailed for many ages, until the nice puritans began to exclaim againſt it as a remnant of popery; and by degrees the preciſe humour grew ſo popular, that at an Exeter aſſizes the lord chief baron Walter made an order for the

[q] In his Parochial Antiquities, 4to. 1695, p. 610, 614.

ſuppreſſion of all wakes; but on biſhop Laud's complaining of this innovating humour, the king commanded the order to be reverſed.'

X[r].

N 162. Wedneſday, September 5, 1711.

——— ——— *Servetur ad imum,*
Qualis ab incœpto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 126.

Keep one conſiſtent plan from end to end.

NOTHING that is not a real crime makes a man appear ſo contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconſtancy, eſpecially when it regards religion or party. In either of theſe caſes, though a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his ſide, he not only makes himſelf hated by thoſe he left, but is ſeldom heartily eſteemed by thoſe he comes over to.

In theſe great articles of life therefore, a man's conviction ought to be very ſtrong, and if poſſible ſo well timed, that worldly advantages may ſeem to have no ſhare in it, or mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change ſides out of principle, but either out of levity of temper, or proſpects of intereſt. Converts and renegadoes of all kinds ſhould take particular care to let the world ſee they act upon honourable motives; or whatever approbations they may receive from themſelves, and applauſes from thoſe they converſe with, they

[r] By Mr. E. Budgell. See Spect. N° 555. Let. X.

may be very well aſſured that they are the ſcorn of all good men, and the public marks of infamy and deriſion.

Irreſolution on the ſchemes of life which offer themſelves to our choice, and inconſtancy in purſuing them, are the greateſt and moſt univerſal cauſes of all our diſquiet and unhappineſs. When ambition pulls one way, intereſt another, inclination a third, and perhaps reaſon contrary to all, a man is likely to paſs his time but ill who has ſo many different parties to pleaſe. When the mind hovers among ſuch a variety of allurements, one had better ſettle on a way of life that is not the very beſt we might have choſen, than grow old without determining our choice, and go out of the world as the greateſt part of mankind do, before we have reſolved how to live in it. There is but one method of ſetting ourſelves at reſt in this particular, and that is by adhering ſtedfaſtly to one great end as the chief and ultimate aim of all our purſuits. If we are firmly reſolved to live up to the dictates of reaſon, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like conſiderations, any more than as they fall in with our principal deſign, we may go through life with ſteadineſs and pleaſure; but if we act by ſeveral broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value ſet upon it by the world, we ſhall live and die in miſery and repentance.

One would take more than ordinary care to guard one's ſelf againſt this particular imperfection, becauſe it is that which our nature very

ſtrongly inclines us to; for if we examine ourſelves thoroughly, we ſhall find that we are the moſt changeable beings in the univerſe. In reſpect of our underſtanding, we often embrace and reject the very ſame opinions; whereas beings above and beneath us have probably no opinions at all, or at leaſt no wavering and uncertainties in thoſe they have. Our ſuperiors are guided by intuition, and our inferiors by inſtinct. In reſpect of our wills, we fall into crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the eyes of our great Judge, and paſs our whole life in offending and aſking pardon. On the contrary, the beings underneath us are not capable of ſinning, nor thoſe above us of repenting. The one is out of the poſſibilities of duty, and the other fixed in an eternal courſe of ſin, or an eternal courſe of virtue.

There is ſcarce a ſtate of life, or ſtage in it which does not produce changes and revolutions in the mind of man. Our ſchemes of thought in infancy are loſt in thoſe of youth; theſe too take a different turn in manhood, until old age often leads us back into our former infancy. A new title or an unexpected ſucceſs throws us out of ourſelves, and in a manner deſtroys our identity. A cloudy day, or a little ſunſhine, have as great an influence on many conſtitutions, as the moſt real bleſſings or misfortunes. A dream varies our being, and changes our condition while it laſts; and every paſſion, not to mention health and ſickneſs, and the greater alterations in body and mind, makes us appear almoſt different creatures. If a man is ſo diſtin-

guiſhed among other beings by this infirmity, what can we think of ſuch as make themſelves remarkable for it even among their own ſpecies? It is a very trifling character to be one of the moſt variable beings of the moſt variable kind, eſpecially if we conſider that He who is the great ſtandard of perfection has in him no ſhadow of change, but 'is the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever.'

As this mutability of temper and inconſiſtency with ourſelves is the greateſt weakneſs of human nature, ſo it makes the perſon who is remarkable for it in a very particular manner more ridiculous than any other infirmity whatſoever, as it ſets him in a greater variety of fooliſh lights, and diſtinguiſhes him from himſelf by an oppoſition of party-coloured characters. The moſt humorous character in Horace is founded upon this unevenneſs of temper and irregularity of conduct:

'———————*Sardus habebat*
Ille Tigellius hoc: Cæſar, qui cogere poſſet,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque ſuam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si collibuiſſet, ab ovo
Uſque ad mala citaret, Iö Bacche, modò ſummâ
Voce, modò hâc, reſonat quæ chordìs quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: Sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hoſtem: Perſæpe velut qui
Junonis ſacra ferret: Habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos: Modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: Modò ſit mihi menſa tripes, et
Concha ſalis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis craſſa, quæat. Decies centena dediſſes
Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipſum

Manè: Diem totum ſtertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic 'impar' ſibi——' HOR. 1 Sat. iii.

Inſtead of tranſlating this paſſage in Horace, I ſhall entertain my Engliſh reader with the deſcription of a parallel character, that is wonderfully well finiſhed by Mr. Dryden, and raiſed upon the ſame foundation:

'In the firſt rank of theſe did Zimri ſtand:
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by ſtarts, and nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving moon,
Was chemiſt, fiddler, ſtateſman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drinking,
Beſides ten thouſand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt madman, who could every hour employ,
With ſomething new to wiſh, or to enjoy!' C[t].

[s] From Dryden's Abſalom and Achitophel. Perhaps it is needleſs to mention that this character was meant for George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, author of the Rehearſal.

[t] By Addiſon, dated, it ſeems, from Chelſea, and abounding in his manner with oblique ſtrokes at Swift, Prior, &c. who had ſhifted ſides, and left the whig to embrace the tory party. See Steele's ded. of The Drummer to Congreve. What is ſaid there by Steele of Addiſon's papers, is undoubtedly equally applicable to the Tatler, and to the Spectator. The inſtances are ſo obvious that it is needleſs, and ſo many that it would be endleſs to mention them.

N° 163. Thurſday, September 6, 1711.

———Si quid ego adjuero, curamve levaſſo
Quæ nunc te coquit, et verſat ſub pectore fixa,
Ecquid erit pretii? ENN. apud TULLIUM.

Say, will you thank me if I bring you reſt,
And eaſe the torture of your troubled breaſt?

ENQUIRIES after happineſs, and rules for attaining it, are not ſo neceſſary and uſeful to mankind as the arts of conſolation, and ſupporting one's ſelf under affliction. The utmoſt we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we ſhall meet with nothing but grief and diſappointment. A man ſhould direct all his ſtudies and endeavours at making himſelf eaſy now, and happy hereafter.

The truth of it is, if all the happineſs that is diſperſed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into the poſſeſſion of any ſingle man, it would not make a very happy being. Though on the contrary, if the miſeries of the whole ſpecies were fixed in a ſingle perſon, they would make a very miſerable one.

I am engaged in this ſubject by the following letter, which, though ſubſcribed by a fictitious name, I have reaſon to believe is not imaginary.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of your diſciples, and endeavour to live up to your rules, which I

hope will incline you to pity my condition. I ſhall open it to you in a very few words. About three years ſince a gentleman, whom, I am ſure, you yourſelf would have approved, made his addreſſes to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an eſtate, ſo that my friends, who all of them applauded his perſon, would not for the ſake of both of us favour his paſſion. For my own part, I reſigned myſelf up entirely to the direction of thoſe who knew the world much better than myſelf, but ſtill lived in hopes that ſome juncture or other would make me happy in the man, whom, in my heart, I preferred to all the world; being determined if I could not have him, to have nobody elſe. About three months ago I received a letter from him, acquainting me, that by the death of an uncle he had a conſiderable eſtate left him, which he ſaid was welcome to him upon no other account, but as he hoped it would remove all difficulties that lay in the way to our mutual happineſs. You may well ſuppoſe, ſir, with how much joy I received this letter, which was followed by ſeveral others filled with thoſe expreſſions of love and joy, which I verily believe nobody felt more ſincerely, nor knew better how to deſcribe than the gentleman I am ſpeaking of. But, ſir, how ſhall I be able to tell it you! by the laſt week's poſt I received a letter from an intimate friend of this unhappy gentleman, acquainting me, that as he had juſt ſettled his affairs, and was preparing for his journey, he fell ſick of a fever and died. It is impoſſible to expreſs to you the diſtreſs I am in upon this occaſion. I

can only have recourſe to my devotions; and to the reading of good books for my conſolation; and as I always take a particular delight in thoſe frequent advices and admonitions which you give the public, it would be a very great piece of charity in you to lend me your aſſiſtance in this conjuncture. If after the reading of this letter you find yourſelf in a humour, rather to rally and ridicule, than to comfort me, I deſire you would throw it into the fire, and think no more of it; but if you are touched with my misfortune, which is greater than I know how to bear, your counſels may very much ſupport, and will infinitely oblige the afflicted

LEONORA [u].

A diſappointment in love is more hard to get over than any other; the paſſion itſelf ſo ſoftens and ſubdues the heart, that it diſables it from ſtruggling or bearing up againſt the woes and diſtreſſes which befal it. The mind meets with other misfortunes in her whole ſtrength; ſhe ſtands collected within herſelf, and ſuſtains the ſhock with all the force which is natural to her; but a heart in love has its foundation ſapped, and immediately ſinks under the weight of accidents that are diſagreeable to its favourite paſſion.

In afflictions men generally draw their conſolations out of books of morality, which indeed are of great uſe to fortify and ſtrengthen the mind againſt the impreſſions of ſorrow. Monſieur St. Evremont, who does not approve of

[u] See the final note to this paper.

this method, recommends authors who are apt to ſtir up mirth in the mind of the readers, and fancies Don Quixote can give more relief to a heavy heart than Plutarch or Seneca, as it is much eaſier to divert grief than to conquer it. This doubtleſs may have its effects on ſome tempers. I ſhould rather have recourſe to authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us inſtances of calamities and misfortunes, and ſhew human nature in its greateſt diſtreſſes.

If the afflictions we groan under be very heavy, we ſhall find ſome conſolation in the ſociety of as great ſufferers as ourſelves, eſpecially when we find our companions men of virtue and merit. If our afflictions are light, we ſhall be comforted by the compariſon we make between ourſelves and our fellow-ſufferers. A loſs at ſea, a fit of ſickneſs, or the death of a friend, are ſuch trifles when we conſider whole kingdoms laid in aſhes, families put to the ſword, wretches ſhut up in dungeons, and the like calamities of mankind, that we are out of countenance for our own weakneſs, if we ſink under ſuch little ſtrokes of fortune.

Let the diſconſolate Leonora conſider, that at the very time in which ſhe languiſhes for the loſs of her deceaſed lover, there are perſons in ſeveral parts of the world juſt periſhing in ſhipwreck; others crying out for mercy in the terrors of a death-bed repentance; others lying under the tortures of an infamous execution, or the like dreadful calamities; and ſhe will find her ſorrows vaniſh at the appearance of thoſe which are ſo much greater and more aſtoniſhing.

I would further propoſe to the conſideration of my afflicted diſciple, that poſſibly what ſhe now looks upon as the greateſt misfortune, is not really ſuch in itſelf. For my own part, I queſtion not but our ſouls in a ſeparate ſtate will look back on their lives in quite another view, than what they had of them in the body; and that what they now conſider as misfortunes and diſappointments, will very often appear to have been eſcapes and bleſſings.

The mind that hath any caſt towards devotion, naturally flies to it in its afflictions.

When I was in France I heard a very remarkable ſtory of two lovers, which I ſhall relate at length in my to-morrow's paper, not only becauſe the circumſtances of it are extraordinary, but becauſe it may ſerve as an illuſtration to all that can be ſaid on this laſt head, and ſhew the power of religion in abating that particular anguiſh which ſeems to lie ſo heavy on Leonora. The ſtory was told me by a prieſt, as I travelled with him in a ſtage-coach. I ſhall give it my reader as well as I can remember, in his own words, after having premiſed, that if conſolations may be drawn from a wrong religion and a miſguided devotion, they cannot but flow much more naturally from thoſe which are founded upon reaſon, and eſtabliſhed in good ſenſe. L [w].

[w] By Addiſon, London. See N° 335. *ad fin.*

*** The letter in this paper ſigned Leonora, was written by a miſs Shepheard, who wrote likewiſe the letter in Spect. N° 140, ſigned Parthenia; but the letter in N° 92, ſigned Leonora, was written by another miſs Shepheard, ſiſter to the former, and afterwards, by marriage Mrs. Perry. Theſe two ladies were collateral deſcendants of ſir Fleetwood Shepheard, of facetious memory. D.

N° 164. Friday, September 7, 1711.

Illa; quis et me, inquit, miſeram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidaſque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.
VIRG. iv. Georg. 494.

Then thus the bride: What fury ſeiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to loſe thyſelf and me?
And now farewel! involv'd in ſhades of night,
For ever I am raviſh'd from thy ſight:
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In ſweet embraces, ah; no longer thine. DRYDEN.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own induſtry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodoſius[x] was the younger ſon of a decayed family, of great parts and learning improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with Conſtantia, who had not then paſſed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles diſtant from her father's houſe, he had frequent opportunities of ſeeing her; and by the advantages of a good perſon and a pleaſing converſation, made ſuch an impreſſion on her heart as it was impoſſible for time to efface. He was himſelf no leſs ſmitten with Conſtantia. A long acquaintance made them

[x] The Theodoſius and Conſtantia of Dr. Langhorne, a collection of letters, in 2 vols. 12mo. takes its riſe from this paper. There was likewiſe a poem on this ſubject, and under the ſame, or a very ſimilar title, publiſhed ſoon after this time, the author of which boaſts in his title page of having had the aſſiſtance of Mr. Pope.

ſtill diſcover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raiſed in them that mutual paſſion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midſt of this intercourſe of love and friendſhip between Theodoſius and Conſtantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himſelf too much upon his birth, and the other upon his poſſeſſions. The father of Conſtantia was ſo incenſed at the father of Theodoſius, that he contracted an unreaſonable averſion towards his ſon, inſomuch that he forbade him his houſe, and charged his daughter upon her duty, never to ſee him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained ſecret hopes of ſome favourable opportunity that ſhould bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable perſon, whom he pitched upon as a huſband for his daughter. He ſoon concerted this affair ſo well, that he told Conſtantia it was his deſign to marry her to ſuch a gentleman, and that her wedding ſhould be celebrated on ſuch a day. Conſtantia, who was overawed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing againſt ſo advantageous a match, received the propoſal with a profound ſilence, which her father commended in her, as the moſt decent manner of a virgin's giving her conſent to an overture of that kind. The noiſe of this intended marriage ſoon reached Theodoſius, who after a long tumult of paſſions, which naturally riſe in a lover's heart on ſuch

an occaſion, writ the following letter to Conſtantia.

'THE thought of my Conſtantia, which for ſome years has been my only happineſs, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Muſt I then live to ſee you another's? The ſtreams, the fields, and meadows, where we have ſo often talked together, grow painful to me; life itſelf is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever ſuch a man in it as

THEODOSIUS.'

This letter was conveyed to Conſtantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning ſhe was much more alarmed by two or three meſſengers, that came to her father's houſe one after another to inquire if they had heard any thing of Theodoſius, who it ſeems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung upon his mind ſome time before, made them apprehend the worſt that could befal him. Conſtantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to ſuch extremities, was not to be comforted. She now accuſed herſelf of having ſo tamely given an ear to the propoſal of a huſband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodoſius. In ſhort, ſhe reſolved to ſuffer the utmoſt effects of her father's diſpleaſure, rather than comply with a

marriage which appeared to her ſo full of guilt and horror. The father ſeeing himſelf entirely rid of Theodoſius, and likely to keep a conſiderable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obſtinate refuſal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuſe himſelf upon that account to his intended ſon-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Conſtantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exerciſes of religion, to which her afflictions had ſo entirely ſubjected her mind, that after ſome years had abated the violence of her ſorrows, and ſettled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, ſhe reſolved to paſs the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not diſpleaſed with a reſolution, which would ſave money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a ſiſterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is uſual in the Romiſh church for thoſe who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themſelves to the moſt eminent confeſſors for pardon and conſolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confeſſing herſelf to this celebrated father.

We muſt now return to Theodoſius, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned

inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious houſe in the city, where now Conſtantia reſided; and deſiring that ſecrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very uſual upon any extraordinary occaſion, he made himſelf one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after Conſtantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been ſolemnized. Having in his youth made a good progreſs in learning, that he might dedicate himſelf more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his ſanctity of life, and thoſe pious ſentiments which he inſpired into all who converſed with him. It was this holy man to whom Conſtantia had determined to apply herſelf in confeſſion, though neither ſhe nor any other, beſides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodoſius had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was ſo far concealed in a long beard, a ſhaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impoſſible to diſcover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning ſhut up in his confeſſional, Conſtantia kneeling by him opened the ſtate of her ſoul to him; and after having given him the hiſtory of a life full of innocence, ſhe burſt out into tears, and entered upon that part of her ſtory in which he himſelf had ſo great a ſhare. 'My behaviour,' ſays ſhe, 'has I fear been the death of a man who had no other

fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilſt he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me ſince his death.' She here pauſed, and lifted up her eyes that ſtreamed with tears towards the father; who was ſo moved with the ſenſe of her ſorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with ſighs and ſobbings, ſo far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, inſomuch that in the agonies of his grief the ſeat ſhook under him. Conſtantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compaſſion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmoſt contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which ſhe was going to engage herſelf, as the proper atonement for her ſins, and the only ſacrifice ſhe could make to the memory of Theodoſius. The father, who by this time had pretty well compoſed himſelf, burſt out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been ſo long diſuſed, and upon receiving this inſtance of an unparalleled fidelity from one who he thought had ſeveral years ſince given herſelf up to the poſſeſſion of another. Amidſt the interruptions of his ſorrow, ſeeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—to tell her that her ſins were forgiven her—that her guilt was not ſo great as ſhe apprehended—that ſhe ſhould not ſuffer herſelf to be afflicted

above meaſure. After which he recovered himſelf enough to give her the abſolution in form; directing her at the ſame time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious reſolutions ſhe had taken, and give her ſuitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Conſtantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodoſius having manned his ſoul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himſelf on this occaſion in the beſt manner he could to animate his penitent in the courſe of life ſhe was entering upon, and wear out of her mind thoſe groundleſs fears and apprehenſions which had taken poſſeſſion of it; concluding with a promiſe to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when ſhe ſhould have taken upon her the holy veil. 'The rules of our reſpective orders,' ſays he, 'will not permit that I ſhould ſee you, but you may aſſure yourſelf not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving ſuch frequent inſtructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious courſe you have undertaken, and you will quickly find ſuch a peace and ſatisfaction in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give.'

Conſtantia's heart was ſo elevated with the diſcourſe of father Francis, that the very next day ſhe entered upon her vow. As ſoon as the ſolemnities of her reception were over, ſhe retired, as it is uſual, with the abbeſs into her own apartment.

The abbeſs had been informed the night before of all that had paſſed between her noviciate

and father Francis: from whom ſhe now delivered to her the following letter:

'As the firſt fruits of thoſe joys and conſolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I muſt acquaint you that Theodoſius, whoſe death ſits ſo heavy upon your thoughts, is ſtill alive; and that the father, to whom you have confeſſed yourſelf, was once that Theodoſius whom you ſo much lament. The love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in its diſappointment than it could have done in its ſucceſs. Providence has diſpoſed of us for our advantage, though not according to our wiſhes. Conſider your Theodoſius ſtill as dead, but aſſure yourſelf of one who will not ceaſe to pray for you in father

FRANCIS.'

Conſtantia ſaw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter: and upon reflecting on the voice of the perſon, the behaviour, and above all the extreme ſorrow of the father during her confeſſion, ſhe diſcovered Theodoſius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, 'It is enough,' ſays ſhe, 'Theodoſius is ſtill in being: I ſhall live with comfort and die in peace.'

The letters which the father ſent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where ſhe reſided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inſpire them with good reſolutions and ſentiments of virtue. It ſo

happened, that after Conſtantia had lived about ten years in the cloiſter, a violent fever broke out in the place, which ſwept away great multitudes, and among others Theodoſius. Upon his death-bed he ſent his benediction in a very moving manner to Conſtantia, who at that time was herſelf ſo far gone in the ſame fatal diſtemper, that ſhe lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in ſickneſſes of this nature, the abbeſs, finding that the phyſicians had given her over, told her that Theodoſius was juſt gone before her, and that he had ſent her his benediction in his laſt moments. Conſtantia received it with pleaſure. 'And now,' ſays ſhe, 'if I do not aſk any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodoſius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I aſk is, I hope, no violation of it'—— She died ſoon after, and was interred according to her requeſt.

Their tombs are ſtill to be ſeen, with a ſhort Latin inſcription over them to the following purpoſe:

'Here lie the bodies of father Francis and ſiſter Conſtance. They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'

C[y].

[y] By Addiſon, Chelſea. See final note to N° 5, on Addiſon's ſignatures.

*** The governour and company of Engliſh adventurers trading to Hudſon's-bay, adv[m], that having divided £. 1,977. 12*s.* 6*d.* for enlarging marriage-portions among ſuch as married before the 24th of June laſt, there would be a ſecond dividend on marriages Jan. 1ſt. to ſuch as married before the 23d of Dec.; and that there would be a dividend in October

N° 165. Saturday, September 8, 1711.

——Si fortè neceſſe eſt,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia ſumpta pudenter[z].
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 48.

——If you would unheard-of things expreſs,
Invent new words; we can indulge a muſe,
Until the licence riſe to an abuſe. CREECH.

I HAVE often wiſhed, that as in our conſtitution there are ſeveral perſons whoſe buſineſs is to watch over our laws, our liberties, and commerce, certain men might be ſet apart as ſuperintendants of our language, to hinder any words of a foreign coin from paſſing among us; and in particular to prohibit any French phraſes from becoming current in this kingdom, when thoſe of our own ſtamp are altogether as valuable. The preſent war has ſo adulterated our tongue with ſtrange words, that it would be impoſſible for one of our great grandfathers to know what his poſterity have been doing, were he to read their exploits in a modern newspaper. Our warriors are very induſtrious in propagating the French language, at the ſame time that they are ſo gloriouſly ſucceſsful in beating down their power. Our ſoldiers are

for enabling apprentices to ſet up their trades, if their contracts and indentures expired before the 26th of September, &c. Spect. in folio.

[z] Semivirumque bovem, ſemibovemque virum. OVID. Spect. in folio.

men of ſtrong heads for action, and perform ſuch feats as they are not able to expreſs. They want words in their own tongue to tell us what it is they atchieve, and therefore ſend us over accounts of their performances in a jargon of phraſes, which they learn among their conquered enemies. They ought however to be provided with ſecretaries, and aſſiſted by our foreign miniſters, to tell their ſtory for them in plain Engliſh, and to let us know in our mother tongue what it is our brave countrymen are about. The French would indeed be in the right to publiſh the news of the preſent war in Engliſh phraſes, and make their campaigns unintelligible. Their people might flatter themſelves that things are not ſo bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with foreign terms, and thrown into ſhades and obſcurity; but the Engliſh cannot be too clear in their narrative of thoſe actions, which have raiſed their country to a higher pitch of glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be ſtill the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a ſiege is carried on two or three days, I am altogether loſt and bewildered in it, and meet with ſo many inexplicable difficulties, that I ſcarce know what ſide has the better of it, until I am informed by the tower guns that the place is ſurrendered. I do indeed make ſome allowances for this part of the war, fortifications have been foreign inventions, and upon that account abounding in foreign terms. But when we have won battles which may be deſcribed in our own language,

why are our papers filled with ſo many unintelligible exploits, and the French obliged to lend us a part of their tongue before we can know how they are conquered? They muſt be made acceſſary to their own diſgrace, as the Britons were formerly ſo artificially wrought in the curtain of the Roman theatre, that they ſeemed to draw it up in order to give the ſpectators an opportunity of ſeeing their own defeat celebrated upon the ſtage: for ſo Mr. Dryden has tranſlated that verſe in Virgil:

'*Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni.*'
GEORG. iii. 25.

'Which interwoven Britons ſeem to raiſe,
And ſhew the triumph that their ſhame diſplays.'

The hiſtories of all our former wars are tranſmitted to us in our vernacular idiom, to uſe the phraſe of a great modern critic[a]. I do not find in any of our chronicles, that Edward the third ever reconnoitred the enemy, though he often diſcovered the poſture of the French, and as often vanquiſhed them in battle. The Black Prince paſſed many a river without the help of Pontoons, and filled a ditch with faggots as ſucceſsfully as the generals of our times do it with faſcines. Our commanders loſe half their praiſe, and our people half their joy, by means of thoſe hard words and dark expreſſions in which our news-papers do ſo much abound. I have ſeen many a prudent citizen, after having

[a] Dr. Richard Bentley.

read every article, inquire of his next neighbour what news the mail had brought.

I remember, in that remarkable year when our country was delivered from the greateſt fears and apprehenſions, and raiſed to the greateſt height of gladneſs it had ever felt ſince it was a nation, I mean the year of Blenheim[b], I had the copy of a letter ſent me out of the country, which was written from a young gentleman in the army to his father, a man of good eſtate and plain ſenſe. As the letter was very modiſhly chequered with this modern military eloquence, I ſhall preſent my reader with a copy of it.

'SIR,

'UPON the junction of the French and Bavarian armies they took poſt behind a great moraſs which they thought impracticable. Our general the next day ſent a party of horſe to 'reconnoitre' them from a little 'hauteur,' at about a quarter of an hour's diſtance from the army, who returned again to the camp unobſerved through ſeveral 'defiles,' in one of which they met with a party of French that had been 'marauding,' and made them all priſoners at diſcretion. The day after a drum arrived at our camp, with a meſſage which he would communicate to none but the general; he was followed by a trumpet, who they ſay behaved himſelf very ſaucily, with a meſſage from the duke of Bavaria. The next morning our army being divided into two 'corps,'

[b] The battle of Blenheim was fought Aug. 2, 1704.

made a movement towards the enemy. You will hear in the public prints how we treated them, with the other circumſtances of that glorious day. I had the good fortune to be in that regiment that puſhed the 'gens d' armes.' Several French battalions, which ſome ſay were a 'corps de reſerve,' made a ſhew of reſiſtance; but it only proved a 'gaſconade,' for upon our preparing to fill up a little 'foſſé,' in order to attack them, they beat the 'chamade,' and ſent us a 'charte blanche.' Their 'commandant,' with a great many other general officers, and troops without number, are made priſoners of war, and will I believe give you a viſit in England, the 'cartel' not being yet ſettled. Not queſtioning but theſe particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your moſt dutiful ſon, &c.'

The father of the young gentleman upon the peruſal of the letter found it contained great news, but could not gueſs what it was. He immediately communicated it to the curate of the pariſh, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to ſee any thing he could not underſtand, fell into a kind of a paſſion, and told him, that his ſon had ſent him a letter that was neither fiſh, fleſh, nor good red-herring. 'I wiſh,' ſays he, 'the captain may be 'compos mentis,' he talks of a ſaucy trumpet, and a drum that carries meſſages; then who is this 'charte blanche?' 'He muſt either banter us, or he is out of his ſenſes.' The father, who always looked upon the curate as a learned man,

began to fret inwardly at his ſon's uſage, and producing a letter which he had written to him about three poſts before, 'You ſee here,' ſays he, 'when he writes for money he knows how to ſpeak intelligibly enough; there is no man in England can expreſs himſelf clearer, when he wants a new furniture for his horſe.' In ſhort, the old man was ſo puzzled upon the point, that it might have fared ill with his ſon, had he not ſeen all the prints about three days after filled with the ſame terms of art, and that Charles only writ like other men.

L[c].

[c] The reproofs, ſo juſt, contained in the foregoing ſpeculation, were afterwards reflected on in a ſmall ſuperficial pamphlet intitled, The Spectator inſpected, or a letter to the Spectator from an officer of the army in Flanders, touching the uſe of French terms in relations from the army, &c. Written by the Author of the Spy upon the Spectator.—But the Spectator will always remain unanſwerable, until it can be ſhewn that there is any operation of an Engliſh army that cannot be expreſſed in Engliſh words. Spect. N° 223. Adv. P.

*** Juſt publiſhed, A Treatiſe concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge, Part I. Wherein the chief cauſe of error and difficulty in ſciences, with the grounds of ſcepticiſm, &c. are enquired into. By G. Berkeley, fellow of Trinity college, Dublin. See Guardian, *paſſim*.

N° 166. Monday, September 10, 1711.

——— *Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,*
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.
OVID. Met. xv. 871.

——— Which nor dreads the rage
Of tempeſts, fire, or war, or waſting age. WELSTED.

ARISTOTLE tells us that the world is a copy or tranſcript of thoſe ideas which are in the mind of the firſt Being, and that thoſe ideas which are in the mind of man, are a tranſcript of the world. To this we may add, that words are the tranſcript of thoſe ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing are the tranſcript of words.

As the Supreme Being has expreſſed, and as it were printed his ideas in the creation, men expreſs their ideas in books, which by this great invention of theſe latter ages may laſt as long as the ſun and moon, and periſh only in the general wreck of nature. Thus Cowley in his poem on the Reſurrection, mentioning the deſtruction of the univerſe, has thoſe admirable lines;

'Now all the wide extended ſky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's ſacred work ſhall die.'

There is no other method of fixing thoſe thoughts which ariſe and diſappear in the mind of man, and tranſmitting them to the laſt periods

of time; no other method of giving a permanency to our ideas, and preſerving the knowledge of any particular perſon, when his body is mixed with the common maſs of matter, and his ſoul retired into the world of ſpirits. Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as preſents to the poſterity of thoſe who are yet unborn.

All other arts of perpetuating our ideas continue but a ſhort time. Statues can laſt but a few thouſands of years, edifices fewer, and colours ſtill fewer than edifices. Michael Angelo, Fontana, and Raphael, will hereafter be what Phidias, Vitruvius, and Apelles are at preſent; the names of great ſtatuaries, architects and painters, whoſe works are loſt. The ſeveral arts are expreſſed in mouldering materials. Nature ſinks under them, and is not able to ſupport the ideas which are impreſt upon it.

The circumſtance which gives authors an advantage above all the great maſters, is this, that they can multiply their originals; or rather can make copies of their works, to what number they pleaſe, which ſhall be as valuable as the originals themſelves. This gives a great author ſomething like a proſpect of eternity, but at the ſame time deprives him of thoſe other advantages which artiſts meet with. The artiſt finds greater returns in profit, as the author in fame. What an ineſtimable price would a Virgil or a Homer, a Cicero or an Ariſtotle bear, were their works, like a ſtatue, a building, or a

picture, to be confined only in one place and made the property of a ſingle perſon!

If writings are thus durable, and may paſs from age to age throughout the whole courſe of time, how careful ſhould an author be of committing any thing to print that may corrupt poſterity, and poiſon the minds of men with vice and error! Writers of great talents, who employ their parts in propagating immorality, and ſeaſoning vicious ſentiments with wit and humour, are to be looked upon as the peſts of ſociety, and the enemies of mankind. They leave books behind them (as it is ſaid of thoſe who die in diſtempers which breed an ill-will towards their own ſpecies) to ſcatter infection and deſtroy their poſterity. They act the counterparts of a Confucius or a Socrates; and ſeem to have been ſent into the world to deprave human nature, and ſink it into the condition of brutality.

I have ſeen ſome Roman-catholic authors who tell us that vicious writers continue in purgatory ſo long as the influence of their writings continue upon poſterity: 'for purgatory,' ſay they, 'is nothing elſe but a cleanſing us of our ſins, which cannot be ſaid to be done away, ſo long as they continue to operate and corrupt mankind. The vicious author,' ſay they, 'ſins after death, and ſo long as he continues to ſin, ſo long muſt he expect to be puniſhed.' Though the Roman catholic notion of purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think if the ſoul after death has any knowledge of what paſſes in this world, that of an immoral writer would receive much more regret from the ſenſe of

corrupting, than ſatisfaction from the thought of pleaſing his ſurviving admirers.

To take off from the ſeverity of this ſpeculation, I ſhall conclude this paper with a ſtory of an atheiſtical author, who at a time he lay dangerouſly ſick, and had deſired the aſſiſtance of a neighbouring curate, confeſſed to him with great contrition, that nothing ſat more heavy at his heart than the ſenſe of his having ſeduced the age by his writings, and that their evil influence was likely to continue even after his death. The curate upon farther examination finding the penitent in the utmoſt agonies of deſpair, and being himſelf a man of learning, told him, that he hoped his caſe was not ſo deſperate as he apprehended, ſince he found that he was ſo very ſenſible of his fault, and ſo ſincerely repented of it. The penitent ſtill urged the evil tendency of his book to ſubvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whoſe writings would continue to do miſchief when his body was laid in aſhes. The curate, finding no other way of comforting him, told him that he did well in being afflicted for the evil deſign with which he publiſhed his book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any hurt: that his cauſe was ſo very bad, and his arguments ſo weak, that he did not apprehend any ill effects of it: in ſhort, that he might reſt ſatisfied his book could do no more miſchief after his death, than it had done whilſt he was living. To which he added, for his farther ſatisfaction, that he did not believe any beſides

his particular friends and acquaintance had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that any body after his death would ever inquire after it. The dying man had ſtill ſo much the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with theſe conſolations; and without anſwering the good man, aſked his friends about him (with a peeviſhneſs that is natural to a ſick perſon) where they had picked up ſuch a blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper perſon to attend one in his condition? The curate finding that the author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and ſincere penitent, but as a penitent of importance, after a ſhort admonition withdrew; not queſtioning but he ſhould be again ſent for if the ſickneſs grew deſperate. The author however recovered, and has ſince written two or three other tracts with the ſame ſpirit, and very luckily for his poor ſoul with the ſame ſucceſs [d]. C [e].

[d] The atheiſtical writer here alluded to might perhaps be Mr. Toland, who is ſaid, by a writer in the Examiner, to have been the butt of the Tatler, and for the ſame reaſons, probably, of the Spectator.

[e] By Addiſon, Cheſſea. See note to N° 5, on C.

N° 167. Tuesday, September 11, 1711.

—— Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro;
Cætera qui vitæ servabat munia recto
More; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem; posset qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ;
Posset qui rupem et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic, ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 128.

IMITATED.

There liv'd in Primo Georgii (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
Who, tho' the house was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, tho' a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him the damn'd doctor and his friends immur'd;
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd, in short they cur'd
Whereat the gentleman began to stare——
My friends! he cry'd: Pox take ye for your care!
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote. POPE.

THE unhappy force of an imagination unguided by the check of reason and judgment, was the subject of a former speculation[f]. My reader may remember that he has seen in one of my papers a complaint of an unfortunate gentleman,

[f] N° 136.

who was unable to contain himſelf (when any ordinary matter was laid before him) from adding a few circumſtances to enliven plain narrative. The correſpondent was a perſon of too warm a complexion to be ſatisfied with things merely as they ſtood in Nature, and therefore formed incidents which ſhould have happened to have pleaſed him in the ſtory. The ſame ungoverned fancy which puſhed that correſpondent on, in ſpite of himſelf, to relate public and notorious falſehoods, makes the author of the following letter do the ſame in private; one is a prating, the other a ſilent liar.

There is little purſued in the errors of either of theſe worthies, but mere preſent amuſement: but the folly of him who lets his fancy place him in diſtant ſcenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a belief, and defending his untruths with new inventions. But I ſhall haſten to let this liar in ſoliloquy, who calls himſelf a caſtle-builder, deſcribe himſelf with the ſame unreſervedneſs as formerly appeared in my correſpondent above-mentioned. If a man were to be ſerious on this ſubject, he might give very grave admonitions to thoſe who are following any thing in this life, on which they think to place their hearts, and tell them that they are really caſtle-builders. Fame, glory, wealth, honour, have in the proſpect pleaſing illuſions; but they who come to poſſeſs any of them will find they are ingredients towards happineſs, to be regarded only in the ſecond place; and that when they are valued in the

firſt degree they are as diſappointing as any of the phantoms in the following letter.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, September 6, 1711.

'I AM a fellow of a very odd frame of mind, as you will find by the ſequel; and think myſelf fool enough to deſerve a place in your paper. I am unhappily far gone in building, and am one of that ſpecies of men who are properly denominated caſtle-builders, who ſcorn to be beholden to the earth for a foundation, or dig in the bowels of it for materials; but erect their ſtructures in the moſt unſtable of elements the air; Fancy alone laying the line, marking the extent, and ſhaping the model. It would be difficult to enumerate what auguſt palaces and ſtately porticos have grown under my forming imagination, or what verdant meadows and ſhady groves have ſtarted into being by the powerful feat of a warm fancy. A caſtle-builder is even juſt what he pleaſes, and as ſuch I have graſped imaginary ſceptres, and delivered uncontroulable edicts, from a throne to which conquered nations yielded obeiſance. I have made I know not how many inroads into France, and ravaged the very heart of that kingdom; I have dined in the Louvre, and drank Champaign at Verſailles; and I would have you take notice, I am not only able to vanquiſh a people already 'cowed' and accuſtomed to flight, but I could, Almanzor-like[g],

[g] Alluding to a furious character in Dryden's Conqueſt of Granada.

drive the Britiſh general from the field, were I leſs a proteſtant, or had ever been affronted by the confederates. There is no art or profeſſion, whoſe moſt celebrated maſters I have not eclipſed. Wherever I have afforded my ſalutary preſence, fevers have ceaſed to burn, and agues to ſhake the human fabric. When an eloquent fit has been upon me, an apt geſture and proper cadence has animated each ſentence, and gazing crowds have found their paſſions worked up into rage, or ſoothed into a calm. I am ſhort, and not very well made; yet upon ſight of a fine woman, I have ſtretched into proper ſtature, and killed with a good air and mien. Theſe are the gay phantoms that dance before my waking eyes, and compoſe my day-dreams. I ſhould be the moſt contented happy man alive, were the chimerical happineſs which ſprings from the paintings of fancy leſs fleeting and tranſitory. But alas! it is with grief of mind I tell you, the leaſt breath of wind has often demoliſhed my magnificent edifices, ſwept away my groves, and left no more trace of them than if they had never been. My exchequer has ſunk and vaniſhed by a rap on my door, the ſalutation of a friend has coſt me a whole continent, and in the ſame moment I have been pulled by the ſleeve, my crown has fallen from my head. The ill conſequence of theſe reveries is inconceivably great, ſeeing the loſs of imaginary poſſeſſions makes impreſſions of real woe. Beſides, bad œconomy is viſible and apparent in builders of inviſible manſions. My tenants' advertiſements of ruins and dilapi-

dations often caſt a damp on my ſpirits, even in the inſtant when the ſun, in all his ſplendor, gilds my eaſtern palaces. Add to this the penſive drudgery in building, and conſtant graſping ærial trowels, diſtracts and ſhatters the mind, and the fond builder of Babels is often curſed with an incoherent diverſity and confuſion of thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply myſelf for relief from this fantaſtical evil, than to yourſelf; whom I earneſtly implore to accommodate me with a method how to ſettle my head and cool my brain-pan. A diſſertation on caſtle-building may not only be ſerviceable to myſelf, but all architects, who diſplay their ſkill in the thin element. Such a favour would oblige me to make my next ſoliloquy not contain the praiſes of my dear ſelf, but of the Spectator, who ſhall, by complying with this, make me

His obliged, humble ſervant,

T[h]. VITRUVIUS.'

N° 168. Wedneſday, September 12, 1711.

——*Pectus præceptis format amicis.*

HOR. 2 Ep. i. 128.

Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art. POPE.

IT would be arrogance to neglect the application of my correſpondents ſo far, as not ſometimes to inſert their animadverſions upon my

[h] By Steele. See note to N° 324, on T.

paper; that of this day ſhall be therefore wholly compoſed of the hints which they have ſent me.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I SEND you this to congratulate your late choice of a ſubject, for treating on which you deſerve public thanks; I mean that on thoſe licenſed tyrants the ſchool-maſters. If you can diſarm them of their rods, you will certainly have your old age reverenced by all the young gentlemen of Great Britain who are now between ſeven and ſeventeen years. You may boaſt that the incomparably wiſe Quintilian and you are of one mind in this particular. "*Si cui eſt* (ſays he) *mens tam illiberalis ut objurgatione non corrigatur, is etiam ad plagas, ut peſſima quæque mancipia, durabitur*;" i. e. "If any child be of ſo diſingenuous a nature, as not to ſtand corrected by reproof, he, like the very worſt of ſlaves, will be hardened even againſt blows themſelves." And afterwards, "*Pudet dicere in quæ probra nefandi homines iſto cædendi jure abutantur*;" i. e. "I bluſh to ſay how ſhamefully thoſe wicked men abuſe the power of correction."

'I was bred myſelf, ſir, in a very great ſchool[i], of which the maſter was a Welſhman, but certainly deſcended from a Spaniſh family, as plainly appeared from his temper as well as his name[k]. I leave you to judge what ſort of a ſchool-maſter a Welſhman ingrafted on a

[i] Eton.

[k] Dr. Charles Roderick, maſter, the provoſt of Eton-ſchool, and afterwards maſter of King's-college, Cambridge.

Spaniard would make. So very dreadful had he made himſelf to me, that although it is above twenty years ſince I felt his heavy hand, yet ſtill once a month at leaſt I dream of him, ſo ſtrong an impreſſion did he make on my mind. It is a ſign he has fully terrified me waking, who ſtill continues to haunt me ſleeping.

'And yet I may ſay without vanity, that the buſineſs of the ſchool was what I did without great difficulty; and I was not remarkably unlucky; and yet ſuch was the maſter's ſeverity, that once a month, or oftener, I ſuffered as much as would have ſatisfied the law of the land for a petty larceny.

'Many a white and tender hand, which the fond mother had paſſionately kiſſed a thouſand and a thouſand times, have I ſeen whipped until it was covered with blood; perhaps for ſmiling, or for going a yard and a half out of a gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for an O. Theſe were our great faults! Many a brave and noble ſpirit has been there broken; others have run from thence and were never heard of afterwards. It is a worthy attempt to undertake the cauſe of diſtreſſed youth; and it is a noble piece of knight-errantry to enter the liſts againſt ſo many armed pedagogues. It is pity but we had a ſet of men, polite in their behaviour and method of teaching, who ſhould be put into a condition of being above flattering or fearing the parents of thoſe they inſtruct. We might then poſſibly ſee learning become a pleaſure, and children delighting themſelves in that which

they now abhor for coming upon ſuch hard terms to them. What would be ſtill a greater happineſs ariſing from the care of ſuch inſtructors, would be, that we ſhould have no more pedants, nor any bred to learning who had not genius for it.

I am with the utmoſt ſincerity,

Sir,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, Richmond, Sept. 5, 1711.

'I AM a boy of fourteen years of age, and have for this laſt year been under the tuition of a doctor of divinity, who has taken the ſchool of this place under his care[1]. From the gentleman's great tenderneſs to me and friendſhip to my father, I am very happy in learning my book with pleaſure. We never leave off our diverſions any farther than to ſalute him at hours of play when he pleaſes to look on. It is impoſſible for any of us to love our own parents better than we do him. He never gives any of us a harſh word, and we think it the greateſt puniſhment in the world when he will not ſpeak to any of us. My brother and I are both together inditing this letter. He is a year

[1] This was Dr. Nicholas Brady, who joined in the new verſion of the Pſalms, and was author of ſeveral volumes of ſermons. He was rector of Clapham, miniſter of Richmond in Surry, and ſucceſſively chaplain to king William, queen Anne, and George I. The doctor was a very amiable, ingenious man, but no great œconomiſt; for which reaſon his circumſtances obliged him to ſubmit to the care of a ſchool. He died May 20, 1726, aged 67. P.

older than I am, but is now ready to break his heart than the doctor has not taken any notice of him theſe three days. If you pleaſe to print this he will ſee it, and, we hope, taking it for my brother's earneſt deſire to be reſtored to his favour, he will again ſmile upon him.

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

T. S.'

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' YOU have repreſented ſeveral ſorts of impertinents ſingly, I wiſh you would now proceed and deſcribe ſome of them in ſets. It often happens in public aſſemblies, that a party who came thither together, or whoſe impertinencies are of an equal pitch, act in concert, and are ſo full of themſelves as to give diſturbance to all that are about them. Sometimes you have a ſet of whiſperers who lay their heads together in order to ſacrifice every body within their obſervation; ſometimes a ſet of laughers, that keep up an inſipid mirth in their own corner, and by their noiſe and geſtures ſhew they have no reſpect for the reſt of the company. You frequently meet with theſe ſets at the opera, the play, the water-works[m], and other public meetings, where their whole buſineſs is to draw

[m] This was the Water-theatre, a famous ſhew of thoſe times, invented by one Mr. Winſtanley, and exhibited at the lower end of Piccadilly; conſiſting of ſea gods, goddeſſes, nymphs, mermaids, tritons, &c. playing and ſpouting out water, and fire mingled with water, &c. performed every evening between five and ſix. P.

Advertiſement.

off the attention of the ſpectators from the entertainment, and to fix it upon themſelves; and it is to be obſerved that the impertinence is ever loudeſt, when the ſet happens to be made up of three or four females who have got what you call a woman's man among them.

'I am at a loſs to know from whom people of fortune ſhould learn this behaviour, unleſs it be from the footmen who keep their places at a new play, and are often ſeen paſſing away their time in ſets at all-fours in the face of a full houſe, and with a perfect diſregard to the people of quality ſitting on each ſide of them.

'For preſerving therefore the decency of public aſſemblies, methinks it would be but reaſonable that thoſe who diſturb others ſhould pay at leaſt a double price for their places; or rather women of birth and diſtinction ſhould be informed, that a levity of behaviour in the eyes of people of underſtanding degrades them below their meaneſt attendants; and gentlemen ſhould know that a fine coat is a livery, when the perſon who wears it diſcovers no higher ſenſe than that of a footman.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, Bedfordſhire, Sept. 1, 1711.

'I AM one of thoſe whom every body calls a poacher, and ſometimes go out to courſe with a brace of greyhounds, a maſtiff, and a ſpaniel or two; and when I am weary with courſing, and have killed hares enough[n], go to

[n] Enow.

an alehouſe to refreſh myſelf. I beg the favour of you (as you ſet up for a reformer) to ſend us word how many dogs you will allow us to go with, how many full pots of ale to drink, and how many hares to kill in a day, and you will do a great piece of ſervice to all the ſportſmen. Be quick then, for the time of courſing is come on.

Yours in haſte,

T°. ISAAC HEDGEDITCH.'

N° 169. Thurſday, September 13, 1711.

Sic vita erat: facilè omnes perferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunque unà, his ſeſe dedere,
Eorum obſequi ſtudiis: adverſus nemini;
Nunquam præponens ſe aliis: Ita facillimè
Sine invidia invenia. laudem———

TER. Andr. Act. i. Sc. 1.

His manner of life was this: to bear with every body's humours; to comply with the inclinations and purſuits of thoſe he converſed with; to contradict no body; never to aſſume a ſuperiority over others. This is the ready way to gain applauſe, without exciting envy.

MAN is ſubject to innumerable pains and ſorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not ſown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions is ſtill made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injuſtice of his neighbour. At the ſame time that

° By Steele. See final note to N° 324.

the ſtorm beats upon the whole ſpecies, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the miſery of human life might be extinguiſhed, would men alleviate the general curſe they lie under, by mutual offices of compaſſion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourſelves and others, than that diſpoſition of mind which in our language goes under the title of good-nature, and which I ſhall chooſe for the ſubject of this day's ſpeculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in converſation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It ſhews virtue in the faireſt light, takes off in ſome meaſure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence ſupportable.

There is no ſociety or converſation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or ſomething which muſt bear its appearance, and ſupply its place. For this reaſon mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we expreſs by the word good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call ſo, we ſhall find it to be nothing elſe but an imitation and mimickry of good-nature, or in other terms, affability, complaiſance and eaſineſs of temper reduced into an art.

Theſe exterior ſhows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real good-nature; but without it are like hypocriſy in religion, or a bare form of holineſs,

which, when it is diſcovered, makes a man more deteſtable than profeſſed impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: health, proſperity, and kind treatment from the world are great cheriſhers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itſelf. It is one of the bleſſings of a happy conſtitution, which education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he deſcribes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the philanthropy or good-nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable inſtances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the ſeveral parts of his life[p]. Nay, on his death-bed, he deſcribes him as being pleaſed, that while his ſoul returned to him who made it, his body ſhould incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind. For which reaſon, he gives his ſons a poſitive order not to inſhrine it in gold or ſilver, but to lay it in the earth as ſoon as the life was gone out of it.

An inſtance of ſuch an overflowing of humanity, ſuch an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a ſoul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated paſſage of Salluſt, where Cæſar and Cato are placed in ſuch beautiful, but oppoſite lights[q]; Cæſar's character is chiefly

[p] Xenoph. De Cyri Inſtit. lib. viii. cap. vii. ſect. 3. edit. J. A. Ern. 8vo. tom. i. p. 550.

[q] Salluſt. Bell. Catil. c. liv.

made up of good-nature, as it ſhewed itſelf in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his ſervants or dependents, the guilty or the diſtreſſed. As for Cato's character, it is rather awful than amiable. Juſtice ſeems moſt agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of of man. A being who has nothing to pardon in himſelf, may reward every man according to his works; but he whoſe very beſt actions muſt be ſeen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reaſon, among all the monſtrous characters in human nature, there is none ſo odious, nor indeed ſo exquiſitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid ſevere temper in a worthleſs man.

This part of good-nature however, which conſiſts in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exerciſed only in doing ourſelves juſtice, and that too in the ordinary commerce and occurrences of life; for in the public adminiſtrations of juſtice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

It is grown almoſt into a maxim, that good-natured men are not always men of the moſt wit. This obſervation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greateſt wits I have converſed with are men eminent for their humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occaſioned by two reaſons. Firſt, becauſe ill-nature among ordinary obſervers paſſes for wit. A ſpiteful ſaying gratifies ſo many little paſſions in thoſe who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. The laugh riſes upon it, and the man who utters it is looked upon as

a ſhrewd ſatiriſt. This may be one reaſon, why a great many pleaſant companions appear ſo ſurpriſingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be merry in print; the public being more juſt than private clubs or aſſemblies, in diſtinguiſhing between what is wit, and what is ill-nature.

Another reaſon why the good-natured man may ſometimes bring his wit in queſtion is, perhaps, becauſe he is apt to be moved with compaſſion for thoſe misfortunes or infirmities, which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a wit. The ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himſelf a larger field to expatiate in; he expoſes thoſe failings in human nature which the other would caſt a veil over, laughs at vices which the other either excuſes or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other ſtifles, falls indifferently upon friends or enemies, expoſes the perſon who has obliged him, and, in ſhort, ſticks at nothing that may eſtabliſh his character of a wit. It is no wonder therefore he ſucceeds in it better than the man of humanity[r], as a perſon who makes uſe of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader. L[s].

[r] If Doctor Swift's wit was to be ſubjected to this ſcrutiny, it would be circumſcribed within a very narrow compaſs. The chief ſource from which it ſprung was the indignation that gnawed his heart.

[s] By Addiſon, London. See final note to N° 5, &c.

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